

THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH
The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

V O L. II.

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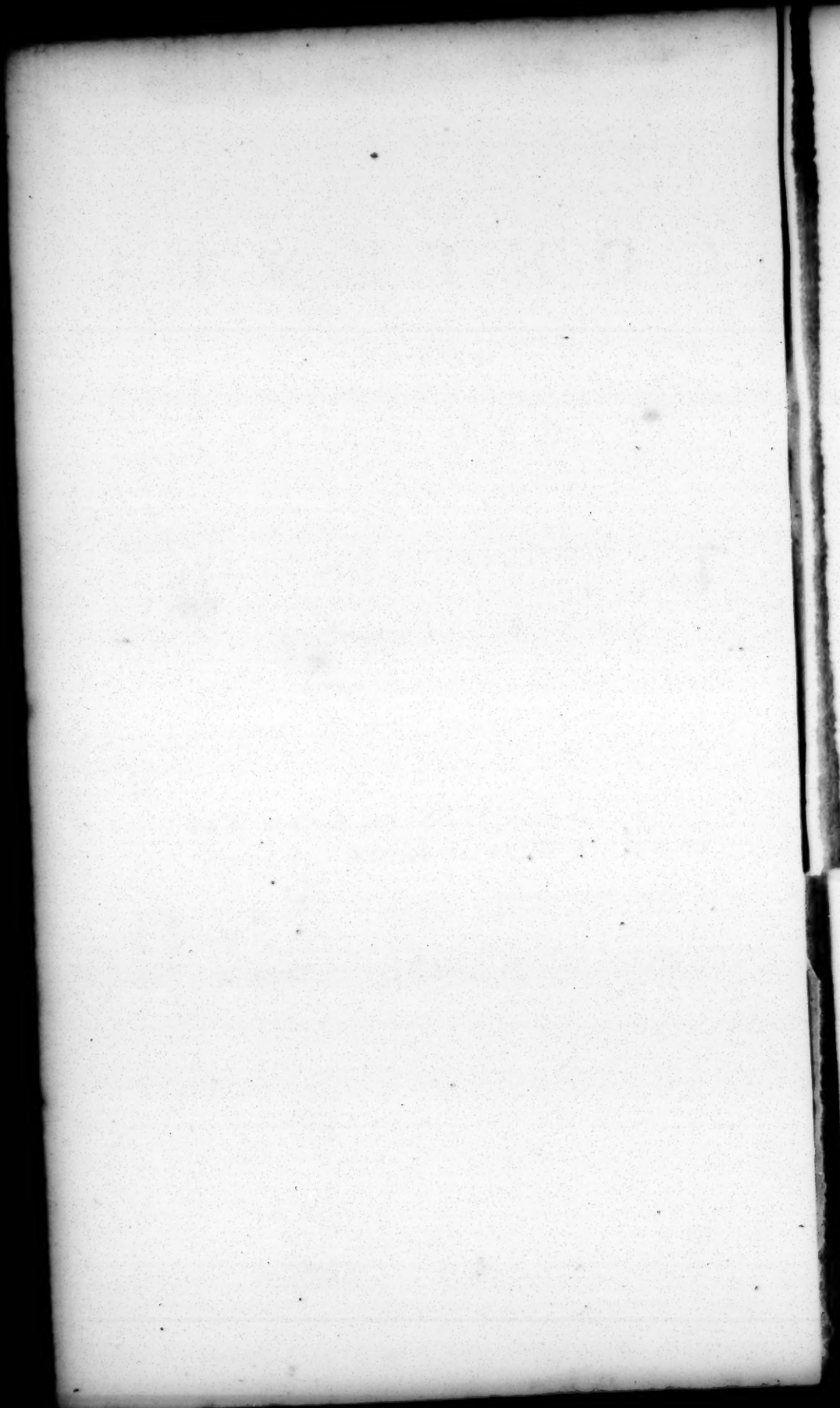


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OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

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THE
COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIAN:
OR, THE
JUSTICE
CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.
A COMEDY.

P R O L O G U E.

SPOKEN by Mr. MILWARD.

IN ancient Greece, the infant muse's school,
Where Vice first felt the pen of Ridicule,
With honest freedom and impartial blows
The muse attack'd each vice as it arose :
No grandeur could the mighty villain screen
From the just satyr of the comic scene :
No titles could the daring poet cool,
Nor save the great right honourable fool.
They spar'd not even the aggressor's name,
And publick villany felt publick shame.

Long hath this gen'rous method been disus'd,
For vice hath grown too great to be abus'd ;
By power, defended from the piercing dart,
It reigns, and triumphs in the lordly heart ;
While beaux, and cits, and squires, our scenes afford,
Justice preserves the rogues who wield the sword ;
All satyr against her tribunal's quash'd,
Nor lash the bards, for fear of being lash'd.

But the heroick muse who sings to-night,
Through these neglected tracks attempts her flight :
Vice, cloath'd with pow'r, she combats with her pen,
And fearless, dares the lyon in his den.

Then only reverence to pow'r is due,
When publick welfare is its only view :
But when the champions, whom the publick arm
For their own good with pow'r, attempt their harm,
He sure must meet the general applause,
Who 'gainst those traytors fights the publick cause.

And while these scenes the conscious knave displease,
Who feels within the criminal he sees,
The uncorrupt and good must smile, to find
No mark for satyr in his generous mind.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

WORTHY,
SQUEEZUM,
POLITICK,
RAMBLE,
CONSTANT,
SOTMORE,
DABBLE,
QUILL,
STAFF,
PORER,
FAITHFUL,

Mr. OGDEN.
Mr. HIPPISELEY.
Mr. CHAPMAN.
Mr. WALKER.
Mr. MILWARD.
Mr. HULETT.
Mr. RAY.
Mr. H. BULLOCK.
Mr. HALL.
Mr. MACLEAN.
Mr. HOUGHTON.

W O M E N.

HILARET,
ISABELLA,
Mrs. SQUEEZUM,
Mrs. STAFF,
CLORIS,

Mrs. YOUNGER.
Mrs. BOHEME.
Mrs. BULLOCK.
Mrs. KILBY.
Mrs. STEVENS.

Evidences, Watch, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

RAPE

RAPE UPON RAPE;

OR, THE

JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A parlour in POLITICK's house. A table spread with news-papers. Chairs.*

HILARET, CLORIS.

HILARET.

WELL, Cloris, this is a mad frolick. I am horribly frightened at the thoughts of throwing myself into the power of a young fellow.

Clo. It is natural to us to be frightened at first: I was in a little terror myself on my wedding-day, but it went all off before the next morning. A husband, like other bugbears, loses all his horror when we once know him thoroughly.

Hil. But if he should not prove a good husband—

Clo. Then you must not prove a good wife—If he keeps a mistress, do you keep a gallant; if he stay out with his friends at a tavern, do you be merry with your friends at home.

Hil. You give fine advice indeed.

Clo. Upon my word, Madam, it was such as I followed myself. I had a rogue of a husband that robbed me of all I had, and kept a mistress under my nose: but I was even with him: for it hath been ever my opinion, that a husband, like a courtier, who is above doing the duties of his office, should keep a deputy.

Hil.

Hil. But suppose you had been in love with your husband?

Clo. Why so I was, Madam, as long as he deserv'd it: but love, like fire, naturally goes out when it hath nothing to feed on.

Hil. Well, if it be possible to be assur'd of a lover's sincerity, I think I may be assur'd of Constant: at least, it is advisable to persuade myself of his truth whom I should love tho' he wanted it:— Ah, Cloris! you may as easily remove a rock as a woman's passion—

Clo. And yet it is very often built on a sandy foundation.

Hil. Love is the same, whatever be its object: we as often like men for imaginary as real perfections; we all look through a prismatick glass in love, and whatever beauties we have once fancied, we never lose the opinion of—our amorous faith is as implicit as our religious.

Clo. If I have any judgment in mankind, and I am sure I have had some experience in them, your passion could have been no where better fixed: Captain Constant hath all the qualities any woman can desire. He hath youth, beauty, vigour, gallantry, constancy, and, as Mr. Cowley says, a long &c.

S C E N E II.

POLITICK, HILARET, CLORIS.

Pol. Ay, there it goes, tick tack, tick tack, like the pendulum of a clock. What mischief are you hatching, hey?—It is impossible that two women should be together without producing mischief.

Clo. I always thought a man and woman the more likely to produce mischief: and yet I think them the properer company.

Pol. I suppose you will tell my daughter so too.

Hil. Indeed, papa, she need not: for I was always of that opinion.

Pol. You was! but I shall prevent your wishes—

Hil. You may be mistaken. [*Aside.*

Pol. I do not believe the head of Cardinal Fleury can be more perplexed, than mine is with this girl.

To

To govern yourself, is greater than to govern a kingdom, said an old philosopher; and to govern a woman, is greater than to govern twenty kingdoms.

Hil. I wish you would not perplex yourself with cardinals or kingdoms; I wish you would mind your own business, instead of the public's; dear papa, don't give yourself any more trouble about Don Carlos, unless you can get him for a son-in-law.

Pol. Not if I were a king. I will make you a little sensible who Don Carlos is—

Hil. Nay, I do not understand one word of your politicks.

Pol. I am sorry you do not—A news-paper would be a more profitable entertainment for you than a romance. You would find more in one half sheet, than in the grand Cyrus.

Hil. More lies, very probably—You know I do read the home paragraphs in the Whitehall Evening Post: and that's the best of them.

Pol. If you would be informed in these matters, you must read all that come out: about forty every day, and some days fifty: and of a Saturday, about fourscore. Would you continue in such a course but one twelvemonth, I do not question but you might know as much of politicks as—any man that comes to our coffee-house. And I had rather see you a politician, than a woman of quality.

Hil. If I may speak freely, it would have been better for me that you had been less a politician.

Pol. You are deceived, very much deceived: but some fool hath put this into your head. You may live to see me one of the greatest men in England. Did I not say at the siege of Gibraltar, that within one three years, we should see whether we should have peace or no. And yet I am an Ignoramus; I know nothing, I warrant you: I had better have continued a merchant no doubt: but then what had become of my projects? Where had been all those twenty different schemes which I have now ready to lay before the parliament, greatly for my own honour, and the interest of my country? Harkye, I have contrived a
method

method to pay off the debts of the nation, without a penny of money.

Hil. And you will not get a penny by it, I dare swear.

Pol. No, no, no certainly: tho' I would not take twenty thousand pounds for the advantage which will arise to me from it. It hath lain these three years in a friend's hands of mine of the house of commons; who assured me not many days ago, that it should be taken shortly into consideration, though he believed it could not be this session.

Hil. Nor this age I am confident. [Aside.

Pol. And how do you think it is to be compassed! why, by procuring a machine to carry ships by land about a hundred miles: and so prosecute the East-India trade thro' the Mediterranean.

Hil. I wish you success, Sir: but I must take my leave of you, for it grows very late: so good-night, papa. [Exit.

SCENE III.

POLITICK *solus.*

I cannot rest for these preparations of the Turks: what can be their design!—It must be against the emperor.—Ay, ay, we shall have another campaign in Hungary. I wish we may feel no other effect from them—should the Turkish gallies once find a passage through the Straits, who can tell the consequence. I hope I shall not live to see that day.

SCENE IV.

POLITICK, DABBLE.

Dab. We are all undone, neighbour Politick! all blown up! all ruin'd!

Pol. Protect us—what is the matter? No news of the Turks, I hope!

Dab. An express is arrived with an account of the Dauphin's death.

Pol. Worse and worse—This is a finishing stroke, indeed! Mr. Dabble, I take this visit exceeding kind
—pray

—pray be pleased to sit: we must confabulate on this important accident.—Pray light your pipe—I wish this may not retard the introduction of Don Carlos into Italy.

Dab. I wish it may.

Pol. How!

Dab. I wish Don Carlos do not prove a more formidable power than is imagined.

Pol. Don Carlos a formidable power, Mr. Dabble?

Dab. I wish we do not find him so.

Pol. Sir, I look on Don Carlos to be an errant blank in the affairs of Europe—and let me observe to you, the Turks give me much greater uneasiness than Don Carlos can: what the design of their preparations can be, is difficult to determine—this I know, that I know nothing of the matter.

Dab. I think we have no need to travel so far for apprehensions, when danger is so near us: the prospect of affairs in the West is so black, that I see no reason to regard the East: the monstrous power which Don Carlos may be possessed of by the death of the Dauphin—

Pol. Rather the monstrous power which the emperor may be possessed of.

Dab. The emperor—ah!—

Pol. Don Carlos truly.

} *Both shake their heads*
} *at one another.*

Dab. I would fain ask one question, Mr. Politick. Pray, how large do you take Tuscany to be?—

Pol. How large do you take Tuscany to be—let me see—Tuscany, ay; how large do I take it to be—hum—Faithful!—bring some more tobacco. How large do I take it to be—why, truly, I take it to be about as large as the kingdom of France—or something larger.—

Dab. As large as the kingdom of France—you might as well compare this tobacco-pipe to a canon. Why Tuscany, Sir, is only a town, a garrison to be admitted into Tuscany; that is, into the town of Tuscany—

Pol. Sir, I will convince you of your error—Here, Faithful, bring a map of Europe hither—

14 RAPE UPON RAPE; or,

Dab. I did not think, Mr. Politick, you had been so ignorant in geography.

Pol. I believe I know as much as you, or any one, of it.

S C E N E V.

POLITICK, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Faith. Sir, Sir, your daughter is gone out of the house, no one knows whither.

Pol. And give me leave to tell you, Sir, I wish your own ignorance in publick affairs doth not appear to our cost.

Dab. Sir, I wish you would send for the map.

Pol. Map me no maps, Sir, my head is a map, a map of the whole world.—

Faith. Sir, your daughter.—

Dab. If your head be a map, it is a very erroneous one.

Pol. Sir, I would not have called Tuscany a town in a coffee-house, to have been master of it.

Dab. Nor I have compared it to France, to have been king of both.

S C E N E VI.

POLITICK, DABBLE, FAITHFUL,
PORER.

Por. Great news, gentlemen, all's safe again.

Pol. More deaths?

Por. An express is arrived with a certain account of the Dauphin's being in good health.

Dab. This is good news indeed.

Pol. Is there a certain confirmation?

Por. Very certain—I came this moment from the Secretary's office.

Pol. Dear Mr. Porer, you are the welcomest man alive—This news makes me the happiest creature living.

Faith. I wish, Sir, my news may not prevent it.—Your daughter, Sir. Miss Hilaret, is gone out of the house, and no one knows whither.

Pol.

Pol. My daughter gone ! that is some allay to my happiness, I confess : but the loss of twenty daughters would not balance the recovery of the Dauphin.— However, gentlemen, you will excuse me, I must go enquire into this affair.

Dab. Be not concerned at any thing, after what you have heard : let the private give way to the publick ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

SOTMORE, RAMBLE.

Sot. Why, thou wilt not leave us yet, and sneak away to some nasty little whore ? A pox confound them, they have spoiled so many of my companions, and forced me to bed sober at three o'clock in the morning so often—that if the whole sex were going to the devil, I would drink a bumper to their good journey.

Ramb. And I would go thither along with them. The dear charming creatures ! Woman ! It is the best word that ever was invented. There's musick, there's magick in it. Mark Anthony knew well to lay out his money, and when he gave the world for a woman—he bought a lumping pennyworth.

Sot. If he had given it for a hoghead of good claret, I would have commended the purchase more.

Ramb. Wine is only the prologue to love : it only serves to raise our expectations. The bottle is but a passport to the bed of pleasure. Brutes drink to quench their appetites—but lovers to enflame them.

Sot. 'Tis pity the generous liquor should be used to no better a purpose.

Ramb. It is the noblest use of the grape, and the greatest glory of Bacchus is to be page to Venus.

Sot. Before I go into a tavern again with a man who will sneak away after the first bottle, may I be cursed with the odious sight of a pint as long as I live : or become member of a city club, where men drink out of thimbles, that the fancy may be heightened by the wine, about the same time that the understanding is improved by the conversation : I'll sooner drink

coffee with a politician, tea with a fine lady, or 'rack punch with a fine gentleman, than thus be made a whetstone of, to sharpen my friends inclinations, that some little strumpet may enjoy the benefit of that good humour which I have raised.

Ramb. Why, thou art as ill-natured and as angry as a woman would be who was disappointed in the last moment, when her expectations were at the highest.

Sot. And have I not the same cause?

Ramb. Truly, honest Nol, when a man's reason begins to stagger, I think him the properest company for the women: one bottle more, and I had been fit for no company at all.

Sot. Then thou hadst been carried off with glory.—An honest fellow should no more quit the tavern while he can stand, than a soldier should the field; but you fine gentlemen are for preserving yourselves safe from both, for the benefit of the ladies.——'Sdeath! I'll use you with the same scorn that a soldier would a coward: so, Sir, when I meet you next, be not surpris'd if I walk on the other side of the way.

Ramb. Nay, pr'ythee, dear Silenus, be not so enraged: I'll but take one refreshing turn, and come back to the tavern to thee. Burgundy shall be the word, and I will fight under thy command till I drop.

Sot. Now thou art an honest fellow—and thou shalt toast whomsoever thou plearest.—We'll bumper up her health, till thou dost enjoy her in imagination. To a warm imagination, there is no bawd like a bottle. It shall throw into your arms the soberest prude or wildest coquet in town; thou shalt rifle her charms, in spite of her art. Nay, thou shalt increase her charms more than her art: and when thou art surfeited with the luscious pleasure, wake coolly the next morning, without any wife by your side, or any fear of children.

Ramb. What a luscious picture hast thou drawn!

Sot. And thou shalt have it, boy! Thou shalt triumph over her virtue, if she be a woman of quality—or raise her blushes, if she be a common strumpet. I'll go order a new recruit upon the table, and expect
you

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 17
you with impatience.—“ Fill every glass.” [*Sings.*
[*Exit* Sotmore.]

S C E N E VIII.

RAMBLE *solus.*

Ramb. Sure this fellow's whole sensation lies in his throat ; for he is never pleased but when he is swallowing : and yet the hogthead will be as soon drunk with the liquor it contains, as he. I wish it had no other effect upon me. Pox of my paper scull ! I have no sooner buried the wine in my belly, than its spirit rises in my head. — I am in a very proper humour for a frolick ; if my good genius, and her evil one, would but send some lovely female in my way—— ha ! the devil hath heard my prayers.

S C E N E IX.

RAMBLE, HILARET.

Hil. Was ever any thing so unfortunate ! to lose this wench in the scuffle, and not know a step of the way—— What shall I do ?

Ramb. By all my love of glory, an adventure.

Hil. Ha : who's that ? who are you, Sir ?

Ramb. A cavalier, Madam, a knight-errant rambling about the world in quest of adventures. To plunder widows and ravish virgins ; to lessen the number of bullies, and increase that of cuckolds, are the obligations of my profession.

Hil. I wish you all the success so worthy an adventure deserves. [*Going.*

Ramb. But hold, Madam, I am but just sallied, and you are the first adventure I have met with.

[*Takes hold of her.*

Hil. Let me go, I beseech you, Sir, I will have nothing to say to any of your profession.

Ramb. That's unkind, Madam : for, as I take it, our professions are pretty nearly allied, and like priest and nun, we are proper company for one another.

Hil. My profession, Sir !

Ramb. Yes, Madam, I believe I am no stranger
B 3 to

to the honourable rules of your order. Nay, 'tis probable I may know your abbess too; for tho' I have not been in town a week, I am acquainted with half a dozen.

Hil. Nothing but your drink, Sir, and ignorance of my quality, could excuse this rudeness.

Ramb (Whu—[*whistles.*] Ignorance of your quality! The daughter of some person of rank, I warrant her.) [*Aside.*] Look'e, my dear, I shall not trouble myself with your quality: It is equal to me whether your father rode in a coach and six, or drove it—I have had as much joy in the arms of an honest boatswain's wife, as with a relation of the Great Mogul.

Hil. You look, Sir, so much like a gentleman, that I am persuaded this usage proceeds only from your mistaking me. I own it looks a little odd for a woman of virtue to be found alone in the street, at this hour——

Ramb. Yes, it does look a little odd indeed. [*Aside.*

Hil. But when you know my story, I am confident you will assist me, rather than otherwise. I have this very night escaped with my maid from my father's house. and as I was going to put myself into the hands of my lover, a scuffle happening in the street, and both running away in a fright to avoid it, we unluckily separated from each other.—Now, Sir, I rely on the generosity of your temper to assist an unhappy woman; for which you shall not only have my thanks, but those of a very pretty fellow into the bargain.

Ramb. I am that very pretty fellow's very humble servant. But I find I am too much in love with you myself, to preserve you for another: had you proved what I at first took you for, I should have parted with you easily: but I read a coronet in your eyes: (She shall be her grace if she pleases, I had rather give her a title than money.) [*Aside.*

Hil. Nay, now you mistake me as widely as you did at first

Ramb. Nay, by this frolick, Madam, you must be either a woman of quality, or a woman of the town——Your low, mean people, who govern themselves by

by rules, dare not attempt these noble flights of pleasure. Flights only to be reached by those who boldly soar above reputation.

Hil. This is the maddest fellow. [Aside.

Ramb. So, my dear, whether you be of quality or no quality, you and I will go drink one bottle together at the next tavern.

Hil. I have but one way to get rid of him. [Aside.

Ramb. Come, my dear angel. Oh! this dear soft hand.

Hil. Could I but be assur'd that my virtue would be safe.

Ramb. No where safer. I'll give thee any thing in pawn for it—(but my watch.) [Aside.

Hil. And then my reputation——

Ramb. The night will take care of that—Virtue and reputation! These whores have learnt a strange cant since I left England. [Aside.

Hil. But will you love me always?

Ramb. Oh! for ever and ever, to be sure.

Hil. But will you—too.

Ramb. Yes, I will—too.

Hil. Will you promise to be civil?

Ramb. Oh! yes, yes: (I was afraid she would have asked me for money.) [Aside.

Hil. Well, then I will venture.—Go you to that corner tavern, I'll follow you.

Ramb. Excuse me, Madam, I know my duty better—so, if you please, I'll follow you.

Hil. I insist on your going first.

Ramb. And so you'll leave me in the lurch: I see you are frightened at the roughness of my dress; but foregod I am an honest tar, and the devil take me if I bilk you.

Hil. I don't understand you.

Ramb. Why then. Madam, here is a pound of as good tea as ever came out of the Indies; you understand that, I hope.

Hil. I shall take no bribes, Sir.

Ramb. Refuse the tea! I like you now indeed! for you cannot have been long upon the town, I'm sure. But I grow weary with impatience. If you are a modest

a modest woman, and insist on the ceremony of being carried, with all my heart.

Hil. Nay, Sir, do not proceed to rudeness.

Ramb. In short, my passion will be dallied with no longer. Do you consider, I am just come on shore, that I have seen nothing but men and the clouds this half year, and a woman is as ravishing a sight to me, as the returning sun to Greenland. I am none of your pufiny beaux, that can look on a fine woman, like a surfeited man on an entertainment. My stomach's sharp, and you are an ortolan! and if I do not eat you up, may salt beef be my fare for ever.

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Hil. I'll alarm the watch.

Ramb. You'll be better natur'd than that. At least, to encounter danger is my profession; so have at you, my little Venus—If you don't consent, I'll ravish you.

Hil. Help there! a rape, a rape!

Ramb. Hush, hush, you call too loud, people will think you are in earnest.

Hil. Help, a rape!

SCENE X.

RAMBLE, HILARET, STAFF, WATCH.

Staff. That's he there, seize him.

Ramb. Stand off, ye scoundrels!

Staff. Ay, Sir, you should have stood off—Do you charge this man with a rape, Madam?

Hil. I am frightened out of my senses—

Staff. A plain case!—The rape is sufficiently proved.—What, was the devil in you, to ravish a woman in the street thus?

Hil. Oh, dear Mr. Constable, all I desire is, that you would see me safe home.

Staff. Never fear, Madam, you shall not want evidence.

[*Aside to her.*]

Ramb. (Nay, if I must lodge with these gentlemen, I am resolved to have your company, Madam.) Mr. Constable, I charge that lady with threatening to swear a rape against me, and laying violent hands upon my person,

person, whilst I was inoffensively walking along the street.

Hil. How! villain!

Ramb. Ay, ay, Madam, you shall be made a severe example of. The laws are come to a fine pass, truly, when a sober gentleman can't walk the streets for women.

Hil. For Heaven's sake, Sir, don't believe him.

Staff. Nay, Madam, as we have but your bare affirmation on both sides, we cannot tell which way to incline our belief; that will be determined in the morning by your characters.—I would not have you dejected, you shall not want a character. [*Aside to her.*]

Hil. This was the most unfortunate accident sure, that ever befel a woman of virtue.

Staff. If you are a woman of virtue, the gentleman will be hanged for attempting to rob you of it. If you are not a woman of virtue, why you will be whipped for accusing a gentleman of robbing you of what you had not to lose.

Hil. Oh! this unfortunate fright!—But, Mr. Constable, I am very willing that the gentleman should have his liberty, give me but mine.

Staff. That request, Madam, is a very corroborating circumstance against you.

Ramb. Guilt will ever discover itself.

Staff. Bring them along.

Watch. She looks like a modest woman in my opinion.

Ramb. Confound all your modest women, I say—a man can have nothing to do with a modest woman, but he must be married, or hang'd for't. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Justice SQUEEZUM's; a table, pen, ink, paper, &c.*

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

DID mother Bilkum refuse to pay my demands, say you?

Quill. Yes, Sir; she says she does not value your worship's protection of a farthing, for that she can bribe two juries a-year to acquit her in Hicks's-hall, for half the money which she hath paid you within these three months.

Squeez. Very fine! I shall shew her that I understand something of juries, as well as herself. *Quill,* make a memorandum against mother Bilkum's trial, that we may remember to have the pannel No 3. they are a set of good men and true, and hearken to no evidence but mine.

Quill. Sir, Mr. Snap, the bailiff's follower, hath set up a shop, and is a freeholder. He hopes your worship will put him into a pannel on the first vacancy.

Squeez. Minute him down for No 2. I think half of that pannel are bailiff's followers. Thank Heaven, the laws have not excluded those butchers——

Quill. No, Sir, the law forbids butchers to be jurymen, but does not forbid jurymen to be butchers.

Squeez. *Quill,* d'ee hear! look out for some new recruits for the pannel No 1. We shall have a swinging vacancy there the next sessions.——Truly, if we do not take some care to regulate the juries in the Old Baily, we shall have no juries for Hicks's-hall.

Quill. Very true, Sir. But that pannel hath been more particularly unfortunate. I believe I remember it hanged, at least twice over.

Squeez. Ay, poor fellows! We must all take our chance, *Quill.* The man who would live in this world, must not fear the next. The chance of peace is

is doubtful as that of war ; and they who will make their fortunes at home, should entertain no more dread of the bench, than a soldier should of the field. We are all militant here ; and a halter hath been fatal to many a great man as well as a bullet.

S C E N E II.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF.

Quill. Sir, here's Mr. Staff, the reforming constable.

Staff. An't please your worship, we have been at the gaming-house in the alley, and have taken six prisoners, whereof we discharged two who had your worship's license.

Squeez. What are the others ?

Staff. One is an half-pay officer ; another an attorney's clerk ; and the other two are young gentlemen of the Temple.

Squeez. Discharge the officer and the clerk ; there is nothing to be got by the army or the law : the one hath no money, and the other will part with none. But be not too forward to quit the Templars.

Staff. Asking your worship's pardon, I don't care to run my finger into the lion's mouth. I would not willingly have to do with any limb of the law.

Squeez. Fear not ; these bear no nearer affinity to lawyers, than a militia regiment of squires do to soldiers ; the one gets no more by his gown, than the other by his sword. These are men that bring estates to the Temple, instead of getting them there.

Staff. Nay, they are bedawb'd with lace as fine as lords.

Squeez. Never fear a lawyer in lace.—The lawyer that sets out in lace, always ends in rags.

Staff. I'll secure them.—We went to the house where your worship commanded us, and heard the dice into the street ; but there were two coaches with coronets on them at the door, so we thought it proper not to go in.

Squeez. You did right. The laws are turnpikes, only made to stop people who walk on foot, and not
to

to interrupt those who drive through them in their coaches.—The laws are like a game at loo, where a blaze of court-cards is always secure, and the knaves are the safest cards in the pack.

Staff. We have taken up a man for a rape too.

Squeez. What is he?

Staff. I fancy he's some great man; for he talks French, sings Italian, and swears English.

Squeez. Is he rich?

Staff. I believe not, for we can't get a farthing out of him.

Squeez. A certain sign that he is. Deep pockets are like deep streams; and money, like water, never runs faster than in the shallows.

Staff. Then there's another misfortune too.

Squeez. What's that?

Staff. The woman will not swear any thing against him.

Squeez. Never fear that; I'll make her swear enough for my purpose. What sort of a woman is she?

Staff. A common whore, I believe.

Squeez. The properest person in the world to swear a rape. A modest woman is as shy of swearing a rape, as a gentleman is of swearing a battery.—We will make her swear enough to frighten him into a composition, a small part of which will satisfy the woman. So go bring them before me —But hold! have you been at home since I sent a prisoner thither this morning?

Staff. Yes, an't please your worship.

Squeez. And what says he?

Staff. He threatens us confoundedly; and says you have committed him without any accusation. I'm afraid we shall get nothing out of him.

Squeez. We'll try him till noon, however.

S C E N E III.

SQUEEZUM, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM.

Mrs. Squeez. I desire, Mr. Squeezum, you would finish all your dirty work this morning; for I am resolved to have the house to myself in the afternoon.

Squeez. You shall, my dear; and I shall be obliged to you, if you can let me have the coach this morning.

Mrs. Squeez. I shall use it myself.

Squeez. Then I must get horses put into the chariot.

Mrs. Squeez. I am not determined whether I shall use the coach or chariot; so it is impossible you should have either. Besides, a hack is the properest to do business in; and as I cannot spare you a servant, will look better.

Squeez. Well, child, well, it shall be so — Let me only beg the favour of dining a little sooner than ordinary.

Mrs. Squeez. That is so far from being possible, that we cannot dine till an hour later than usual, because I must attend at an auction, or I shall lose a little China basin which is worth its weight in jewels, and it is probable I may get it for its weight in gold, which will not be above one hundred guineas; and those you must give me, child.

Squeez. A hundred guineas for a China basin! Oh the Devil take the East-India trade! The clay of the one Indies runs away with all the gold of the other.

Mrs. Squeez. I may buy it for less; but it is good to have rather too much money about one, than too little.

Squeez. In short, I cannot support your extravagance.

Mrs. Squeez. I do not desire you to support my extravagance.

Squeez. I wish you would not.

Mrs. Squeez. Thus stands the case: you say I am extravagant; I say I am not: sure, my word will balance yours every where but at Hicks's-hall. — And heark'e, my dear, if whenever I ask for a trifle, you object my extravagance to me, I'll be reveng'd; I'll blow you up, I'll discover all your midnight intrigues, your protecting ill houses, your bribing juries, your snacking fees, your whole train of rogueries. If you do not allow me what I ask, I'll bid fair to enter on my jointure, Sir.

Squeez. Well, my dear, this time you shall be indulged. — Trust a thief or lawyer with your purse, a

whore or physician with your constitution, but never trust a dangerous secret with your wife; for when once you have put it into her power to hang you, the sooner you are hang'd, the better. *[Aside.]*

S C E N E IV.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM,
STAFF, WATCH, RAMBLE, HILARET.

Staff. An't please your worship, here is a gentleman hath committed a rape last night on this young woman.

Squeez. How! a rape! Hath he committed a rape on you, child?

Mrs. Squeez. This may be worth hearing. *[Aside.]*

Hil. Sir, I have nothing to say against him. I desire you would give us both our liberty. He was a little frolicksome last night, which made me call for these people's help; and when once they had taken hold of us, they would not suffer us to go away.

Squeez. They did their duty.—The power of discharging lieth in us, and not in them.

Ramb. Sir——

Squeez. Sir, I beg we may not be interrupted. Hark'e, young woman, if this gentleman hath treated you in an ill manner, do not let your modesty prevent the execution of justice. Consider, you will be guilty yourself of the next offence he commits; and upon my word, by his looks, it is probable he may commit a dozen rapes within this week.

Hil. Sir, I assure you he is innocent.

Squeez. Mr. Staff what say you to this affair?

Staff. May it please your worship, I saw the prisoner behave in a very indecent manner, and heard the woman say he had ravished away her senses.

Squeez. Fie upon you, child, will you not swear this?

Hil. No, Sir; but I shall swear something against you, unless you discharge us.

Squeez. That cannot be, Madam; the fact is too plain. If you will not swear now, the prisoner must be kept in custody till you will.

Staff.

Staff. If she will not swear, we can swear enough to convict him.

Ramb. Very fine, faith! This justice is worse than a grand inquisitor. Pray, honest, formidable Sir, what private pique have you against me, that you would compel the lady to deserve the pillory, in order to promote me higher?

Squeez. My dear, did you ever see such a ravishing look as this fellow hath! Sir, if I was a judge I would hang you without any evidence at all. They are such fellows as these who sow dissension between man and wife, and keep up the names of cuckold and bastard in the kingdom.

Ramb. Nay, if that be all you accuse me of, I will confess it freely, I have employ'd my time pretty well. Tho' as I do not remember ever to have done you the honour of dubbing, Mr. Justice, I cannot see why you should be so incensed against me; for I do not imagine you any otherwise an enemy to these amusements than a popish priest to sin, or a doctor to disease.

Mrs. Squeez. You are very civil, Sir, to threaten to dub my husband before my face.

Ramb. I ask pardon, Madam; I did not know with whom I had the honour to be in company: it was always against my inclination to affront a lady; but a woman of your particular merit, must have claimed the most particular respect.

Mrs. Squeez. I should have expected no rudeness from a gentleman of your appearance, and would much rather attribute any misbecoming word to inadvertency than design.

Ramb. Madam, I know not how to thank so much goodness; but do assure you, I would buy an introduction to your acquaintance at a much greater danger than this prosecution, which, I believe, you already see the malice of. I hope, Madam, I stand already acquitted in your opinion.

Mrs. Squeez. I hope, Sir, it will only appear to have been a frolick: I must own I have been always a great enemy to force—since there are so many willing.

Ramb. So, I find there is no danger of a rape here

[*Aside.*

Mrs. Squeez. Well, child, can you find any thing against this gentleman?

Squeez. The woman is difficult of confessing in publick: but I fancy when I examine her in private, I may get it out of her.—So, Mr. Constable, withdraw your prisoner.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, he appears so much of a gentleman, that till there be stronger evidence, I will take charge of him.—Come, Sir, you shall go drink a dish of tea with me.—You may stay without.

[*To the Constable, &c.*

Ramb. This kindness of yours, Madam, will be an encouragement to offenders.

S C E N E V.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Come, come, child, you had better take the oath, tho' you are not altogether so sure. Justice should be rigorous. It is better for the publick that ten innocent people should suffer, than that one guilty should escape; and it becomes every good person to sacrifice their conscience to the benefit of the publick.

Hil. Would you persuade me to perjure myself?

Squeez. By no means. Not for the world. Perjury indeed! Do you think I do not know what perjury is better than you? He did attempt to ravish you, you own; very well. He that attempts to do you an injury, hath done it in his heart. Besides, a woman may be ravished, ay, and many a woman hath been ravished, ay, and men been hanged for it—when she hath not certainly known she hath been ravished.

Hil. You are a great casuist in conscience. But you may spare yourself any further trouble: for I assure you it will be in vain.

Squeez. I see where your hesitation hangs; you are afraid of spoiling your trade.—You think severity to a customer will keep people from your house—

Pray,

Pray, answer me one question—How long have you been upon the town?

Hil. What do you mean?

Squeez. Come, come, I see you are but a novice, and I like you the better: for yours is the only business wherein people do not profit by experience.—You are very handsome.—It is pity you should continue in this abandoned state.—Give me a kiss—Nay, be not coy to me—I protest, you are as full of beauty as the rose is of sweetness, and I of love as its stalk is full of briars.—Oh! that we were as closely joined together too.

Hil. Why, you will commit a rape yourself, Mr. Justice.

Squeez. If I thought you would prove constant. I would take you into keeping: for I have not liked a woman so much these many years.

Hil. I will humour this old villain, I am resolved.

[*Aside.*

Squeez. What think you, could you be constant to a vigorous, healthy, middle-aged man? hey!—Could this buy thy affections off from a set of idle rascals, who carry their gold upon their backs; and have pockets as empty as their heads? Fellows who are greater curses on a woman than the vapours; for as those persuade her into imaginary diseases, these present her with real.—Let thy silence give consent: here, take this purse as an earnest of what I'll do for you.

Hil. Well, and what shall I do for this?

Squeez. You shall do.—You shall do nothing; I will do. I will be a verb active, and you shall be a verb passive.

Hil. I wish you be not of the neuter gender.

Squeez. Why, you little arch-rogue, do you understand Latin, hussy?

Hil. A little, Sir! My father was a country parson, and gave all his children a good education. He taught his daughters to write and read himself.

Squeez. What, have you sisters, then?

Hil. Alack-a-day, Sir! sixteen of us, and all in the same way of business.

Squeez. Ay, this it is to teach daughters to write. I would as soon put a sword into the hand of a madman, as a pen into those of a woman; for a pen in the hand of a woman is as sure an instrument of propagation, as a sword in that of a madman is of destruction. [*Aside.*—Sure, my dear, the spirit of love must run very strongly in the blood of your whole family.

Hil. Oh, Sir! it was a villainous man of war that harboured near us.—My poor sisters were ruined by the officers, and I fell a martyr to the chaplain.

Squeez. Ay, ay, the sailors are as fatal to our women as the soldiers are. One Venus rose from the sea, and thousands have set in it—But not Venus herself could compare to thee, my little honey-suckle.

Hil. Be not so hot, Sir.

Squeez. Bid the touchwood be cold behind the burning-glass. The touchwood is not more easily kindled by the sun than I by your dear eyes.

Hil. The touchwood is not drier, I dare swear.

[*Aside.*

Squeez. But hark, I hear my wife returning.—Leave word with my clerk where I shall send to you—I will be the kindest of keepers, very constant, and very liberal—

Hil. Two charming qualities in a lover!

Squeez. My pretty nosegay, you will find me vastly preferable to idle young rakehells. Besides, you are safe with me. You are as safe with a Justice in England, as a priest abroad; gravity is the best cloak for sin, in all countries—Be sure to be punctual to the time I shall appoint you.

Hil. Be not afraid of me.

Squeez. Adieu, my pretty charmer. I shall burn with impatience.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM *solus.*

Go thy ways for a charming girl! Now, if I can get her at this wild fellow's expence, I shall have performed the part of a shrewd justice; for I would make
others

others pay for my sins as well their own. I fancy my wife hath sufficiently frightened him by this, and that he will truckle to any terms to be acquitted; for I must own she will pump a man much better than I. — Oh! here they come. I must deal with my gentleman now in another style.

S C E N E VII.

SQUEESUM, *Mrs.* SQUEESUM, RAMBLE.

Ramb. Well, Sir, is the lady determined to swear stoutly?

Squeez. Truly, it is hard to say what she determines; she is gone to ask the advice of a divine and a lawyer.

Ramb. Then the odds is against me: for the lawyer will certainly advise her to swear; and it is possible the priest may not contradict her in it.

Squeez. It is indeed a ticklish point, and it were advisable to make it up as soon as possible. The first loss is always the least. It is better to wet your coat than your skin, and to run home when the clouds begin to drop, than in the middle of the storm. In short, it were better to give a brace of hundred pounds to make up the matter now, than to venture the consequence. I am heartily concerned, to see a gentleman in such a misfortune. I am sorry the age is so corrupt. Really I expect to see some grievous and heavy judgment fall on the nation. We are as bad as ever Sodom and Gomorrah were; and I wish we may not be as miserable.

Ramb. Heark'e, justice; I take a sermon to be the first punishment which a man undergoes after conviction. It is very hard I must be condemned to it before-hand.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, Sir. I am sure Mr. Squeezum speaks for your good.—I shall get a necklace out of this affair. [Aside.]

Squeez. Ay, that I am sure I do; my interest sways not one way or the other.—I would, were I in that gentleman's circumstances, do what I advise him to.

Ramb. Faith, Sir, that I must doubt: for were you

you in my circumstances, you would not be worth the money.

Squeez. Nay, Sir, now you jest with me; a gentleman can never be at a loss for such a trifle.

Ramb. Faith, you mistake. I know a great many gentlemen not worth three farthings. He that resolves to be honest cannot resolve not to be poor.

Squeez. A gentleman, and poor! Sir, they are contradictions. A man may as well be a scholar without learning, as a gentleman without riches. But I have no time to dally with you. If you do not understand good usage, while it is dealt you, you may, when you feel the reverse. The affair may now be made up for a trifle: the time may come when your whole fortune would be too little.—An hour's delay in the making up of an offence is as dangerous as in the sewing up of a wound.

Ramb. Well, you have over-persuaded me; I'll take your advice.

Squeez. I'll engage you will not repent it.—I don't question but you will regard me as your friend.

Ramb. That I do, indeed. And to give you the most substantial instance of it, I will ask a favour, which is expected only from the most intimate friendship—which is, that you would be so kind to lend me the money.

Squeez. Alack a-day, Sir, I have not such a sum in my command. Besides, how must it look in me, who am an officer of justice, to lend a culprit money wherewith to evade justice! Alas, Sir, we must consider our characters in life, we must act up to our characters; and tho' I deviate a little from mine, in giving you advice, it would be entirely forsaking the character of a justice to give you money.

Mrs. Squeez. I wonder how you could ask it.

Ramb. Necessity obliges to any thing, Madam. Mr. Squeezum was so kind to shew me the necessity of giving money, and my pockets were so cruel to shew me the impossibility of it.

Squeez. Well, Sir, if you cannot pay for your transgressions like the rich, you must suffer for them like the poor.—Here, Constable.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

SQUEESUM, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE,
STAFF, CONSTABLES.

Squeez. Take away your prisoner; keep him in safe custody, till farther orders. If you come to a wiser resolution within these two hours, send me word: after that it will be too late.

Ramb. Heark'e, Mr. Justice, you had better use me as you ought, and acquit me; for if you do any thing which you cannot defend, hang me, if I am not revenged on you.

Squeez. Hang you!—I wish there may not be more meaning in those words than you imagine.

Ramb. 'Sdeath! you old rascal, I can scarce forbear rattling those old dry bones of thine, till they crack thy wither'd skin.

Squeez. Bear evidence of this; I am threat'ned in the execution of my office.

Ramb. Come, honest Mr. Constable, Mr. nocturnal justice, let me go any where from this fellow—The night hath chosen a better justice than the day.

S C E N E IX.

SQUEESUM, *Mrs.* SQUEESUM.

Squeez. I am afraid I shall make nothing of this fellow at last. I have a mind to discharge him.

Mrs. Squeez. Oh! by no means; for I am sure he hath money.

Squeez. Yes, and so am I. But suppose he will not part with it; it is impossible to take it from him: for there is no law yet in being to skreen a justice of peace from a downright robbery.

Mrs. Squeez. Try him a little longer, however.

Squeez. I will till the afternoon; but if he should not consent by that time, I must discharge him; for I have no hopes in the woman's swearing. She is discharged already.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll make him a visit at the constable's house, and try if I can alarm him into a composition. I may make him do more than you imagine.

Squeez.

Squeez. Do so, my dear—I doubt not your power-- Good-morrow, honey.

Mrs. Squeez. But, my dear, pray remember the hundred guineas.

Squeez. Yes, yes, I shall remember them; they are not likely to be soon forgotten. — Follow me to my escritore.

SCENE X.

Mrs. SQUEESUM sola.

Since you are sure of going to the devil, honest spouse, I'll take care to equip you with a pair of horns, that you may be as like one another as possible. This dear wild fellow must be mine, and shall be mine: I like him so well, that if he had even ravished me, on my conscience I should have forgiven him.

SCENE XI. *Mr. WORTHY's.*

WORTHY, POLITICK.

Wor. Upon my word, Mr. Politick, I am heartily sorry for this occasion of renewing our acquaintance. I can imagine the tenderness of a parent, tho' I never was one.

Pol. Indeed, neighbour Worthy, you cannot imagine half the troubles, without having undergone them. Matrimony baulks our expectations every way; and our children as seldom prove comforts to us as our wives. I had but two—whereof one was hanged long ago—and the other I suppose may be in a fair way by this.

Wor. In what manner did she escape from you?

Pol. She had taken leave of me to retire to rest, not half an hour before I heard of her departure. I impute it all to the wicked instructions of an imp of the devil called a chamber-maid, who is the companion of her flight.

Wor. But do you know of no lover?

Pol. Let me see—hey!—there hath been a fellow in a red coat, with whom she hath conversed for some time, in spite of my teeth.

Wor.

Wor. Depend on it, he is the occasion of your loss. I can grant you a warrant against him, if you know his name, tho' I fear you are too late.

Pol. No, Sir, I am not too late; my daughter is an heiress, and you know the punishment of stealing an heiress. If I could hang the rascal, it would be some satisfaction.

Wor. That will be impossible, without her consent; and truly, if she be married, I would advise you to follow the example of that emperor, who when he discovered something worse than a marriage between one of his subjects and his daughter, chose rather to let him enjoy her as his own, than punish him.

Pol. Pray where did that emperor reign?

Wor. I have almost forgotten, but I think it was one of the Greek emperors, or one of the Turks.

Pol. Bring me no example from the Turks, good Mr. Worthy, I find no such affinity in our interests. Sir, I dread and abhor the Turks. I wish we do not feel them, before we are aware.

Wor. But Sir—

Pol. But me no buts—what can be the reason of all this warlike preparation, which all our news-papers have informed us of. Yes, and the same news-papers a hundred times in the same words. Is the design against Persia? Is the design against Germany? Is the design against Italy?—Suppose we should see Turkish gallies in the channel? We may feel them, yes, we may feel them in the midst of our security; Troy was taken in its sleep, and so may we.

Wor. Sure, Sir, you are asleep, or in a dream—

Pol. Yes, yes, these things are called idle dreams—the justest apprehensions may be styled dreams—but let me tell you, Sir, men betray their own ignorance often, in attacking that of other men.

Wor. But what is all this to your daughter?

Pol. Never tell me of my daughter, my country is dearer to me than a thousand daughters; should the Turks come among us, what would become of our daughters then? and our sons, and our wives, and our estates, and our houses, and our religion, and our liberty.—When a Turkish Aga should command our nobility,

nobility, and janizaries make grandfathers of lords? Where should we look for Britain then?

Wor. Truly, where I may look for Mr. Politick now, in the clouds.

Pol. Give me leave, Sir, only to let you a little into the present state of Turkey.

Wor. I must beg to be excused, Sir; if I can be of any service to you, in relation to your daughter, you may command my attention: I may probably defend you from your own countrymen, but truly from the Turks I cannot.

Pol. I am glad to hear you have some apprehension of them, as well as myself.—That you are not so stupidly besotted, as I meet with some people at the coffee-house; but perhaps you are not enough apprized of the danger. Give me leave only to shew you how it is possible for the Grand Signior to find an ingress into Europe.—Suppose, Sir, this spot I stand on to be Turkey—then here is Hungary—very well—here is France, and here is England—granted—then we will suppose he had possession of Hungary—what then remains but to conquer France, before we find him at our own coast.—But, Sir, this is not all the danger; now I will shew you how he can come by sea to us.

Wor. Dear Sir, refer that to some other time; you have sufficiently satisfied me, I assure you.

Pol. It is almost time to go to the coffee-house—so, dear Mr. Worthy. I am your most obedient servant.

Wor. Mr. Politick, your very humble servant.

SCENE XII.

WORTHY *solus.*

I recollect the dawnings of this political humour to have appeared when we were at the Bath together; but it hath risen finely in these ten years. What an enthusiasm must it have arrived to, when it could make him forget the loss of his only daughter! The greatest part of mankind labour under one delirium or other: and Don Quixotte differed from the rest, not in madness, but the species of it. The covetous,
the

the prodigal, the superstitious, the libertine, and the coffee-house politician, are all Quixottes in their several ways.

That man alone from madness free, we find,
Who, by no wild unruly passion blind,
To reason gives the conduct of his mind. }

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The street.*

HILARET, CLORIS, *meeting.*

HILARET.

DEAR Cloris.

Clo. Dear Madam, is it you? you altogether?

Hil. Ay, ay, altogether, thank Heavens! I had like to have lost something, but all safe, I assure you.

Clo. Ah! Madam, I wish it were.

Hil. What, don't you believe me?

Clo. I wish you could not me, or I myself. Poor captain Constant——

Hil. What of him?

Clo. Oh! Madam!

Hil. Speak quickly, or kill me, which you please---

Clo. -----Is taken up for a rape.

Hil. How!

Clo. It is too true, his own servant told me.

Hil. His servant belied him, and so do you-----
Shew me where he is, if he be in a dungeon, I'll find him out.

Clo. Very generous indeed, Madam! A king should sooner visit a prisoner for treason, than I a lover for a rape.

Hil. It would be unpardonable in me to entertain so flagrant a belief of the first hearing, against a man who hath given me such substantial proofs of his constancy: besides, an affair of my own, makes me the more doubtful of the truth of this; but if there

appear any proof of such a fact, I will drive him for ever from my thoughts.

Glo. Yes, Madam, Justice Squeezum will take care to have him driven another way.

Hil. Justice Squeezum! let me hug you for that information. Now, I can almost swear he is innocent: I have such an adventure to surprize you with; but let me not lose a moment—come, shew me the way.

Glo. Poor creature! she knows the way to her destruction too well—but it would be impertinence in a servant to put her out of it. [*Aside.*]

SCENE II. *The Constable's House.*

CONSTANT *alone.*

I begin to be of that philosopher's opinion, who said, that whoever will entirely consult his own happiness, must be little concerned about the happiness of others. Good nature is Quixotism, and every princess Micomicona will lead her deliverer into a cage. What had I to do to interpose! What harm did the misfortunes of an unknown woman bring me, that I should hazard my own happiness and reputation on her account?—But sure, to swear a rape against me for having rescued her from a ravisher, is an unparalleled piece of ingratitude.

SCENE III.

CONSTANT *and Mrs. STAFF.*

Mrs. Staff. Will your honour please to drink a dram, or some 'rack punch?

Const. Dear Madam, do not trouble me; I can drink nothing.

Mrs. Staff. Truly, Sir, but I can. Not trouble you! I had never such a customer here before. You a captain charged with a rape!--I should sooner take you for some poor attorney, charged with forgery and perjury; or a travelling parson, with stealing a gown and cassock.

Const.

Const. Drink what you will, and I'll pay what you please.

Mrs. Staff. Thank your honour! your honour will not be offended, I hope — we stand at a great rent: and truly, since this gin act, trade hath been so dull, that I have often wished my husband would live by the highway himself, instead of taking highwaymen.

Const. You are not the only wife who would give her husband this advice, I dare swear, Nay, were men all so uxorious to take it, Tyburn would have as much business as Doctors-Commons.

Mrs. Staff. I wish it had more; for we must stand and fall by one another; no business there, no business here; and truly, captain, 'tis with sorrow I say it, where we have one felon now, we had ten, a year or two ago — I have not seen one prisoner brought in for a rape this fortnight, except your honour. I hope your handsel will be lucky.

S C E N E IV.

CONSTANT, STAFF, *Mrs. STAFF.*

Staff. Captain, your servant, I suppose you will be glad of company---here is a very civil gentleman, I assure you.

Mrs. Staff. More gentlemen! this is rare news indeed.

Const. I had rather be alone.

Staff. I have but this one prison-room, captain: besides. I assure you this is no common fellow, but a very fine gentleman, a captain too---and as merry a one

Const. What is the cause of his misfortune?

Staff. A rape, captain, a rape---no dishonourable offence---I would not have brought any scoundrels into your honour's company: but rape and murder, no gentleman need be ashamed of; and this is an honest brother-ravisher---I have ravished women myself formerly: but a wife blunts a man's edge. When once you are married, you will leave off ravishing, I warrant you---to be bound in wedlock, is as good a se-

40 RAPE UPON RAPE; or,

curity against rapes, as to be bound over to the peace is against murder.

Mrs. Staff. My husband will have his jest, I hope your honour will pardon him.

Staff. But here is the gentleman.

S C E N E V.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, STAFF, *Mrs. STAFF.*

Const. Prodigious!

Ramb. Dear Constant!

Const. What in the name of wonder hath brought you to England?

Ramb. What in the devil's name hath brought thee to the Constable's?

Const. Only a rape, Sir; no dishonourable offence, as Mr. Constable hath it.

Ramb. You jest.

Staff. No, Sir, upon my word the captain is in earnest.

Ramb. Why I should sooner have suspected ermin or lawn-sleeves. But I see gravity and hypocrisy are inseparable.----Well, give me thy hand, brother, for our fortunes agree exactly.

Staff. And will agree in the end, I don't question. This is not the first time of their meeting together on this account; a couple of old whore-masters, I warrant them. *[Aside.*

Mrs. Staff. Will your honours please to drink any punch, noble captains, it will keep up your spirits?

Staff. Don't force the gentlemen, wife, to drink whether they will or no.--I wish you well off this affair--In the mean time, whatever my house affords is at your service--and let me assure you, the more you drink, the less you will lament your misfortune.

Ramb. Spoken like a true philosopher.

S C E N E IV.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE.

Ramb. But, dear Billy, I hope thou hast not really committed, hey?

Const.

Const. What I heartily repent of, I assure you. I rescued a woman in the street, for which she was so kind to swear a rape against me; but it gives me no uneasiness equal to the pleasure I enjoy in seeing you.

Ramb. Ever kind and good-natur'd!

Const. Yet I wish our meeting had been on another occasion; for the freedom of your life, makes me suspect the consequence of your confinement may be heavier than mine.

Ramb. I can't tell what the consequence may be, nor shall I trouble myself about it: but I assure thee no fucking babe can be more innocent. If our cases differ in any thing, it is in this, that my woman hath not sworn.

Const. This pleases me indeed!—But, pray, how came you to leave the Indies, where I thought you had been settled for life?

Ramb. Why, on the same account that I went thither, that I now am here, by which I live, and for which I live, a woman.

Const. A woman!

Ramb. Ay, a fine, young, rich woman! a widow with fourscore thousand pounds in her pocket——there's a North star to steer by.

Const. What is her name?

Ramb. Her name——her name is Ramble.

Const. What, married!

Ramb. Ay, Sir; soon after you left the Indies, honest Mr. Ingot left the world, and me the heir to his wife with all her effects.

Const. I wish you joy, dear Jack; this thy good fortune hath so filled me with delight, that I have no room for my own sorrows.

Ramb. But I have not unfolded half yet.

Sot. [*without.*] Let two quarts of rum be made into punch, let it be hot—hot as hell.

Ramb. D'ye hear, we are in a fine condition, 'faith.

S C E N E VII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE, STAFF.

Sot. Here they are, here are the brace of desponding whore-masters for you---Ramble, what, nothing to say in-praise of the women; Mark Anthony made a fine bargain, hey, when he gave the world for a woman? 'Sdeath! if he had been alive now, I'd have waged six gallons of claret I had seen him hanged for a rape--- as I shall very suddenly my two worthy friends.

Ramb. Hearkee, Sotmore, if you say any thing against the women we'll cut your throat, and tols justice into a murder into the bargain.

Sot. Not speak against women! you shall as soon compel me not to drink; you shall fow up my lips, if you do either.---Here, you, let the punch be gotten ready.

Staff. It shall, an't please your honour. (This gentleman is a rare customer to a house; I wish he would commit a rape too.) [Aside.

S C E N E VIII.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE SOTMORE.

Const. You must not rail against the ladies, Sotmore, before Ramble; for he is a married man.

Ramb. And what is better, my wife is at the bottom of the sea.

Sot. And what is worse, all her effects are at the bottom of the sea with her.

Const. How!

Ramb. Faith! Sotmore hath spoken truth for once.---Notwithstanding my pleasantry, the lady and her fortune are both gone together; she went to the other world fourscore thousand strong; and if there be any such thing there, I don't question but she is married again by this time.

Sot. You would not take my advice. I have cautioned thee never to trust any thing on the same bottom

tom with a woman. I would not ensue a ship that had a woman on board, for double the price.—The sins of one woman are enough to draw down a judgment on a fleet.

Ramb. Here's a fellow, who, like a prude, makes sin a handle to his abuse.—Art thou not ashamed to mention sin—who art a cargo of iniquity? Why wilt thou fill thy venom'd mouth with that of others, when thou hast such stores of thy own?

Const. What occasioned your separating?

Ramb. A storm, and my ill stars. I left the ship wherein she was to dine with the captain of one of our convoy, when a sudden violent storm arising, I lost sight of her ship, and from that day have never seen or heard of her.

Sot. Nor ever will—I heartily hope. Tho' as for the innocent chests, those I wish deliver'd out of the deep. But the sea knows its own good: it will be sure to keep the money, tho' possibly it may refund the woman; for a woman will swim like a cork, and they are both of the same value; nay, the latter is the more valuable, as it preserves our wine, which women often spoil.

Const. Why, Sotmore, wine is the touchstone of all merit with thee, as gold is to a stock-jobber; and thou would'st as soon sell thy soul for a bottle, as he for a guinea.

Sot. Wine, Sir, is as apt a comparison to every thing that is good, as woman is to every thing that is bad.

Const. Fie, Sotmore! this railing against the ladies will make your company as scandalous to gentlemen, as railing at religion would to a parson.

Ramb. Right, Constant! they are my religion, I am the high-priest of the sex.

Sot. Women and religion! Women and the devil: he leaves his votaries in the lurch, and so do they.

Const. I fancy, Ramble, this friend of ours will turn parson, one day or other—

Ramb. If he was not such a sot, I should think it possible.

Sot. Why faith! I am almost superstitious enough
to

to fancy this a judgment on thee for breaking thy word—Did I not tell thee, thou wert strolling off to some little dirty whore? and you see the truth of my prophecy.

Ramb. Thou art in the right: it was not only a whore, but the most impudent of all whores—a modest whore.

Const. A modest whore! let her be married to an honest attorney, by all means.

Ramb. And sent together to people his majesty's plantations.

Sot. Modesty, now-a-days, as often covers impudence, as it doth ugliness. It is as uncertain a sign of virtue as quality is, or as fine cloaths are of quality.

Ramb. Yet to do her right: the persuasions of the Justice could not prevail with her to perjure herself.

Sot. Conscientious strumpet! she hopes to pick your pocket another time, which it were charity to thee to wish she might: for if thou escapest this, she certainly will have an opportunity.

Ramb. Pray, honest Nol, how didst thou find us out? for a boy would as soon have sent for his school-master when he was caught in an orchard, as I for thee on this occasion.

Sot. Find you out! why the town rings of you—there is not a husband or guardian in it, but what is ready to get drunk for joy. If the woman be not gold proof, she will be bribed to swear against you. You are a nuisance, Sir! I don't believe he hath been in town six days, and he hath had above sixteen women.

Ramb. And they are a nobler pleasure than so many gallons which thou hast swallowed in that time.

Sot. Sir, I pay my vintner, and therefore do no injury.

Ramb. And, Sir, I do no injury: and therefore have no reason to pay.

Sot. Hey-day! is taking away a man's wife or daughter no injury?

Ramb. Not when the wife is weary of her husband, and the daughter longs for one.

Const. Art thou not ashamed, Sotmore, to throw a man's sins in his face, while he is suffering for them?

Sot.

Sot. That is the time, Sir ; besides, you see what an effect it hath on him : you might as well rail at a Knight of the post in the pillory.

Ramb. Let him alone, the punch will be here immediately, and then he'll have no leisure to rail.

Sot. Is it not enough to make a man rail, to have parted with a friend happy in the night, and to find him the next morning in so fair a way to— Death and damnation ! shew me the whore ; I'll be revenged on her and the whole sex. If thou art hanged for ravishing I'll be hanged for murdering her. Describe the little mischief to me. Is she tall, short, black, brown, fair ? In what form hath the devil disguised himself ?

Ramb. In a very beautiful one, I assure you : she hath the finest shape that ever was beheld, genteel to a miracle ; then the brightest eyes that ever glanced on a lover, the prettiest little mouth, and lips as red as a cherry : and for her breasts, not snow, marble, lillies, alabaster, ivory, can come up to their whiteness ; but their little, pretty, firm, round form, no art can imitate, no thought conceive.—Oh ! Sotmore, I could die ten thousand millions of times upon them——

Sot. You are only like to die once for them.

Const. All these raptures about a common whore, Ramble !

Sot. Ay, every woman he sees, they are all alike to him, modest or immodest, high or low, from the garret to the cellar, St. James's to the stews ; find him but a woman, and he'll make an angel of her.—He hath the same taste for women, as a child for pictures, or a hungry glutton for an entertainment : every piece is a Venus, and every dish an ortolan.

Ramb. To say the truth of her, Sotmore must have allowed her handsome, and I must allow her to have been a damn'd, confounded, common——

SCENE IX.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE,
HILARET.

Ramb. Ha ! conjured up, by Jupiter ! Well, my
little

little enemy, do the priest and the lawyer consent—and will you swear—ha!

Hil. [*Not regarding Ramble, runs to Constant.*] My Constant!

Ramb. Hey-day! what, are we both in for ravishing the same woman?—I see by her fondness, he hath really ravished her.

Const. O, Hilaret! this kindness of yours staks me the deeper; can you bear to think on one accused of such a crime as I am?

Hil. Never to believe it can I bear.

Const. How shall I repay this goodness! Then, by Heavens I am innocent. [*They talk apart.*]

Ramb. Hey! the devil!—Is this Constant's mistress? Here will be fine work i'faith! [*Aside.*]

Sot. Is this the lady that did you the favour, Sir? [*To Ramble.*]

Ramb. This the lady! No—why this is a woman of virtue; tho' she hath a great resemblance of the other, I must confess.

Sot. Then I suppose this is she whom Constant hath toasted this half year—his honourable mistress with a pox.—Rare company for a man who is in prison for a rape!

Hil. And was you in that scuffle which parted me and my maid in Leicester-Fields?

Const. It was there this unfortunate accident happened, while I was going to the place of our appointment.

Hil. It had like to have occasioned another to me, which, that I escaped, I am to thank this gentleman.

Ramb. Oh, Madam! your most obedient, humble servant. Was it you, dear Madam?

Const. Ha! is it possible my friend can have so far indebted me!—This is a favour I can never return.

Ramb. You over-rate it, upon my soul you do; I am sufficiently repayed by this embrace.

Const. I can never repay thee.—Would'st thou have given me worlds, it could not have equalled the least favour conferr'd on this lady.

Ramb.

THE JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 47

Ramb. I should have conferred some favours on her indeed, if she would have accepted them. [*Aside.*

Hil. I am glad it is to Mr. Constant's friend I am obliged.

Set. Yes, you are damnably obliged to him for his character of you. [*Aside.*

Const. My dear Hilaret, shall I beg to hear it all? I can have no pleasure equal to finding new obligations to this gentleman.

Hil. Since you desire it——

Ramb. I fancy, Madam, your fright at that time may have occasioned your forgetting some circumstance; therefore, since Captain Constant desires it, I will tell him the story—I had just parted with this gentleman, when I heard a young lady's voice crying out for help; (I think the word Rape was mentioned, but that I cannot perfectly remember;) upon this, making directly to the place where the noise proceeded, I found this lady in the arms of a very rude fellow——

Hil. The most impudent fellow, sure, that ever was born!

Ramb. A very impudent fellow, and yet a very cowardly one; for the moment I came up, he quitted his hold, and was gone out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

Const. My dear Ramble, what hast thou done for me!

Ramb. No obligation, dear Constant! I would have done the same for any man breathing. But to proceed: The watch came up, who would not be satisfied with what she then said, but conveyed us both to the Round-House, whence we were carried in the morning before Justice Squeezum, and by him, notwithstanding this lady's protestations, your humble servant was committed to that place where he now finds himself with this good company.

Const. Oh, my friend!—May Heaven send me an opportunity of serving thee in the same manner!

Ramb. May that be the only prayer which it denies to Constant.

SCENE

S C E N E X.

CONSTANT, RAMBLE, SOTMORE,
HILARET, STAFF.

Staff. The punch is ready, gentlemen, you may walk down; the liberty of my house is at your service.

Sot. And that is liberty enough, while thou hast punch here. If thy house were a sea of punch, I would not prefer any house in town to it.

Staff. Your honour shall not want that.

Sot. And I shall want nothing more.

Staff. Captain, a word with you. [*To Ramble.*] There's Madam Squeezum below desires to speak with you alone.

Ramb. Bring her up.—Sotmore, you must excuse me a few moments, Constant and this lady will entertain you.

Sot. Let the moments be very few. I'll lay five gallons to one, this fellow hath another whore in his eye.

S C E N E XI.

RAMBLE, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM.

Ramb. So; my affair with my friend's mistress is happily over.—That I should not know a modest woman! But there is so great an affectation of modesty in some women of the town, and so great an affectation of impudence in some women of fashion, that it is not impossible to mistake. Now for Mrs. Justice, her business with me is not exceeding difficult to guess.

Mrs. Squeez. You will think I have a vast deal of charity, Captain, who am not only the solicitress of your liberty at home to my husband, but can carry my good-nature so far as to visit you in your confinement. I cannot say but I have a generous pity for any one whom I imagine to be accused wrongfully.

Ramb. I am obliged to you indeed, Madam, for that supposal.

Mrs. Squeez. You are the cause of it. Wherefore

fore do you imagine I ventured myself alone with you this morning?

Ramb. From your great humanity, Madam.

Mrs. Squeez. Alas, Sir! it was to try whether you were really the man you were reported to be; and I am certain I found you as inoffensive, quiet, civil, well-bred a gentleman, as any virtuous woman could have wished. Your behaviour was so modest, that I can never imagine it possible you should have been guilty of a rape. No over-grown alderman of sixty, or taper beau of six and twenty, could have been more innocent company.

Ramb. Whu! —

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Squeez. Your then carriage hath wrought so great an effect upon me, that I have ventured to trust myself here with you; nay, I could trust myself any where with so modest a gentleman.

Ramb. I'll take care, Madam, never to forfeit your good opinion of me; you may trust yourself with me any where; I'll never behave in any other manner than becomes the best bred man alive with the best bred lady. I swear by this soft hand, these lips, and all the millions of charms that dwell in this dear body.

Mrs. Squeez. What do you mean?

Ramb. I know not what I mean; tongue can't express, nor thought conceive—we can only feel the exquisite pleasures love has in store.

Mrs. Squeez. Nay, I protest and vow.

Ramb. Protestations are as vain as struggling. This closet hath a bed in it that would not disgrace a palace.

Sot. [*At the door*] Why, Ramble! Jack Ramble! Art thou not ashamed to leave thy friends thus, for some little dirty strumpet? If thou dost not come immediately, we'll break open the door, and drown her in punch.

Mrs. Squeez. [*Softly.*] I am undone! —

Ramb. Fear nothing. — Go to your bowl, I'll come this instant.

Sot. I'll not wag without you.

Ramb. Then I'll come down, break your bowl, and spill all your liquor.

Sot. Bring thy whore along with thee; there's one

there already, she'll be glad of her company: if you don't come in an instant, I will be back again.

Mrs. Squeez. What shall I do?

Ramb. My angel! love shall instruct thee.

Mrs. Squeez. Let me go—some other time—I will not run any venture here.

Ramb. I will not part with you.

Mrs. Squeez. You shall hear from me in half an hour. You shall have your liberty, and I'll appoint you where to meet me.

Ramb. Shall I depend on you?

Mrs. Squeez. You may — Adieu. — Don't follow me: I can slip out a back way.

Ramb. Farewel, my angel!

S C E N E XII.

RAMBLE, *solus.*

Confound this drunken rascal! this is not the first time he hath spoiled an intrigue for me. But hold, as I am to have my liberty before-hand, I don't think this half hour's delay at all unlucky. That consideration may sufficiently compensate the staying of my stomach. This adventure of mine begins to put on a tolerable aspect. An intrigue with a rich Justice's wife, is not to be slighted by a young fellow of a desperate fortune. I do not doubt but in a very short time, when I am taken up for the next rape, to bribe the Justice with his own money.—Lend a man your gold, he may forget the debt; venture your life for him, he may forget the obligation; but once engage his wife, and you secure his friendship. There is no friend in all extremity so sure as your cuckold—and the surest hold you can take of a man, as of a bull, is by his horns.

S C E N E XIII.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE,
HILARET.

Sot. Ha! what's become of thy wench? If thou hadst none, thy absence was the more inexcusable.

Const. O Ramble! this our better genius hath invented the most notable plot?—Such a net is laid
for

for the Justice! it will at once entangle him, and disentangle us. Mr. Hoghead here is to play his part too.

Ramb. I am sorry we cannot do without him; for should there be any claret in his way, he'd disappoint the whole affair for one bottle.

Sot. Not for the best Burgundy in France. This lady hath won my heart by one bumper.—By all the pleasures of drinking, Madam, I like you more than your whole sex put together. There is no honesty in man or woman, that will not drink. Honesty is tried in wine, as gold is in the fire. Madam, you have made a conquest of me. I'll drink your health as long as I can stand, and that's as long as a reasonable woman can require.

Hil. I am exceedingly proud of my conquest over a man of Mr. Sotmore's good sense.

Const. Upon my word you may, you are the first woman I believe he ever was civil to.

Sot. It was because they none of them had your merit; a parcel of tea-drinking sluts.—If I had a daughter that drank tea, I would turn her out of doors. The reason that men are honefter than women is, their liquors are stronger. If the sex were bred up to brandy and tobacco, if they all liked drinking as well as you seem to do, Madam, I should turn a lover.

Ramb. Why, Constant, such another compliment would make thee jealous.

Hil. Upon my word, he hath reason already!

Sot. Madam, I like you; and if a bottle of Burgundy were on one side, and you on the other, I do not know which I should chuse.

Const. Thou would'st chuse the bottle, I am sure.

Ramb. But I long to hear this conspiracy.

Sot. Then it must be below. I strictly forbid any secrets to be told but at the council-table. The rose is ever understood over the drinking-room, and a glass is the surest turnkey to the lips.

Const. That's contrary to the opinion of philosophers.

Sot. Of the sober ones it may; but all your wise philosophers were a set of the most drunken dogs alive. I never knew a sober fellow but was an ass—and

your ass is the soberest of all animals. Your sober philosophers, and their works, have been buried long ago. I remember a saying of that great philosopher and poet, Horace, who wrote in Falernian instead of ink:

No verses last—can long escape the night,
Which the dull scribbling water-drinkers write.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, SQUEEZUM'S.

SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

SQUEEZUM.

YOU delivered my letter?

Quill. Yes, an't please your worship, I left it at the coffee-house, where she directed me.

Squeez. Very well.—Quill!

Quill. Sir.

Squeez. I think I may trust thee with any secret—and what I am now going to tell, will shew thee what a confidence I put in thee.—In short, Quill, I suspect my wife—

Quill. Of what, Sir?

Squeez. I am afraid that I am not the only person free with her, and that I am free of the corporation of cuckolds.

Quill. Then your worship is free of all the corporations in England.

Squeez. Now thou knowest that there are very wholesome laws against cuckoldom: the advantage of a man's horns is, that he may shove his wife out of doors with them.

Quill. And that is no inconsiderable advantage.

Squeez. But there must be a discovery first. It is not enough that a man knows himself to be a cuckold; the world must know it too. He that will keep his horns in his pocket, must keep his wife in his bosom. Therefore, Quill, as it is in your power to observe my wife,

wife, I assure you a very handsome reward on her conviction: for I begin to find, that if I do not discover her, she will shortly discover me, or ruin me by bribing her to hold her tongue. It is not a little gold will make a gag for a woman.

Quill. Sir, I shall be as diligent as possible.

Squeez. And I as liberal on your success.

[*Exit Squeezum.*]

SCENE II.

QUILL, *solus.*

Indeed, Justice, that bait will not do. I know you too well to trust to your liberality. Your wife will reward services better than you. Besides, I have too much honour to take fees on both sides.—And since I am her pimp in ordinary, I'll go like an honest and dutiful servant, and discover this conspiracy: for should she once be turn'd out of the family, I should make but a slender market of this close-finger'd Justice, whose covetousness would suffer no rogues to live but himself.

SCENE III.

The CONSTABLE's House.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT.

Ramb. This little mistress of yours is the most dextrous politician, if that drunken puppy doth not disappoint us.

Const. Never fear him: he hath cunning enough; and there hath been so long a war in his head between wine and his senses, that they seem now to have come to an agreement that he is never to be quite in them, nor ever quite out of them: his life is one continued scene of being half drunk.

Ramb. Well, as we can be of no farther use in the affair, but must stay here and expect the issue; pr'y-thee, tell me what hath become of you these three long years, since you quitted the service of the East-India company, and came over to England with Sotmore?

Const. Why, at my first return to England, the prospect of war was in every one's eye; and not only the reports of the people, but the augmentation of the troops assured us of its approach: upon which, I resolved to embarque my small remains of fortune in the service of my country, and obtained the same commission on that occasion which I had enjoyed in the Indies. My history is not very full of adventures: I continued therein till the reduction, when I shared the fate of several unhappy brave fellows, and I was sent a begging with a red coat on my back.

Ramb. It is the faculty of the cloth to be ragged. — Red is as apt to be ragged, as white to be spoil'd. It is commonly the fate of our brave soldiers to bring home ragged cloaths, as well as colours, and both are rewarded by Westminster-hall — the one is hung up in it, and the other is locked up safe by an order from it; for, Heav'n be prais'd! the gaols are always open hospitals for us.

Const. The only happiness which hath attended me since my return, is my having contracted an intimacy with that young lady whom you saw here; which hath proceeded so far, that last night we had appointed to meet in order to our marriage; but as I was just arrived at the place, a woman well-dress'd was attacked in the street by a ruffian. I immediately flying to her assistance, the fellow quitted her, and left me alone in the possession of the watch, who early this morning carried me before Justice Squeezum, and by him I was committed hither.

Ramb. What, did she appear against you?

Const. No; they said she was ill of some bruises she had received, but desired I might be kept in custody till the afternoon, at which time she would appear against me. But by what Pillaret hath told us, and by some methods which hath been used to extort money from me, I am inclined to fancy it all a contrived piece of villany of the Justice, and not of the woman's, as I first imagined.

Ramb. Be assured of it; — if there be roguery, the Justice hath the chief part in it. But, comfort yourself with the expectation of revenge; for I think he cannot

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cannot possibly escape the net we have spread, unless the devil have more gratitude than he is reported to have, and will assist his very good friend at a crisis.

Const. But what do you intend in England, where you have no friends?

Ramb. I know not yet whether I have or no. I left an old father here, and a rich one. He thought fit to turn me out of doors for some frolicks, which it is probable, if he yet lives, he may have forgiven me by this. But what's become of him I know not; for I have not heard one word of him these ten years.

Const. I think you have been vastly careless in neglecting him so long.

Ramb. 'Tis as I have acted in all affairs of life; my thoughts have ever succeeded my actions; the consequence hath caused me to reflect when it was too late. I never reasoned on what I should do, but what I had done; as if my reason had her eyes behind, and could only see backwards.

S C E N E IV.

RAMBLE, CONSTANT, STAFF.

Staff. Here is a letter for your honour.

Ramb. [*Reads it.*] Ay, this is a letter, indeed!

Const. What is it?

Ramb. My freedom, under a sign-manual from the queen of these regions.

Const. Explain.

Ramb. Then, Sir, in plain English, without either trope or figure, it is a letter from the justice's wife, with an order to the constable for my liberty.

[*Reads.*

" S I R,

" I was no sooner recovered of the fright which
" that unmannerly friend of yours occasioned, than
" I have performed my promise. You will find me
" at home: the constable hath orders by the bearer
" to acquit you."

Here's good nature for you! [*Kisses the letter.*] Thou dear wife of a damn'd rogue of a justice, I fly to thy arms.
Const.

Const. Hearn's! suppose you brought her to be a witness to our design—and—here, take this letter of assignation from the justice to Hilaret; it will give your discovery credit.

Ramb. An amiable thought! I fly to execute it. Dear Constant, good-morrow. I hope when next we meet, we shall meet

In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where no vile justice shall invade us more.

Const. Success attend you.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. A Tavern.

SQUEESUM, DRAWER.

Squeez. No woman been to enquire for Mr. Jones?

Draw. Sir, I know of none; but I'll ask at the bar if you please.

Squeez. Do—and leave word if any such comes, to shew her up hither,—I have no reason to doubt her company, but I am impatient for it. I protest this woman hath revived the vigour of youth in me; sure, I must have over reckoned my years!—I cannot be above forty-nine at the most.—I wish this dear girl was come.-----I am afraid I did wrong in giving her those five shillings, in a purse worth above two shillings more, which who knows but she may be spending on some bully, who will perhaps send another present to me in return.

SCENE VI.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET.

Squeez. Oh! are you come-----you little, pretty, dear, sweet rogue!-----I have been waiting for you these----these four hours at least.

Hil. Young lovers are commonly earlier than their appointment.

Squeez. Give me a kiss for that.---Thou shalt find me a young lover, a vigorous young lover too.--Hit me a slap in the face, do.---Bow-wow! Bow-wow! I'll eat up your cloaths,----Come, what will you drink?

drink? White or red?—Women love white best. —Boy, bring half a pint of mountain— Come, sit down; do, sit down.— Come now let us hear the story how you were first debauched.---Come---that I may put it down in my history at home. I have the history of all the women's ruin that ever I lay with, and I call it, **THE HISTORY OF MY OWN TIMES.**

Hil. I'll warrant it is as big as a church-bible.

Squeez. It is really of a good reputable size: I have done execution in my time.

Hil. And may do execution still.

Boy. [*Without.*] Half a pint of mountain in the Lion, score.

Squeez. Well--But now let me have the history--Where did your amour begin--at church, I warrant you. More amours begin at church than end there. —Or perhaps you went to see the man of war---- Going to see fights hath ruined many a woman. No wonder children are lovers of them, since so many owe their being to them.

Hil. [*Aside.*] I thank you for that remembrance, I had forgot my lover.—— Ay, Sir, it was there indeed I saw him first; that was the fatal scene of our interview.

Squeez. Well, and was the amour managed by letter, or by word of mouth?

Hil. By letter, Sir. I believe he writ two quires of paper to me before I would send him an answer: I returned him several unopened, and then several others opened. — But at last — he obtained an answer.

Squeez. Well, and after your answer, what followed then?

Hil. Oh! he thought himself sure of me, as soon as I had answered his letter.

Squeez. Ay, I have always observed in my amours, that when I received an answer, I never failed of the woman; a woman follows her letter infallibly. Well, and what did he say in his second letter?

Hil. Oh! he swore a thousand fond things: that his love should last as long as his life: that his whole happiness depended on me—and a vast deal of that nature.

Squeez.

58 RAPE UPON RAPE; or,

Squeez. Ay, ay, just as I have done myself. I find whoring is as methodical as the law.

Hil. And I fancy as tedious with you, old gentleman. [*Aside.*

Squeez. Well, and how many letters did you write to him, ey! — before —

Hil. Not many. He did not want much encouragement.

Squeez. Then passing over the rest of the suit, let us come to the last fatal meeting.

Hil. It was of a Sunday morning —

Squeez. Right, my old method: when other people are gone to church.

Hil. In an exceeding hot day. —

Squeez. May or June? — Women and cherries are commonly gathered in the same month.

Hil. I was fatigued with walking in the garden, and retired to an arbour to repose myself: guess what was my surprize, when I found the dear perfidious had convey'd himself thither before me.

Squeez. A fly dog! My old way again. An ambush is as useful in love as war.

Hil. At my first entrance, he pretended a surprize at seeing me unexpectedly: but on my questioning him how and with what design he had conveyed himself there, he immediately threw off the cloak, and confessed all: he flew to me, caught me in his arms with the most eager raptures, and swore the most violent love and eternal constancy. I in the greatest agony of rage repelled him with my utmost force; he redoubled his attacks, I slackened my resistance; he intreated, I raved; he sigh'd, I cry'd; he pressed, I swooned; he —

Squeez. Oh! — I can bear no longer, my angel! my paradise! my honey-suckle! my dove! my darling!

Hil. What do you mean, Sir?

Squeez. I mean to eat you up, to swallow you down, to squeeze you to pieces.

Hil. Help there! A rape, a rape.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

SQUEESUM, HILARET, SOTMORE.

Sotm. Hey-day! what in the devil's name is here?
—Justice Squeezum ravishing a woman!

Hil. Oh! for Heaven's sake, Sir, assist a poor forlorn hapless maid, whom this wicked man hath treacherously seduced.

Squeez. Oh lud! — Oh lud!

Sotm. Fie upon you, Mr. Squeezum! you who are a magistrate, you who are the preserver and executor of our laws, thus to be the breaker of them!

Squeez. Can'st thou accuse me?

Hil. You know too well how barbarously you have used me. For pity's sake, Sir, secure him; do not let him escape, till we send for a constable. If there be any law for a justice, I am resolved to hang him.

Squeez. Oh lud! what shame have I brought myself to! that ever I should live to see this day.

Sotm. If thou hadst stood to thy bottle like an honest fellow, this had never happened; but you must go a whoring with a pox to you, at your years too; with these spindle shanks, that weezle face, that crane's neck of a body. Who would have imagined that such an old wither'd may-pole as thou art should attempt to fall on a woman? Why, thou wilt be the diversion of the whole town --- Grub-street will dine a month on your account. Thou wilt be ushered to Tyburn with more pomp than Alexander was ushered into Babylon. Justice never triumphs so universally as at the execution of one of her own officers.

Squeez. Sir, if there be truth on earth, I am as innocent —

Sotm. All the innocence on earth will not save you.
—A man doth not always draw the rope by the weight of his sins. Your innocence will not acquit you in a court of justice, against her oath; and when you come to the gallows, it will be vain to plead your innocence. All's fish that comes to the net there. The gallows so seldom gets its due, that it never parts with what it gets.

Hil.

Hil. Can you pretend to innocence? Was not this gentleman an eye-witness to your rudeness, to the injuries you offered me?

Sotm. Ay, ay, I can swear to the rape with as safe a conscience as I can drink a glass of wine.

Squeez. I see I am betray'd; I am caught in my own trap. There is but one way to escape, which is the way I have opened to others. [*Aside.*] I see, Madam, your design is to extort money from me. I am too well acquainted with the laws to contend: I hope you will be reasonable; for I am poor, very poor, I assure you: it is not for men of my honesty to be rich.

Hil. Sir, if you would give me millions, it should not satisfy my revenge; you shall be hanged for an example to others.

Squeez. Here's a cruel wretch! who prefers my blood to my gold, which is almost my blood.

Sotm. Hey day! what vehicle is this? a vinegar-bottle—Half a pint, by Jupiter! Why, thou sneaking rascal, can't thou pretend to honesty, when this dram-glass hath been found upon thee? Were I thy judge, or thy jury, this very sneaking vehicle should hang thee, without any other evidence. But come, since you are to be hanged, I'll drink one bumper to your good journey to the other world.—You will find abundance of your acquaintance, whom you have sent before you.—And now, I'll go call the drawer to fetch a constable.

Squeez. Hold, hold, Sir; for mercy sake do not expose me so.—Will nothing content you, Madam?

Hil. Nothing but the rigour of the law. Sir, I beseech you lose no time, but send for the constable immediately.

Squeez. I'll do any thing; I'll consent to any terms.

Hil. The constable! the constable!

Squeez. Stay, dear Sir! I'll give you a hundred guineas; I'll do any thing.

Hil. Remember your vile commitment of two gentlemen this morning.—But I will revenge the injuries of my friends.—Sir, I beseech you send for the officers.

Squeez.

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 61

Squeez. One is already dismissed from his confinement, the other shall be dismissed immediately.

Hil. It is too late.

Sotm. Hearkee, Sir, will you leave off whoring, and take to drinking for the future?

Squeez. I'll leave them off both.

Sotm. Then you shall be hang'd: but if you will commence honest fellow, and get drunk every day of your life, I'll intercede with this lady, that on your acquitting the gentlemen, you shall be acquitted yourself,

Squeez. I'll do any thing, I'll quit any thing.

Sotm. Madam, let me persuade you to be merciful this time to this unfortunate and undutiful servant of justice.

Hil. Sir, I can deny you nothing.

Squeez. Get me a pen and ink; I'll send an order to bring him hither, and discharge him instantly.

Sotm. Drawer, bring pen, ink, and paper, and a bottle of old Port.

Squeez. [*to Hil.*] And could you have had the conscience to have sworn against a poor old man?

Sotm. Faith! 'twas a little cruel. Could you have had the heart to see him swinging like a gibbeted skeleton? Could you have served up such a dry dish to justice—The body of one of her own children too?—But here's the paper.—Come, Sir, write his discharge and your own,

[*Squeezum writes, Sotmore and Hilaret advance.*]

Sotm. You have managed this matter so well, that I shall have an opinion of your sex's understanding ever after.

Hil. Let a woman alone for a plot, Mr. Sotmore.

Sotm. Ay, Madam, a woman that will drink a bumper. Wine is the fountain of thought; and

The more we drink,

The more we think.

It is a question with me, whether wine hath done more good, or physick harm in the world; I wou'd have every apothecary's shop in the town turn'd into a tavern.

Hil. I am afraid, the more you have of the one, the more you will require of the other.

Sotm. It is their drugs that debauch our wine : wine in itself is as innocent as water, and physick poisons both. It is not the juice of the grape, but of the drug, that is pernicious. Let me advise you, Madam, leave off your damn'd adulterated water, your tea, and take to wine. It will paint your face better than vermilion, and put more honesty in your heart than all the sermons you can read. I'll introduce you to some clubs of my acquaintance, a set of honest fellows that live in the clouds of tobacco, and know no home but a tavern.

Squeez. This letter, Sir, will produce the gentleman immediately.

Sotm. Here, drawer — let this letter be sent whither it is directed. Come, honest justice, our acquaintance hath an odd beginning, but we may be very good companions soon. Let us sit down, and expect our friend in the manner it becometh us. Remember what you have bargained to do every day of your life, and the obligation shall be dated from this hour. Come, sit thee down, honest publican, old justice merchant. [*They sit.*] Here's a health to the propagation of trade, thy trade I mean, to the increase of whores, and false dice.—Thou art a collector of the customs of sin, and he that would sin with impunity, must have thy permit, Come, pledge me, old boy ; if thou leavest one drop in the glass, thou shalt go to gaol yet, by this bottle.

Squeez. I protest, Sir, your hand is too bountiful ; you will overcome me with wine.

Sotm. Well, and I love to see a magistrate drunk ; it is a comely sight. When justice is drunk, she cannot take a bribe.

Squeez. Do you not remember how the Athenians punished drunkenness in a magistrate.

Sotm. And do not I know that we have no such Athenian law amongst us? We punish drunkenness, as well as other sins, only in the lower sort. Drink, like the game, was, intended for gentlemen——and no
one

The JUSTICE caught in his own TRAP. 63

one should get drunk, who cannot go home in a coach—Come, Madam, it is your glais now.

Hil. Dear Sir! I beg you would not compel me to it.

Sotm. By this bottle, but I will; I'll ravish thee to it before the justice's face. Come, it will be better for you than tea; you will not be obliged to sculk away and take a dram after this. Come, drink the justice's health, as a token of amity; the justice is a good honest drunken fellow. But let me give you some wholesome advice. [*To the justice.*] Leave off fornicating; leave the girls to the boys, and stand to thy bottle; it is a virtue becoming our years; and don't be too hard on a wild honest young rake. Thou hast committed a couple of the prettiest boys to-day; don't do so any more. —Be as severe as you please to whores and gamesters, that offer to act without your license: but if ever you grant a warrant for a friend of mine again, you shall not only drink the wine, but eat the bottle too. Come, here's your health, in hopes of your amendment; thou shalt pledge thy own health in a bumper.—Here, boy, bring up a gallon of wine.

Squeez. Not a drop more.

Sotm. A drop! confound the name. Come, empty your glafs; the lady is a-dry.

Squeez. This is worse than a prison.

Sotm. You will get out of this with paying less fees. Drink, I say.

Squeez. Well—since I must.

Sotm. Come, we'll have a song in praise of drinking.—I'll sing the stanzas, and you shall bear the chorus.

S O N G.

I.

Let a set of sober asses
Rail against the joys of drinking,
While water, tea,
And milk agree,
To set cold brains a thinking.

Power and wealth,
 Beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd ;
 Joys abound,
 Pleasure's found,
 Only where the glass goes round.

II.

The ancient sects on happiness
 All differ'd in opinion,
 But wiser rules
 Of modern schools,
 In wine fix her dominion.

Power and wealth, &c.

III.

Wine gives the lover vigour,
 It makes glow the cheeks of beauty,
 Makes poets write,
 And soldiers fight,
 And friendship do its duty.

Power and wealth, &c.

IV.

Wine was the only Helicon,
 Whence poets are long-liv'd so ;
 'Twas no other main,
 Than brisk Champagne,
 Whence Venus was deriv'd too.

Power and wealth, &c.

V.

When Heav'n in Pandora's box
 All kind of ill had sent us,
 In a merry mood,
 A bottle of good
 Was cork'd up to content us.

Power and wealth, &c.

VI.

All virtues wine is nurse to,
 Of ev'ry vice destroyer ;
 Gives dullards wit,
 Makes just the cit,
 Truth forces from the lawyer.

Power and wealth, &c.

VII. Wine

VII.

Wine sets our joys a-flowing,
Our care and sorrow drowning.

Who rails at the bowl,
Is a Turk in soul,
And a Christian ne'er should own him.

Power and wealth, &c.

SCENE VII.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE, CON-
STANT, STAFF.

Const. My Hilaret ! my dear !

Hil. My Constant !

Sot. Give you joy, dear Constant, of your liberty.

Const. Thank you, dear Sotmore, to you I am partly obliged for it : Ramble and I will make you amends ; we'll give you six nights for this.

Sot. Where is he ?

Const. Very safe ; be not concerned about him.

Hil. Well, Sir, since our affair is ended, there is the purse you presented me this morning. As I have not performed your expectations one way, I'll give you what I believe you did not expect—your money again. It is unopen'd, I assure you.

Squeez. Thou art welcome however.

Sot. Come, gentleman, be pleased to take every man his chair and his glass ; we will dedicate one hour or two to drinking, I am resolv'd.

Squeez. First we will sacrifice to justice. Mr. Contable, do your duty.

Staff. Come in there.

SCENE IX.

SQUEEZUM, HILARET, SOTMORE,
CONSTANT, STAFF *Assistants.*

The Assistants seize Constant, Hilaret, and Sotmore.

Squeez Seize those people in the king's name——
I accuse that woman and that man of conspiring to swear a rape against me.

F 3

Staff.

Staff. It is vain to contend, gentlemen.

Hil. O the villain?

Squeez. [*to Sot.*] The next letter you extort, Sir, be sure to examine the contents.

Sot. Thou rascal! will not even wine make thee honest.

Squeez. Observe, gentlemen, how abusive he is; but I'll make an example of you all: I'll prosecute you to the utmost severity of the law.—Mr. Constable, convey the prisoners to your house, whence you shall have orders to bring them before a justice.

Sot. And art thou really in earnest?

Squeez. You shall find I am, Sir, to your cost.

Sot. Then I have found one man with whom I would not drink a glass of wine.

Staff. Come, gentlemen, you know the way to my house.—I am particularly glad to see your honour [*to Sotmore*] and will accommodate you in the best manner I can.

Const. I am too well acquainted with misfortune to repine at any; but how shall I bear yours, my Hilaret?

Hil. The less you seem to bear, the more you will lighten mine.

Sot. I must give the justice one wish. May Heaven rain small-beer upon thee, and may it corrupt thy body, till it is as putrified as thy mind.

Hil. One blessing only may Heav'n leave thy life, May it take all things from thee—but thy wife.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE POLITICK'S House.

POLITICK, *solus.*

SURE, never child inherited less of a father's disposition than mine; her mother certainly played me foul in the begetting her: I, who have been my whole life noted for sobriety, could never have given being to so wild a creature. I begin to recollect having seen a tall half-pay officer at my house formerly:
nor

nor do I think the girl unlike him. I am sure she hath been ever wild enough, to have had any officer in the kingdom for her father. Nature hath been kind to the male of all creatures but man: the bull, the horse, the dog, are not encumbered even with their own offspring: that care falls only to the females; but man, when once a gabling priest hath chattered a few mischievous words over him, is bound to have and to hold from that day forward all the brats his wife is pleased to bestow on him. Yet I must own the girl hath been ever dutiful to me, till she became acquainted with this cursed fellow in a red coat. Why should red have such charms in the eyes of a woman? The Roman senate kept their armies abroad, to prevent their sharing in their lands at home; we should do the same, to prevent their sharing in our wives. A tall lusty fellow shall make more work for a midwife in one winter at home, than he can for a surgeon in ten summers abroad.

SCENE II.

POLITICK, FAITHFUL.

Pol. Well, any news of my daughter yet?

Faith. No, Sir; but there is some news from the secretaries office, a mail is arrived from Holland, and you will have the contents of it in one of the evening papers.

Pol. Very well! I must be patient. I think we have three mails together now: I am not satisfied at all with the affairs in the North: the northern winds have not blown us any good lately; the clouds are a little darker in the East too than I could wish them.

SCENE III.

POLITICK, DABBLE.

Pol. Mr. Dabble, good morrow.

Dab. Are the mails come in?

Pol. Just arrived.

Dab. I have not slept one wink for reflecting on what you told me last night; perhaps this Dutch
mail

mail may give some insight into those affairs. But what says the Lying Post?

Pol. I have had no time to read it yet, I wish you would. I have only read, The London Journal, the Country Journal, the Weekly Journal, Applebee's Journal, the British Journal, the British Gazetteer, the Morning Post, the Coffee-house Morning Post, the Daily Post, the Daily Post-Boy, the Daily Journal, the Daily Courant, the Gazette, the Evening Post, the Whitehall Evening Post, the London Evening Post, and the St. James's Evening Post. So, if you please, begin the Lying Post.

Dab. [*reads.*] 'Moscov, January the 5th. We learn from Constantinople, that affairs continue still in the same doubtful way; it is not yet known what course our court will take. The empress having been slightly indisposed, the other day, took the air in her own coach, and returned so well recovered, that she eat a very hearty supper.'

Pol. Hum — there is no mention of the supper in any other papers.

Dab. 'Berlin, January the 20th. We hear daily murmurs here concerning certain measures taken by a certain northern potentate; but cannot certainly learn either who that potentate is, or what are the measures which he hath taken—mean time we are well assured, that time will bring them all to light.'

Pol. Pray read that last over again.

Dab. 'Mean time, we are well assured that time will bring them all to light.'

Pol. Hum! hum!

Dab. 'Marseilles, January the 18th. The affairs in regard to Italy, continue still in the same uncertain condition.'

Pol. Hum.

Dab. 'The talk of a large embarkation still runs high.'

Pol. Hum.

Dab. 'The Spaniards continue still encamped near Barcelona'

Pol. Hum!

[*Shakes his head.*

Dab.

Dab. ' And every thing seems tending to a rupture
' —mean time we expect the return of a courier from
' Vienna, who, 'tis generally expected will bring the
' news of a general pacification.'

Pol. All is well again !

Dab. I like this, and some other papers, who disappoint you with good news. Where the beginning of a paragraph threatens you with war, and the later part of it ensures you a peace.

Pol. Please read on—

Dab. ' However, notwithstanding these assurances,
' 'tis doubted by most people, whether the said courier
' will not rather bring a confirmation of the war; but
' this is all guess-work, and till such time as we see an
' actual hostility committed, we must leave our readers
' in the same uncertain state we found them.'

Pol. Hum ! there is no certainty to be come at, I find ; it may be either peace or war.

Dab. Tho' were I to lay a wager, I should chuse war ; for, if you observe, we are twice assured of that, whereas, we have only one affirmation on the side of peace—but stay, perhaps the next paragraph, which is dated from Fontainebleau, may decide the question.
' Fontainebleau, January 23. Yesterday his majesty
' went a hunting, to-day he hears an opera, and to-morrow he hears mafs.'

Pol. I don't like that ; hearing mafs is seldom the forerunner of good news.

Dab. ' It is observable that Cardinal Fleury'—

Pol. Ay, now for it.

Dab. ' It is observable that Cardinal Fleury hath,
' for several days last past, been in close conference with
' the minister of a certain state, which causes various
' speculations ; but as we do not know what was the
' matter in debate, we cannot say what may be the
' consequence thereof. Mean time, we cannot help
' observing, that it hath occasioned some people to put
' on very serene looks, who had worn cloudy ones for
' some time before ; some imagine, on comparing this
' with the news from Marseilles, that a war will be
' unavoidable—others, who are more peaceably inclined,
' are as strenuous advocates on the other side.

'—We

‘ — We must refer the whole to the determination
 ‘ of time, that great judge in wordly affairs, who never
 ‘ fails with his two-edged scythe to mow down
 ‘ the weeds which shadow over the secret counsels of
 ‘ state, and lay them open to the naked eye of the
 ‘ discerning politician.’

Pol. Shall I beg to hear that over again?

S C E N E IV.

POLITICK, DABBLE, FAITHFUL.

Dab. [*reads.*] ‘ We must refer the whole to the
 ‘ determination.’ &c. [*Dab. continues reading.*]

Faith. Oh, Sir! Cloris hath brought the strangest
 news of my young mistress.

Pol. Don’t interrupt us——blockhead.

Faith. If you lose a moment, she may be lost for
 ever.

Pol. Sirrah! peace.

Faith. Sir, my young mistress, Miss Hilaret, will
 be undone, ruined, hanged, if you do not assist her;
 she’s taken up for a rape.—Oh! my poor young
 lady! the sweetest best-temper’d lady sure that ever
 was born. Oh! that ever I should see the day! And
 can you sit here, Sir, reading a parcel of damn’d,
 confounded lying nonsense, and not go to your daughter’s
 assistance?

Pol. Sure the fellow is possessed.

Faith. Sir, your daughter is possessed—possessed by
 constables—she’s taken up for a rape.

Pol. My daughter taken up for a rape!

Faith. Yes, Sir; for ravishing a justice of peace.

Pol. Sure some accident has touched the fellow’s
 brain.

Faith. Ay, Sir, and it would touch yours too, if
 you had a grain of humanity in you—Oh! that I
 should live to see my poor young lady in such a mis-
 fortune.

Pol. A woman taken up for a rape—it is im-
 possible.

Faith. They may swear it tho’ for all that—I
 know her to be as modest a good young lady as any in
 the

the kingdom; but what will not a set of rogues swear. Sir, I liv'd with Squeezum before I liv'd with you; and know him to be as great a villain as any in the kingdom. Do, good Sir, come with me to Justice Worthy's, if you do not find your daughter there, turn me away for a vagabond.

Dab I do remember, neighbour Politick, to have seen in some news-paper a story not very different from this.

Pol. Nay, if you have seen it in a news-paper, it may probably have some truth in it; so, neighbour Dabble, you will excuse me; I will meet you within an hour at the coffee-house, and there we will confer further,

S C E N E V. WORTHY'S House.

WORTHY, ISABELLA.

Wor. Sure modesty is quite banished from the age we live in. There was a time when virtue carried something of a divine awe with it, which no one durst attack; but now the insolence of our youth is such, no woman dare walk the streets, but those who do it for bread.

Isa. And yet our laws, brother Worthy, are as rigorous as those of other countries, and as well executed.

Wor. That I wish they were; but golden sands too often clog the wheels of justice, and obstruct her course: the very riches which were the greatest evidence of his villany, have too often declared the guilty innocent; and gold hath been found to cut a halter surer than the sharpest steel.

Isa. Well, I am resolved to take care how I venture a step again after it is dark: I find the sun is the only guard to us women; for however chaste the moon may be in herself, she takes but very little care of ours.

Wor. But could the villain be very rude?

Isa. As rude as so short a time would permit. I would have given all I was worth in the world to have been here; but since I escaped, let us forget it.

Wor. Forget! by Heaven it shocks me; that we, who boast as wholesome laws as any kingdom upon earth,

earth, should by the roguery of some of their executors lose all their benefit. I long to see the time when here, as in Holland, the traveller may walk unmolested, and carry his riches openly with him.

S C E N E VI.

WORTHY, ISABELLA, SQUEEZUM.

Squeez. Mr. Worthy, your humble servant. I come to wait on you on the strangest piece of business. We are brought to a fine pass indeed, when magistrates shall not be safe; we are like to protect others, when we cannot protect ourselves.

Wor. What is the occasion of all this passion, Mr. Squeezum?

Squeez. Occasion! I have scarce power to tell you. I have discovered one of the most damnable conspiracies, that hath been invented since the gun-powder-treason plot.

Wor. Nothing against the government, I hope.

Squeez. Marry, but it is; for that which is against the officers of the government, is against the government. In short, Sir, it is a conspiracy against me, against myself. What do you think, brother Worthy, but that, moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, a vile woman hath conspired to swear a rape against me?

Wor. A rape against you! foolish jade! Why, your very face would acquit you – you have innocence in your looks, brother Squeezum.

Squeez. I hope my character will acquit me against such an accusation.

Wor. I think it ought; a man whose character would not, is very unfit for that honourable commission you bear.

Squeez. True! these flurs reflect on us all. The accusing a member, is accusing the body. We should consider it may be our own case. We should stand by one another, as the lawyers do. I hope, brother, you will shew me extraordinary justice; and I assure you, should any affair of yours come before me, my partiality shall lean on your side.

Wor. Partiality, Sir! I hope no cause of mine ever will require it. I assure you, I shall do the strictest justice; I believe you will not need more.

Squeez. Sir, my case needs no more; but I think it incumbent on us all, to discountenance any prosecution of ourselves on any account whatsoever.

Wor. To discountenance it by the innocence of our lives, is indeed laudable, but no farther. It is a cursed law which exempts the maker, or the executor of it, from its penalty.

Squeez. Truly, brother Worthy, I think the makers of laws, and the executors of them, should be free of them; as authors and actors are free of the playhouse.

Wor. You are ludicrous, Mr. Squeezum. But let me tell you, he is the greatest of villains, who hath the impudence to hold the sword of justice, while he deserves its edge.

Squeez. And let me tell you, brother Worthy, he is the greatest of fools who holds the sword of justice, and hurts himself with it.

Isa. Brother, your servant; my presence will be very little necessary at this trial.

S C E N E VII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, SOMORE, BRAZENCOURT, FIREBALL, *three Assistants.*

Squeez. But here comes the prisoners.—Brother Worthy, this is the woman whom I accuse of this detestable fact;—the manner of it was this; I received a letter in an unknown hand, appointing me to meet at a tavern, which out of pure good-nature I comply'd with; and upon my arrival, found that woman there alone, who, after a short discourse, laid hold of me and bawl'd out; on which that man there entered, and both threaten'd me, that unless I immediately discharged that man [*points to Const.*] with another whom I had committed for notorious crimes, that the woman should swear a rape against me.—This I am ready to swear.

1.
2. *Ans.* } And we are ready to swear.
3.

Wor. What do you say, young woman, to this? You do not look like one whom I should suspect of such behaviour.

Hil. That I did threaten him, as he says, indeed I confess,

Wor. But did he attempt any such thing?

Hil. I can't say he did, but —

Squeez. Do you hear this, brother Worthy? I think you have nothing to do but to make her Mitimus.

Wor. And for what reason did you offer this?

Hil. I offer'd it only to frighten him to the discharge of two gentlemen, whom he had villainously committed to the custody of that constable.

Wor. For what crimes do they stand committed, Mr. Constable?

Staff. For two rapes, an't please your worship.

Hil. One of them on my account—tho' I never swore the least thing against him.

Wor. On your account,—I begin to be afraid he was unjustly committed indeed.

Squeez. Now, Sir, we shall proceed to blacken a little the character of this woman. Call Mr. Brazen-court; Mr. Brazen-court, what do you know of this fine lady?

Brazen. I know nothing more of her, than that I kept her half a year.

Wor. Kept her!—in what capacity did you keep her?

Brazen. In the capacity of a whore, till I was obliged to turn her off, for stealing four of my shirts, two pair of stockings, and my Common-prayer Book.

Squeez. Call Captain Fireball.

Wor. Captain Fireball, pray, do you know any harm of that person there?

Fire. Harm of her! ay, and so doth my surgeon too. She came to me from Major Brazen-court. I kept her two months.

Hil. Sir, I beseech you hear me.

Wor.

Wor. By and by. You must not interrupt them.—
Go on. Did you lose any thing by her too?

Fire. No, but I got something by her, which made
my surgeon get something by me—I love to express
myself in modest terms, but I believe you all know
what I mean.

Const. Damnation!

Squeez. Call Mr. Drury. We shall blacken her
further presently.

Wor. Indeed, you need not; let us hear no more;
for her sake, I will never put confidence in an inno-
cent countenance again.—Well, woman, can you say
any thing for yourself?

Hil Oh! that I could hide myself for ever from
the world, and never from this hour behold the sun
again.

Wor. Indeed but you shall, Madam, and be beheld
by others too.

Const. Come to my bosom, thou dearest, sweetest,
loveliest; hide thy sorrows there—Death only shall
tear thee from my arms again. Death! hell itself can-
not have a torment equal to seeing one tear of thine.

Sot. Heark'e, Justice, I believe thou art honest
than thy brother; I am sure thou canst not be a greater
rogue: if thou wilt act the right part acquit us, and
send that villain to prison.

SCENE VIII.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILA-
RET, SOTMORE. STAFF, *Constable, Assistants,*
POLITICK, FAITHFUL, CLORIS.

Faith. Now, Sir, will you believe your own eyes?
—Is not that your own daughter?

Pol. It is indeed,—Oh my unfortunate child—

Wor. Mr. Politick, your humble servant—I will
but commit this woman to gaol, and then I will be
at your command.

Pol. Sir, you shall not be my humble servant, nor
will I be yours; and if you commit my daughter to
prison, you are the worst of Turks.

Wor. Your daughter, Sir!

Pol. Yes, Sir, my daughter, Sir.

Hil. Oh! my father!

Pol. My poor child!—That ever I should live to see thee in such a misfortune!

Wor. Is it possible, Mr. Politick, that this young lady is your daughter?

Pol. Yes, Sir, it is as possible, as that the Turks may come into our part of Europe; and I wish this may not be as sure as that.

S C E N E IX.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, CONSTANT, HILARET, STAFF, *Constables, Assistants*, POLITICK, FAITHFUL, SOTMORE, CLORIS, RAMBLE, *Mrs.* SQUEEZUM, QUILL.

Mrs. Squeez. Where is this glory of the bench, this gallant Justice? this terror and example of sin? Do you know this hand, Sir? Did you write this assignation? You are a noble gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with a fine lady, and then bring her before a magistrate.

Squeez. O my malignant stars!

Wor. Mrs. Squeezum, what is the matter?

Mrs. Squeez. You, Mr. Worthy, I am sure will pity one who hath the misfortune to be married to a man, who is as much a scandal to the commission he bears, as you are an honour to it; my conscience hath been too long burthened with conniving at his rogueries. He, Sir, he alone is guilty, and every one whom he hath accused is innocent.

Wor. I know not what to think:

Ramb. Sir, that fellow there, that butcher of justice, is the greatest villain that ever was born.—Being a little frolicksome last night with this lady, that constable seiz'd us. 'Tis to me she is indebted for all this trouble; tho' Mr. Constable may claim some share, in not suffering us to depart at her desire.

Mrs. Squeez. And Mr. Justice may claim a little, who committed you to the Constable's house without any evidence, or even accusation.

Ramb.

Ramb. That he might extort two hundred pounds, for which sum he offered to compromise the matter.

Squeez. Hearn'e, Madam, I shall be obliged to commit you to Bedlam.

Mrs. Squeez. No, Sir, I shall prevent you in that, as well as in your other designs; your plot with Mr. Quill, which the whole world shall know; you shall be divorced, Sir, tho' not the way you desire.

Squeez. Sir, I beseech you to hear no more.

Wor. That, Sir, I cannot grant.

Ramb. Sir, I desire that you would read that letter which he sent to this young lady whom he hath accused.

Wor. [*Reads.*] 'My little honey-suckle, I will meet you within this half hour at the Eagle. I hope after what you have received from me to-day, you will not disappoint yours till then and ever after.'——

Did you write this letter, Mr. Squeezum?

Squeez. No, Sir, as I am ready to swear.

Mrs. Squeez. Sir, I will swear it to be his hand—

Faith. And so will I—I lived with him a twelve-month, and therefore should know it.

Quill. And I carried it to the lady.

Sot. Come, come, Justice, thou hast proof enough of her innocence. I will give you the word of a man of honour, which is more than the oaths of twenty such scoundrels as these, that she never intended more than to frighten him to the acquittal of Captain Constant, here, whom he had unjustly committed.

Const. And offered to acquit for a sum of money.

Wor. Captain Constant! is your name Constant, Sir?

Const. At your service.

Wor. Desire my sister to walk hither—I am more obliged to you than you know.

Squeez. Come, Sir, this is only losing time—I want the Mittimus.

SCENE X.

WORTHY, SQUEEZUM, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE, HILARET, POLITICK, Mrs. SQUEEZUM, QUILL, STAFF, FAITHFUL, &c. ISABELLA.

Wor. Sister, do you know this gentleman!

Isa. Captain Constant! It is happy for me that I do — I thank you, Sir, for your generous rescue last night, which my fright at that time prevented my acknowledging.

Const. And was it you, Madam? —

Ramb. My Isabella!

Isa. Ha! — it is, it is my Ramble —

Ramb. My touch deceives me not, it is my charming she, once more restored to my despairing hopes.

Isa. What lucky stars can have contrived this interview?

Ramb. Very lucky stars they appear now; but they had a confounded ugly aspect some time ago.

Isa. Surprising! Brother let that fellow be secured. He was the person from whose hands this gentleman delivered me. [To Fireball.

Quill. I hope your worship will forgive me; but I hir'd these two men, by my master's command to be evidences for him,

Wor. Surprising villany! — secure them instantly. And particularly that justice, — whom I shall no longer treat as a gentleman, but as his villany hath merited. — Constable, I charge you with them all — and let them be kept below in the parlour, whither I will come immediately, and sign their commitment.

Squeez. Sir, you shall wish you had dealt more favourably with me.

Wor. Sir, your threatnings will not terrify me.

Faith. Come, gentlemen we'll be your safe-guard.

Mrs. Squeez. I'll follow thee, like thy evil genius, till I have brought thee to that justice thou deservest.

SCENE

SCENE the last.

WORTHY, RAMBLE, CONSTANT, SOTMORE,
HILARET, ISABELLA, POLITICK.

Ramb. My dear Isabella, I am so overjoyed at this unexpected meeting, that I do not ask for the safety of our treasure. Since the sea hath refunded Isabella, let it take the jewels.

Isa. The sea hath been even kinder than your wish, it hath return'd you both.

Ramb. I should soon have forgotten that loss, in having Isabella; yet, for her sake, the treasure is welcome too.

Wor. Mr. Politick, I am heartily concerned at this misfortune which hath befallen your daughter.

Ramb. Mr. Politick!—By Heavens, his features are the same. Had you not a son, Sir, once?

Pol. Yes, Sir, I had; but I turn'd him out of doors, and believe he was hanged long ago.

Ramb. Then I am his ghost, just arrived from the Indies. When you turn'd me out of doors, I got admitted into the East-India company's service; I changed my name in order to escape your discovery—and I hope you will now give us both your blessing.

Pol. And are you really that wild fellow my son?

Ramb. I am that very identical wild person, I assure you.

Pol. I don't know whether I'll give you my blessing or no, till I see how you are married.

Wor. Mr Politick, I rejoice in the union of our families; this lady, your son's wife, is my sister—and if fourscore thousand pounds can make the match agreeable to you, it will be so.

Pol. Hath the wild rogue made his fortune at last! Well, son, I give you my blessing; and my dear daughter, I give you joy, and I hope the boy will give it you, ay, and lasting, constant joy.—If he doth not make you a good husband, I'll not own him; if he doth not make you blessed, he shall have no blessing of mine.

Isa. Sir, I doubt him not.

Ramb.

Ramb. Well, father, I have nothing more to ask of you, but in favour of my friend Captain Constant, whose love I am certain will compleat the happiness of my sister.

Wor. I think I have never been witness to such a complication of villany. Sir, [*to Constant*] I assure you, and all of you, you shall have sufficient reparation for the injuries you have suffer'd. And, Sir, by the character which I have had from my sister of that gentleman, I do not think your daughter can be better disposed of, let the difference of fortune be what it please.

Ramb. Besides, tho' his estate be not equal now, it may become so; for no man hath a better insight into politicks.

Pol. Nay, if his studies bend that way, no man indeed can tell to what his estate may come.—Had I known this sooner, my doors should never have been shut against him. Sir, I shall be glad to confabulate with you at my house—and if you should set your heart on my daughter, I do not believe I shall do any thing to break it.

Ramb. Nay, Sir, there is no hour like the present: this hour hath proved lucky to your family.—Give me leave to present your daughter to one whom if she deserves, I shall be proud of calling her sister.

Const. Ramble, you have crown'd my obligations with a gift, far dearer than the earth could prove.

Hil. I only wish you may always think so, captain. And now, pappa, I hope you will pardon this night's folly, to both me and poor Chloris; we have been already sufficiently punished; and since the event is happy, imitate in this one thing the Turks, and consider it favourably, as it hath been prosperous.

Pol. The Turks! I wish you were better acquainted with them than in romances; I hope that gentleman will take care to instruct you in publick affairs.—Well Jack, [*to Ramble*] I long to have some communication with you about the affairs of the Indies, and the posture of our trade there.—I hope you left the Great Mogul in good health——

Ramb.

Ramb. Very slightly indisposed of a cold at my departure.

Pol. I heartily forgive you all: so let me see you all embrace one another.—This is the comfort of age, Mr. Worthy.

Sot. Let me embrace you all together.—I have found this day two good women—and they have fallen to the share of my friends—and I will get drunk this night, if the spirit of wine will do it—I'll drink to your happiness, while you are enjoying it.—While you are tasting the joys of Venus, I will swallow down the delights of Bacchus.—I despair of either of your company this month yet—but the justice shall celebrate this night with me.—Come, honest justice—I have found one honest justice too—

Wor. Really, Sir, I think you have sufficiently celebrated already—

Sot. No, but I have not—And you, Sir, will be drunk at your children's wedding-night.

Pol. I never drink any thing but coffee, Sir.

Sot. Damn your coffee—

Ramb. Sotmore, thou shalt have justice.—Mr. Worthy, I assure you, notwithstanding this humour, the world hath not an honest man.

Wor. It is pity he should besot himself so. Your character of him encourages me to employ some labour in advising him to quit so beastly a pleasure.—Come, gentlemen, I desire you would celebrate this day at my house to-morrow. I will proceed to take all possible measures to your receiving satisfaction for your injuries, and making publick example of so great a villain: for the crimes of a magistrate give the greatest sanction to sin.

No reverence that church or state attends,
Whose laws the priest or magistrate offends.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by MRS. YOUNGER.

*AT length the dreadful hurricane is ended,
And I and spouse are safe together landed.
For after all this mighty fuss about it,
Our play hath ended modestly without it.
But, ladies, did not you too sympathise?
Hey! pray, confess, do all your frowns arise
Because so much of Rape and Rape we brawl?
Or is it, that we have no Rape at all?*

*Indeed, our poet, to oblige the age,
Had brought a dreadful scene upon the stage:
But I, perceiving what his muse would drive at,
Told him the ladies never would connive at
A downright actual Rape — unless in private.*

*But notwithstanding what these poets tell us,
Who'd think our beans were such high-mettled fellows!*

*O! may our youth, whose vigour is so parlous,
To Italy be wasted with Don Carlos;
There should one victory but give them scope,
They would not leave one maidenhead for the Pope;
Or should some new pope Joan the chair possess,
They'd play the devil with her — holiness.
No nunnery one virgin should enclose,
But new Rome fall, by what the old arose.*

*'Twas a strange doctrine that Lucretia taught,
When on herself reveng'd her lover's fault!
Heathenish wretch! the pious christian wife,
Tho' ravish'd, still contents herself with life:
So zealous from self-murder we refrain,
We live, tho' sure of ravishing again.*

*But may no fears of such a fate affright
The beauteous kind spectators of to-night;
Safe to your husbands' arms may you escape,
And never know that dreadful thing, a Rape.*

THE

THE
TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES;
OR, THE
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

With the ANNOTATIONS of
H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

First acted in 1730, and altered in 1731.

H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS;

H I S

P R E F A C E.

THE town hath been seldom more divided in its opinion, than concerning the merit of the following scenes. Whilst some publickly affirmed, that no author could produce so fine a piece but Mr. P —, others have with as much vehemence insisted, that no one could write any thing so bad, but Mr. F —.

Nor can we wonder at this dissention about its merit, when the learned world have not unanimously decided even the very nature of this tragedy. For tho' most of the universities in Europe have honoured it with the name of "Egregium & maximi pretii opus, tragoediis tam antiquis quam novis longè antiponendum;" nay, Dr. B — hath pronounced, "Citius Mævii Æneadem quam Scribleri istius tragoediam hanc crediderim, cujus autorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim:" and the great professor Burman hath stiled Tom Thumb, "Heroum omnium tragicorum facile principem:" Nay, tho' it hath, among other languages, been translated into Dutch, and celebrated with great applause at Amsterdam (where burlesque never came) by the title of Mynheer Vander Thumb, the burgo-masters receiving it with that reverend and silent attention which becometh an audience at a deep tragedy. Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these scenes in a ludicrous light: and Mr. D — hath been heard to say, with some concern, that he wondered a tragical and Christian nation would permit a representation on its theatre, so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is great and solemn among us.

This learned critic and his followers were led into so great an error by that surreptitious and piratical copy which stole last year into the world; with what

injustice and prejudice to our author, will be acknowledged, I hope, by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great praise of our author, that however imperfect the former was, even that faint resemblance of the true Tom Thumb contained sufficient beauties to give it a run of upwards of forty nights to the politeſt audiences. But, notwithstanding that applause which it received from all the beſt judges, it was as ſeverely cenſured by ſome few bad ones, and, I believe, rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a burleſque on the loſtiefſt parts of tragedy, and deſigned to baniſh what we generally call fine things, from the ſtage.

Now, if I can ſet my country right in an affair of this importance, I ſhall lightly eſteem any labour which it may coſt. And this I the rather undertake, firſt, as it is indeed in ſome meaſure incumbent on me to vindicate myſelf from that ſurreptitious copy before mentioned, publiſhed by ſome ill-meaning people under my name: ſecondly, as knowing myſelf more capable of doing juſtice to our author than any other man, as I have given myſelf more pains to arrive at a thorough underſtanding of this little piece, having for ten years together read nothing elſe; in which time, I think I may modeſtly preſume, with the help of my Engliſh dictionary, to comprehend all the meanings of every word in it.

But ſhould any error of my pen awaken Clariſſ. Bentleium to enlighten the world with his annotations on our author, I ſhall not think that the leaſt reward or happineſs ariſing to me from theſe my endeavours.

I ſhall wave at preſent what hath cauſed ſuch feuds in the learned world, whether this piece was originally written by Shakeſpear, though certainly that were it true, muſt add a conſiderable ſhare to its merit; eſpecially with ſuch who are ſo generous as to buy and commend what they never read, from an implicit faith in the author only: a faith! which our age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it ſuffice, that the TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES; or, The LIFE and DEATH of TOM THUMB, was
written

written in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Nor can the objection made by M. D — , that the tragedy must then have been antecedent to the history, have any weight, when we consider, that tho' the *HISTORY of TOM THUMB*, printed by and for Edward M — —r, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge, be of a later date, still must we suppose this history to have been transcribed from some other, unless we suppose the writer thereof to be inspired: a gift very faintly contended for by the writers of our age. As to this history's not bearing the stamp of second, third, or fourth edition, I see but little in that objection; editions being very uncertain lights to judge of books by: and perhaps Mr. M — —r may have joined twenty editions in one, as Mr. C — —l hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other argument, drawn from the little care our author hath taken to keep up to the letter of this history, carry any greater force. Are there not instances of plays, wherein the history is so perverted, that we can know the heroes whom they celebrate by no other marks than their names: nay, do we not find the same character placed by different poets in such different lights, that we can discover not the least sameness, or even likeness in the features! The Sophonisba of Mairet, and of Lee, is a tender, passionate, amorous mistress of Masinissa: Corneille and Mr. Thomson give her no other passion but the love of her country, and make her as cool in her affection to Masinissa as to Syphax. In the two latter she resembles the character of queen Elizabeth; in the two former, she is the picture of Mary queen of Scotland. In short, the one Sophonisba is as different from the other, as the Brutus of Voltaire is from the Marius jun. of Otway; or as the Minerva is from the Venus of the ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular examination of the tragedy before us, in which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

Fable; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and to use the words of an eminent author, 'One, regular, and uniform, not charged with a mul-

‘tiplicity of incidents, and yet affording several revolutions of fortune; by which the passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full tumult of emotion.’—Nor is the action of this tragedy less great than uniform. The spring of all is the love of Tom Thumb for Huncamunca; which caused the quarrel between their majesties in the first act; the passion of Lord Grizzle in the second; the rebellion, fall of Lord Grizzle, and Glumdalca, devouring of Tom Thumb by the Cow, and that bloody catastrophe, in the third.

Nor is the Moral of this excellent tragedy less noble than the fable; it teaches these two instructive lessons, *viz.* That human happiness is exceeding transient; and, that death is the certain end of all men: the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal end of Tom Thumb; the latter, by that of all the other personages.

The characters are, I think, sufficiently described in the *Dramatis Personæ*; and I believe we shall find few plays, where greater care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every speech that characteristical mark which distinguishes them from each other. ‘But, (says Mr. D——) how well doth the character of Tom Thumb, whom we must call the hero of this tragedy, if it hath any hero, agree with the precepts of Aristotle, who defineth “Tragedy to be the imitation of a short, but perfect action, containing a just greatness in itself,” &c. What greatness can be in a fellow, whom history relateth to have been no higher than a span?’ This gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant Kite, that the greatness of a man’s soul is in proportion to that of his body; the contrary of which is affirmed by our English physiognomical writers. Besides, if I understand Aristotle right, he speaketh only of the greatness of the action, and not of the person.

As for the Sentiments and the Diction, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger justification, than by producing parallel passages out of the best of our English writers. Whether this sameness of thought and expression, which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an agreement in their way of thinking, or whether they have borrowed

rowed from our author, I leave the reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our author; that they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest dignity of phrase; which brings me to speak of his diction.—Here I shall only beg one postulatum, *viz.* That the greatest perfection of the language of a tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be) it will necessarily follow, that the only ways to avoid this is by being two high or two low for the understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its reach. Those two extremities of stile Mr. Dryden illustrates by the familiar image of two inns, which I shall term the aerial and the subterrestrial.

Horace goes farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these inns, and when at the other;

Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba.

That he approveth of the sesquipedalia verba, is plain; for had not Telephus and Peleus used this sort of Diction in prosperity, they could not have dropt it in adversity. The aerial inn, therefore (says Horace) is proper only to be frequented by princes and other great men, in the highest affluence of fortune; the subterrestrial is appointed for the entertainment of the poorer sort of people only, whom Horace advises,

——dolere sermone pedestri.

The true meaning of both which citations is, that bombast is the proper language for joy, and doggrel for grief; the latter of which is literally imply'd in the sermo pedestris, as the former is in the sesquipedalia verba.

Cicero recommendeth the former of these. "Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quam verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subiectâ sententiâ neque scientiâ." What can be so proper for tragedy as a set of big sounding words, so contrived together as to convey no meaning? which I shall one day or other prove to be

the sublime of Longinus. Ovid declareth absolutely for the latter inn :

Omne genus scripti gravitate tragœdia vincit.

Tragedy hath, of all writings, the greatest share in the Bathos ; which is the profound of Scriblerus.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two styles be properer for tragedy.—It sufficeth, that our author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole play, either rising higher than the eye of your understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here, it may, perhaps, be observed, that I have given more frequent instances of authors who have imitated him in the sublime, than in the contrary. To which I answer, first, Bombast being properly a redundancy of genius, instances of this nature occur in poets, whose names do more honour to our author, than the writers in the doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty way of thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in authors of a lower class. Secondly, That the works of such authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard task to read them, in order to extract these flowers from them. And lastly, It is very difficult to transplant them at all ; they being like some flowers of a very nice nature, which will flourish in no soil but their own ; for it is easy to transcribe a thought, but not the want of one. The EARL OF ESSEX, for instance, is a little garden of choice rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one line so as to preserve its original beauty. This must account to the reader for his missing the names of several of his acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their works ; for which, if I have not a just esteem, I can at least say with Cicero, “ *Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ “ nunquam legerim.*” However, that the reader may meet with due satisfaction in this point, I have a young commentator from the university, who is reading over all the modern tragedies, at five shillings a dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our author, which shall shortly be added as an appendix to this work.

Dramatis

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

KING ARTHUR, a passionate sort of King, husband to Queen Dollallolla, of whom he stands a little in fear; father to Huncamunca, whom he is very fond of; and in love with Glumdalea,	Mr. MULLART.
TOM THUMB THE GREAT, a little hero with a great soul, something violent in his temper, which is a little abated by his love for Huncamunca,	Young VERHUYCK.
GHOST of Gaffer Thumb, a whimsical sort of Ghost.	Mr. LACY.
LORD GRIZZLE, extremely zealous for the liberty of the subject, very cholerick in his temper, and in love with Huncamunca,	Mr. JONES.
MERLIN, a conjurer, and in some sort father to Tom Thumb,	Mr. HALLAM.
NOODLE, { Courtiers in place, and consequently DOODLE, { of that party which is uppermost,	Mr. REYNOLDS. Mr. WATHAN.
FOODLE, a courtier that is out of place, and consequently of that party which is under- most,	Mr. AYRES.
BAILIFF, and { of the party of FOLLOWER, { the plaintiff,	Mr. PETERSON. Mr. HICKS.
PARSON, of the side of the church,	Mr. WATSON.

W O M E N.

QUEEN DOLLALLOLLA, wife to
King Arthur, and mother to
Huncamunca, a woman in-
tirely faultless, saving that
she is a little given to drink,
a little too much a virago
towards her husband, and in
love with Tom Thumb, } Mrs. MULLART.

The PRINCESS HUNCAMUNCA,
daughter to their majesties
King Arthur and Queen
Dollallolla, of a very sweet,
gentle, and amorous disposi-
tion, equally in love with
Lord Grizzle and Tom
Thumb, and desirous to be
married to them both, }

GLUMDALCA, of the Giants,
a captive Queen belov'd by
the King, but in love with
Tom Thumb, } Mrs. DOVE.

CLEORA, } Maidsof honour, } NOODLE.
MUSTACHA, } in love with } DOODLE.

Courtiers, Guards, Rebels, Drums, Trumpets,
Thunder, and Lightning.

SCENE, *The Court of KING ARTHUR, and a
Plain thereabouts.*

TOM

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The PALACE.*

DOODLE, NOODLE.

DOODLE.

SURE such a day * as this was never seen!
The sun himself, on this auspicious day,
Shines like a beau in a new birth-day suit:
This down the seams embroider'd, that the beans.
All nature wears one univerfal grin.

Need.

* Corneille recommends some very remarkable day wherein to fix the action of the tragedy. This the best of our tragical writers have understood to mean a day remarkable for the firenity of the sky, or what we generally call a fine summer's day: so that, according to this their exposition, the same months are proper for tragedy which are proper for pastoral. Most of our celebrated English tragedies, as *Cato*, *Mariamne*, *Tamerlane*, &c. begin with their observations on the morning. Lee seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful description of our author's:

The morning dawns with an unwonted crimson,
The flowers all odorous seem, the garden birds
Sing louder, and the laughing sun ascends
The gaudy earth with an unusual brightness,
All nature smiles. CÆS. BORG.

Masiniß in the new *Sophonisba* is also a favourite of the sun;

—The sun too seems,
As conscious of my joy, with broader eye
To look abroad the world, and all things smile
Like *Sophonisba*.

Memnon, in the *Persian Princess*, makes the sun decline rising, that he may not peep on objects which would prophane his brightness:

—The

Nood. This day, O Mr. Doodle, is a day
Indeed!—A day, * we never saw before.
The mighty † Thomas Thumb victorious comes;
Millions of giants crowd his chariot-wheels,
‡ Giants! to whom the giants in Guild-hall

Are

— The morning rises slow,
And all those ruddy streaks that us'd to paint
The day's approach are lost in clouds, as if
The horrors of the night had sent 'em back,
To warn the sun he should not leave the sea,
'To peep, &c.

* This line is highly conformable to the beautiful simplicity of the ancients. It hath been copied by almost every modern.

Not to be is not to be in woe. STATE OF INNOCENCE.

Love is not sin but where 'tis sinful love. DON SEBASTIAN.

Nature is nature, Lælius. SOPHONISEA.

Men are but men, we did not make ourselves. REVENGE.

† Dr. B—y reads; The mighty Tall-mast Thumb. Mr. D—s; The mighty Thumbing Thumb. Mr. T—d reads; Thundering. I think Thomas more agreeable to the great simplicity so apparent in our author.

‡ That learned historian Mr. S—n, in the third number of his criticism on our author, takes great pains to explode this passage. "It is, says he, difficult to guess what giants are here meant, unless the giant Despair in the Pilgrim's Progress, or the giant Greatness in the Royal Villain; for I have heard of no other sort of giants in the reign of King Arthur." Petrus Burmanus makes three Tom Thumbs, one whereof he supposes to have been the same person whom the Greeks called Hercules; and that by these giants are to be understood the Centaurs slain by that hero. Another Tom Thumb he contends to have been no other than the Heracles Trismegistus of the ancients. The third Tom Thumb he places under the reign of King Arthur; to which third Tom Thumb, says he, the actions of the other two were attributed. Now, tho' I know that this opinion is supported by an assertion of Justus Lipsius, "Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam Herculem fuisse satis constat," yet shall I venture to oppose one line of Mr. Midwinter against them all;

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live.

"But then, says Dr. B—y, if we place Tom Thumb in the court of King Arthur, it will be proper to place that court out of Britain, where no giants were ever heard of." Spencer, in his Fairy Queen, is of another opinion, where, describing Albion, he says,

— Far

Are infant dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,
While Thumb, regardless of their noise, rides on.
So some cock-sparrow in a farmer's yard,
Hops at the head of an huge flock of turkeys.

Dood. When goody Thumb first brought this Thomas forth,

The Genius of our land triumphant reign'd ;
Then, then, O Arthur ! did thy Genius reign.

Nood. They tell me it is * whisper'd in the books
Of all our sages, that this mighty hero,
By Merlin's art begot, hath not a bone
Within his skin, but is a lump of gristle.

Dood. Then 'tis a gristle of no mortal kind ;
Some God, my Noodle, stept into the place
Of gaffer Thumb, and more than † half begot
This mighty Tom.

Nood. —† Sure he was sent express

—————Far within, a salvage nation dwelt
Of hideous giants.

And in the same canto,

Then Elfar, with two brethren giants had,
The one of which had two heads——
The other three.

Risum teneatis, amici.

* "To whisper in books, says Mr. D——s, is arrant nonsense." I am afraid this learned man does not sufficiently understand the extensive meaning of the word Whisper. If he had rightly understood what is meant by the 'senses whisp'ring the soul,' in the Persian Princess, or what 'whisp'ring like winds' is, in Aurengzebe, or like thunder in another author, he would have understood this. Emmeline, in Dryden, sees a voice, but she was born blind, which is an excuse Panthea cannot plead in Cyrus, who hears a sigh.

——Your description will surpass
All fiction, painting, or dumb shew of horror,
That ever ears yet heard, or eyes beheld.

When Mr. D——s understands these, he will understand whispering in books.

† —Some russian stept into his father's place,
And more than half begot him. MARY Q. of Scots.

‡ —For Ulmar seems sent express from Heaven,
To civilize this rugged Indian clime.

LIBERTY ASSERTED.

From

From Heav'n to be the pillar of our state.
 Tho' small his body be, so very small
 A chairman's leg is more than twice as large,
 Yet is his soul like any mountain big,
 And as a mountain once brought forth a mouse,
 * So doth this mouse contain a mighty mountain.

Dood Mountain indeed! So terrible his name,
 † The giant nurses frighten children with it,
 And cry, Tom Thumb is come, and if you are
 Naughty, will surely take the child away.

Nood. But hark! ‡ these trumpets speak the king's
 approach.

Dood. He comes most luckily for my petition.

[*Flourish*.]

SCENE II.

KING, QUEEN, GRIZZLE, NOODLE,
 DOODLE, FOODLE.

King. || Let nothing but a face of joy appear;
 The man who frowns this day shall lose his head,
 That he may have no face to frown withal.

Smile

* "Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest," says Scaliger in *Thumbo*.—I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful lines in the Earl of Essex;

—Thy most inveterate soul,
 That looks through the foul prison of thy body,

And at those of Dryden,

The palace is without too well design'd;
 Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind. AURENGZEBE.

† Mr. Banks hath copied this almost verbatim.

It was enough to say, Here's Essex come,
 And nurses still'd their children with the fright.

E. OF ESSEX.

‡ The trumpet in a tragedy is generally as much as to say, Enter King, which makes Mr. Banks, in one of his plays, call it, the trumpet's formal sound.

|| Phraortes, in the *Captives*, seems to have been acquainted with King Arthur.

Proclaim

Smile Dollallolla — Ha ! what wrinkled forrow,

* Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted brow ?

Whence flow those tears fast down thy blubber'd
cheeks,

Like a swollen gutter, gushing through the streets ?

Queen. † Excess of joy, my lord, I've heard folks
say,

Gives tears as certain as excess of grief.

King. If it be so, let all men cry for joy,

† 'Till my whole court be drowned with their tears ;
Nay,

Proclaim a festival for seven days space,
Let the court shine in all its pomp and lustre,
Let all our streets resound with shouts of joy ;
Let musick's care-dispelling voice be heard ;
The sumptuous banquet, and the flowing goblet
Shall warm the cheek, and fill the heart with gladness.
Astarbe shall sit mistress of the feast.

* Repentance frowns on thy contracted brow. SOPHONISBA.

Hung on his clouded brow, I mark'd despair. Ibid.

—A fullen gloom

Scowls on his brow.

BUSIRIS.

† Plato is of this opinion, and so is Mr. Banks ;

Behold these tears sprung from fresh pain and joy.

E. OF ESSEX.

† Those floods are very frequent in the tragick authors.

Near to some murmuring brook I'll lay me down,
Whose waters if they should too shallow flow,
My tears shall swell them up till I will drown.

LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

Pouring forth tears at such a lavish rate,
That were the world on fire they might have drown'd
The wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty ruin.

MITHRIDATES.

One author changes the waters of grief to those of joy.

—These tears, that sprung from tides of grief,
Are now augmented to a flood of joy. CIRCUS the Great.

Another,

Turns all the streams of heat, and makes them flow
In pity's channel.

ROYAL VILLAIN.

Nay, till they overflow my utmost land,
And leave me nothing but the sea to rule.

Dood. My liege, I a petition have here got.

King. Petition me no petitions, Sir, to-day;
Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be * drunk,
And this our Queen shall be as drunk as we.

Queen. (Tho' I already † half seas over am)
If the capacious goblet overflow
With arrack-punch—'fore George! I'll see it out;
Of rum and brandy I'll not taste a drop.

King. Tho' rack, in punch, eight shillings be a
quart,
And rum and brandy be no more than six,
Rather than quarrel you shall have your will.

[*Trumpets.*

One drowns himself.

—Pity like a torrent pours me down,
Now I am drowning all within a deluge. ANNA BULLEN.

Cyrus drowns the whole world.

Our swelling grief
Shall melt into a deluge, and the world
Shall drown in tears. CYRUS the Great.

* An expression vastly beneath the dignity of tragedy, says Mr. D——, yet we find the word he covets it in the mouth of Mithridates less properly used, and applied to a more terrible idea;

I would be drunk with death. MITHRIDATES.

The author of the new Sophonisba taketh hold of this monosyllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose:

The Carthaginian sword with Roman blood
Was drunk.

I would, &c. Mr. D——s, which gives him the best idea, a drunken
king, or a drunken sword!

Mr. Tate dricks up King Arthur's resolution in heroick;

Henry, my lord, o'th' captain's humour right,
I am resolv'd to be dnd drunk to-night.

Lee also uses this charming word;

Love's the drunkenness of the mind. GLORIANA

† Dryden hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly;

I'm half seas o'er in death. CLEOM.

But,

But, ha! the warrior comes: the great Tom Thumb,
The little hero, giant-killing boy,
Preserver of my kingdom, is arriv'd.

S C E N E III.

TOM THUMB *to them, with Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.*

King. * Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my arms.

What gratitude can thank away the debt
Your valour lays upon me?

Queen. ————— † Oh! ye gods! [*Aside.*

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all I'm thank'd enough,

‡ I've done my duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a godlike creature seen!

[*Aside.*

King. Thy modesty's a || candle to thy merit,
It shines itself, and shows thy merit too.

But say, my boy, where didst thou leave the giants?

Thumb. My liege, without the castle gates they stand,

The castle gates too low for their admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like nothing but themselves.

Queen. ** And sure thou art like nothing but thyself.

[*Aside.*

King. Enough! the vast idea fills my soul.

I see them, yes, I see them now before me:

* This figure is in great use among the tragedians;

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis.

VICTIM.

I long, repent, repent and long again.

BUSIRIS.

† A tragical exclamation.

‡ This line is copied verbatim in the Captives.

|| We find a candlestick for this candle in two celebrated authors:

———— Each star withdraws

His golden head, and burns within the socket.

NERO.

A soul grown old and sunk into the socket.

SEBASTIAN.

** This simile occurs very frequently among the dramatick writers of both kinds.

The monstrous ugly, barb'rous sons of whores.
But ha! what form majestick strikes our eyes?

* So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn
By all the gods in council : so fair she is,
That surely at her birth the council paus'd,
And then at length cry'd out, This is a woman!

Thumb. Then were the gods mistaken—she is not
A woman, but a giantess—whom we,
† With much ado, have made a shift to hawl
Within the town; ‡ for she is by a foot
Shorter than all the subject giants were.

Glum. We yesterday were both a queen and wife,
One hundred thousand giants own'd our sway,
Twenty whereof were married to ourself.

Queen. Oh! happy state of giantism—where
husbands
Like mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are force'd
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.

Mr. Lee hath stolen this thought from our author;
—This perfect face, drawn by the gods in council,
Which they were long a making. LUC. JUN. BRUT.
—At his birth the heavenly council paus'd,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a man.

Bryden hath improved this hint to the utmost perfection:

So perfect that the very gods who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our design! Their envy hindred,
Or you had been immortal, and a pattern.
When heaven would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again.

ALL FOR LOVE.

Banks prefers the works of Michael Angelo to that of the gods;

A pattern for the gods to make a man by,
Or Michael Angelo to form a statue.

† It is impossible, says Mr. W—, sufficiently to admire this
natural easy line.

‡ This tragedy, which in most points resembles the ancients, differs from them in this, that it assigns the same honour to lowness of stature, which they did to height. The gods and heroes in Homer and Virgil, are continually described higher by the head than their followers, the contrary of which is observ'd by our author. In short, to exceed on either side is equally admirable; and a man of three foot is as wonderful a sight as a man of nine.

Glum.

Glum. But then to lose them all in one black day,
That the same sun, which rising, saw me wife
To twenty giants, setting, should behold
Me widow'd of them all.—* My worn-out heart,
That ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy lading,
My soul, will quickly sink.

Queen. ——— Madam, believe
I view your sorrows with a woman's eye ;
But learn to bear them with what strength you may :
To-morrow we will have our grenadiers
Drawn out before you, and you then shall chuse
What husbands you think fit.

Glum. — † Madam, I am
Your most obedient, and most humble servant.

King. Think, mighty princess, think this court
your own,
Nor think the landlord me, this house my inn ;
Call for whate'er you will you'll nothing pay.
‡ I feel a sudden pain within my breast,
Nor know I whether this arise from love
Or only the wind-cholick. Time must shew.
Oh Thumb! what do we to thy valour owe?
Ask some reward, great as we can bestow.

Thumb. ¶ I ask not kingdoms, I can conquer those,
I ask not money, money I've enough ;
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,
For giants slain, and giants yet unborn,
Which I will slay——if this be call'd a debt,

* My blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading
My soul will quickly sink. MITHRID.
My soul is like a ship. INJUR'D LOVE.

† This well-bred line seems to be copied in the Persian Princess ;
To be your humblest, and most faithful slave.

‡ This doubt of the king, puts me in mind of a passage in the
Captives, where the noise of feet is mistaken for the rustling of
leaves.

——Methinks I hear
The sound of feet ;
No, 'twas the wind that shook yon cypress boughs.

¶ Mr. Dryden seems to have had this passage in his eye in the
first page of *Love Triumphant*.

Take my receipt in full — I ask but this.

* To sun myself in Huncamunca's eyes.

King. Prodigious bold request. }

Queen. —† Be still my soul. }

[*Aside.*

Thumb. ‡ My heart is at the threshold of your mouth,

And waits its answer there. — Oh! do not frown;
I've try'd, to reason's tune, to tune my soul,
But love did overwind and crack the string,
Tho' Jove in thunder had cry'd out, You SHAN'T,
I should have lov'd her still — for oh strange fate,
Then when I lov'd her least I lov'd her most!

King. It is resolv'd — the princess is your own.

Thumb. || Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy
Thumb!

Queen. Consider, Sir, reward your soldier's merit,
But give not Huncamunca to Tom Thumb.

King. Tom Thumb! Odzooks, my wide extended
realm

Knows not a name so glorious as Tom Thumb.
Let Macedonia Alexander boast,

* Don Carlos, in the *Revenge*, suns himself in the charms of
his Mistress;

While in the lustre of her charms I lay.

† A tragical phrase much in use.

‡ This speech hath been taken to pieces by several tragical au-
thors, who seem to have rifled it, and shared its beauties among
them.

My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news. ANNA BULLEN.

My soul stands listning at my ears. CYRUS the Great.

Love to his tune my jarring heart would bring,
But reason overwinds and cracks the string. D. of GUISE.

—— I shou'd have lov'd,
Though Jove in muttering thunder had forbid it.

NEW SOPHONISBA.

And when it (*my heart*) wild resolves to love no more,
Then is the triumph of excessive love. Ibidem.

|| Masinissa is one fourth less happy than Tom Thumb.

Oh! happy, happy, happy.

Ibidem.

Let

Let Rome her Cæsars and her Scipios show,
Her Messieurs France, let Holland boast Mynheers,
Ireland her O's, her Macs let Scotland boast,
Let England boast no other than Tom Thumb.

Queen. Tho' greater yet his boasted merit was,
He shall not have my daughter, that is pos'.

King. Ha! say'st thou, Dollallolla!

Queen. ——— I say he shan't.

King. * Then by our royal self we swear you lie.

Queen. † Who but a dog, who but a dog
Would use me as thou dost? Me, who have lain
‡ These twenty years so loving by thy side;
But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang myself,
Then tremble all who did this match persuade,
§ For riding on a cat form high I'll fall,
And squirt down royal vengeance on you all.

Food. || Her majesty the queen is in a passion.

King. ¶ Be she, or be she not — I'll to the girl
And pave thy way, oh Thumb.—Now by ourself,
We were indeed a pretty king of clouts
To truckle to her will. — For when by force
Or art the wife her husband over-reaches,
Give him the petticoat, and her the breeches.

* No by myself.

ANNA BULLEN.

† ——— Who caus'd
This dreadful revolution in my fate,
Ulmur, Who but a dog, who but a dog?

LIBERTY ASSERTED.

‡ ——— A bride,
Who twenty years lay loving by your side.

BANKS.

§ For born upon a cloud from high I'll fall,
And rain down royal vengeance on you all.

ALBION QUEENS.

|| An information very like this we have in the Tragedy of
Love; where Cyrus having stormed in the most violent manner,
Cyaxares observes very calmly,

Why, nephew Cyrus ——— you are mov'd,

¶ 'Tis in your choice,
Love me, or love me not.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Thumb.

Thumb. * Whisper ye winds, that Huncamunca's mine ;

Echoes repeat, that Huncamunca's mine !
The dreadful bus'ness of the war is o'er,
And beauty, heav'nly beauty ! crowns my toils ;
I've thrown the bloody garment now aside,
And hymeneal sweets invite my bride.

So when some chimney-sweeper all the day,
Hath through dark paths pursu'd the footy-way,
At night, to wash his hands and face he flies,
And in his t'other shirt with his Brickdusta lies.

SCENE IV.

GRIZZLE, *solus*,

† Where art thou, Grizzle ! where are now thy glories ?

Where are the drums that waken thee to honour ?
Greatness is a lac'd coat from Monmouth-street,
Which fortune lends us for a day to wear,
To-morrow puts it on another's back.
The spiteful sun but yesterday survey'd
His rival high as Saint Paul's cupola :
Now may he see me as Fleet-ditch laid low.

SCENE V.

QUEEN, GRIZZLE.

Queen. ‡ Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded Grizzle.

Mountain of treason, ugly as the Devil,
Teach this confounded hateful mouth of mine
To spout forth words malicious as thyself,
Words, which might shame all Bilinggate to speak.

* There is not one beauty in this charming speech, but what hath been borrowed by almost every tragick writer.

† Mr. Banks has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of Grizzle in his earl of Essex.

Where art thou Essex, &c.

‡ The Countess of Nottingham in the Earl of Essex is apparently acquainted with Dollalolla.

Griz. Far be it from my pride to think my tongue
Your royal lips can in that art instruct,
Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,
Without offence, wherefore my queen would scold?

Queen. Wherefore? Oh! blood and thunder
han't you heard

(What ev'ry corner of the court resounds)
That little Thumb will be a great man made?

Griz. I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!

* Can always stop his ears — But wou'd my teeth,
by grinding knives, had first been set on edge.

Queen. Would I had heard, at the still noon of
night,

The hallaloo of fire in every street!
Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang myself,
To think I shou'd a grandmother be made
By such a rascal. — Sure the King forgets,
When in a pudding, by his mother put,
The bastard, by a tinker, on a stile
Was dropp'd.—O, good Lord Grizzle! can I bear
To see him from a pudding mount the throne?
Or can, Oh can! my Huncamunca bear
To take a pudding's offspring to her arms?

Griz. Oh horror! horror! horror! cease, my
queen,

† Thy voice, like twenty screech-owls, wracks my brain.

Queen. Then rouse thy spirit—we may yet prevent
This hated match. —

Griz. ——— We will †; not fate itself,
Should it conspire with Thomas Thumb, should
cause it.

I'll swim through seas; I'll ride upon the clouds;
I'll dig the earth; I'll blow out ev'ry fire;

* Grizzle was not probably possessed of that glew of which Mr.
Banks speaks in his *Cyrus*.

I'll glew my ears to every word.

† Screech-owls, dark ravens and amphibious monsters,
Are screaming in that voice. MARY Q. OF SCOTS.

‡ The reader may see all the beauties of this speech in a late
Ode called the Naval Lyrick.

I'll

I'll rave ; I'll rant ; I'll rise ; I'll rush ; I'll roar ;
 Fierce as the man whom * smiling dolphins bore,
 From the profaick to poetick shore.
 I'll tear the scoundrel into twenty pieces.

Queen. Oh, no ! prevent the match, but hurt him
 not ;

For, tho' I would not have him have my daughter,
 Yet can we kill the man that kill'd the giants ?

Griz. I tell you, Madam, it was all a trick,
 He made the giants first, and then he kill'd them ;
 As fox-hunters bring foxes to the wood,
 And then with hounds they drive them out again.

Queen. How ! have you seen no giants ? Are there
 not

Now, in the yard, ten thousand proper giants ?

Griz. † Indeed, I cannot positively tell,
 But firmly do believe there is not one.

Queen. Hence ! from my sight ! thou traitor, hie
 away ;

By all my siars ! thou enviest Tom Thumb.

Go, scrah ! go, † hie away ! hie ! — thou art
 A setting-dog, be gone.

Griz.

* This epithet to a dolphin doth not give one so clear an idea as were to be wished ; a smiling fish seeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying-fish. Mr. Dryden is of opinion, that smiling is the property of reason, and that no irrational creature can smile.

Smiles not allowed to beasts, from reason move.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

† These lines are written in the same key with those in the Ear^l
 of Essex.

Why say'st thou so, I love thee well, indeed
 I do, and thou shalt find by this, 'tis true.

Or with this in Cyrus ;

The most heroic mind that ever was.

And with above half of the modern tragedies.

‡ Aristotle, in that excellent work of his, which is very justly stiled his Master-piece, earnestly recommends using the terms of art, however coarse or even indecent they may be. Mr. Tate is of the same opinion.

Bru.

Griz. Madam, I go.

Tom Thumb shall feel the vengeance you have rais'd ;
So, when two dogs are fighting in the streets,
With a third dog one of the two dogs meets,
With angry teeth he bites him to the bone,
And this dog smarts for what that dog hath done.

S C E N E VII.

QUEEN, *sola.*

And whither shall I go ? — Alack-a-day !
I love Tom Thumb — But must not tell him so ;
For what's a woman when her virtue's gone !
A coat without its lace ; wig out of buckle ;
A stocking with a hole in't — I can't live
Without my virtue, or without Tom Thumb.
* Then let me weigh them in two equal scales,
In this scale put my virtue, that Tom Thumb.
Alas ! Tom Thumb is heavier than my virtue.
But hold ! — perhaps I may be left a widow :
This match prevented, then Tom Thumb is mine :
In that dear hope I will forget my pain.

So, when some wench to Tothill Bridewell's sent,
With beating hemp and flogging she's content,
She hopes in time to ease her present pain,
At length is free, and walks the streets again.

Bru. Do not, like young hawks, fetch a course about,
Your game flies fair.

Fra. Do not fear it.

He answers you in your own hawking phrase.

INJUR'D LOVE.

I think these two great authorities are sufficient to justify Dollal-
lela in the use of the phrase, " lie away, lie ! " when in the
fine line she says she is speaking to a setting-dog.

* We meet with such another pair of scales in Dryden's King
Arthur.

Arthur and Oswald, and their different fates,
Are weighing now within the scales of Heaven.

Also in Sebastian.

This hour my lot is weighing in the scales.

ACT

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*
BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF.

COME on, my trusty follower, come on:
This day discharge thy duty, and at night
A double mug of beer and beer shall glad thee.
Stand here by me, this way must Noodle pass.

Follower. No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every
word

Inspires my soul with virtue.—— Oh! I long
To meet the enemy in the street——and nab him:
To lay arresting hands upon his back,
And drag him trembling to the spunging-house.

Bail. There, when I have him, I will sponge upon
him.

* Oh! glorious thought! by the sun, moon, and stars,
I will enjoy it, tho' it be in thought!
Yes, yes, my follower, I will enjoy it.

Follower. Enjoy it then some other time, for now
Our prey approaches.

Bail. Let us retire.

SCENE II.

TOM THUMB, NOODLE, BAILIFF, FOLLOWER.

Thumb. Trust me, my Noodle, I am wondrous sick;
For though I love the gentle Huncamunca,
Yet at the thought of marriage I grow pale:
For Oh!——† but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,
I will unfold a tale will make thee stare.

* Mr. Rowe is generally imagin'd to have taken some hints
from this scene in his character of Bajazet; but as he, of all the
tragick writers, bears the least resemblance to our author in his
diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy
him in this particular.

† This method of surprising an audience by raising their expectation
to the highest pitch, and then balking it, hath been practis'd
with great success by most of our tragical authors.

Nood.

Nood. I swear by lovely Huncamunca's charms.

Thumb. Then know —* my grandmamma hath often said,

Tom Thumb, beware of marriage.

Nood. Sir, I blush

To think a warrior great in arms as you,
Should be affrighted by his grandmamma;
Can an old woman's empty dreams deter
The blooming hero from the virgin's arms?
Think of the joy that with your soul alarm,
When in her fond embraces clasp'd you lie,
While on her panting breast dissolv'd in bliss,
You pour out all Tom Thumb in every kiss.

Thumb. Oh! Noodle, thou hast fir'd my eager soul;
Spite of my grandmother she shall be mine;
I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with love:
Whole days, and nights, and years shall be too short
For our enjoyment, every fun shall rise
† Blushing, to see us in our bed together.

Nood. Oh, Sir! this purpose of your soul pursue.

Bail. Oh, Sir! I have an action against you.

Nood. At whose suit is it?

Bail. At your taylor's, Sir.

* Almeyda in Sebastian is in the same distress;

Sometimes methinks I hear the groan of ghosts,
'Thin hollow sounds and lamentable screams;
'Then like a dying echo from afar,
My mother's voice that cries, Wed not, Almeyda;
Forewarn'd, Almeyda, marriage is thy crime.

† "As very well he may, if he hath any modesty in him," says
Mr. D——s. The author of *Eufinis* is extremely zealous to prevent the sun's blushing at any indecent object; and therefore on all such occasions he addresses himself to the sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene. *EUFINIS.*
Sun hide thy face, and put the world in mourning. *ibid.*

Mr. Banks makes the sun perform the office of Hymen; and therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a sight;

The sun sets forth like a gay bridegroom with you.

MARY Q. of SCOTS.
Your

Your taylor put this warrant in my hands,
And arrest you, Sir, at his commands.

Thumb. Ha! dogs! Arrest my friend before my face!
Think you Tom Thumb will suffer this disgrace!
But let vain cowards threaten by their word,
Tom Thumb shall shew his anger by his sword.

[Kills the bailiff and his follower.

Bail. Oh, I am slain!

Fol. I am murdered also,
And to the shades, the dismal shades below,
My bailiff's faithful follower I go.

Nozd. * Go then to hell like rascals as you are,
And give our service to the bailiff's there.

Thumb. Thus perish all the bailiffs in the land,
Till debtors at noon-day shall walk the streets,
And no one fear a bailiff or his writ.

SCENE III.

! *The Princess HUNCAMUNCA's Apartment.*

HUNCAMUNCA, CLEORA, MUSTACHA.

Hunc. † Give me some musick—see that it be sad.

CLEORA sings.

I.

Cupid, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid;
With equal ardor wound the swain:
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

II.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive the arrow through his heart;
When one you wound, you then destroy;
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

* Neurmahal sends the same message to heaven;

For I would have you, when you upwards move,
Speak kindly of us to our friends above. AURENGZEEB.

We find another to hell, in the Persian Princess;

Villain, get thee down
To hell, and tell them that the fray's begun.

† Antony gives the same command in the same words.

Hunc

TOM THUMB THE GREAT.

III

Hunc. * O Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! wherefore art thou Tom Thumb?

Why hadst thou not been born of royal race?

Why had not mighty Bantam been thy father?

Or else the king of Brentford, Old or New?

Must. I am surpris'd that your Highness can give yourself a moment's uneasiness about that little insignificant fellow, † Tom Thumb the Great—one properer for a play thing than a husband.—Were he my husband, his horns should be as long as his body.—If you had fallen in love with a grenadier, I should not have wonder'd at it.—If you had fallen in love with something; but to fall in love with nothing!

Hunc. Cease, my Mustacha, on thy duty cease.
The Zephyr, when in flow'ry vales it plays,
Is not so soft, so sweet as Thummy's breath.
The dove is not so gentle to its mate.

Must. The dove is every bit as proper for a husband.—Alas! Madam, there's not a beau about the court looks so little like a man.—He is a perfect butterfly, a thing without substance, and almost without shadow too.

Hunc. This rudeness is unseasonable; desist,
Or I shall think this railing comes from love.
Tom Thumb's a creature of that charming form,
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

Must. Madam, the king.

SCENE IV.

KING, HUNCAMUNCA.

King. Let all but Huncamunca leave the room.

[*Exe. Cleora and Mustacha.*]

Daughter, I have observed of late some grief
Unusual in your countenance—your eyes,

* Oh! Marius, Marius, wherefore art thou Marius?

OTWAY'S MARIUS.

† Nothing is more common than these seeming contradictions;
such as,
Haughty weakness.
Great small world.

VICTIM.

NOAH'S FLOOD.

That

* That like two open windows, us'd to shew
The lovely beauty of the rooms within,
Have now two blinds before them.—What is the cause?
Say, have you not enough of meat and drink?
We've giv'n strict orders not to have you stinted.

Hunc. Alas! my Lord, I value not myself.
That once I eat two fowls and half a pig;
† Small is that praise! but oh! a maid may want
What she can neither eat nor drink.

King. What's that?

Hunc. † O spare my blushes! but I mean a husband.

King. If that be all, I have provided one,

* Lee hath improv'd this metaphor.

Dost thou not view joy peeping from my eyes,
The casements open'd wide to gaze on thee?
So Rome's glad citizens to windows rise,
When they some young triumpher fain would see.

GLORIANA.

† Almahide hath the same contempt for these appetites:

To eat and drink can no perfection be.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

The Earl of Essex is of a different opinion, and seems to place
the chief happiness of a general therein.

Were but commanders half so well rewarded,
'Then they might eat.

BANKS's Earl of Essex.

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the
devil himself; we shall find eating to be of more moment than is
generally imagined.

Gods are immortal only by their food.

LUCIFER in the State of Innocence.

† "This expression is enough of itself (says Mr. D——s) ut-
terly to destroy the character of Huncamunca;" yet we find a
woman of no abandon'd character in Dryden adventuring farther,
and thus exerting herself;

To speak our wishes first, forbid it pride,
Forbid it modesty: true, they forbid it,
But Nature does not: when we are athirst,
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on.

CLEOMENES.

Cassandra speaks before she is asked: Huncamunca afterwards.
Cassandra speaks her wishes to her lover: Huncamunca only to her
father.

A husband

A husband great in arms, whose warlike sword
Streams with the yellow blood of slaughter'd giants,
Whose name in Terra Incognita is known,
Whose valour, wisdom, virtue make a noise,
Great as the kettle drums of twenty armies.

Hunc. Whom does my royal father mean?

King. Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Is it possible!

King. Ha! the window-blinds are gone,
* A country-dance of joy is in your face,
Your eyes spit fire, your cheeks grow red as beef.

Hunc. O, there's a magick-musick in that sound,
Enough to turn me into beef indeed.

Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your word,
I'll own Tom Thumb the cause of all my grief.
For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my throat.

King. Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender cheeks no
more,

A husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

Hunc. Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one tell
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell.

Oh! I am overjoy'd!

King. I see thou art.

† Joy lightens in thine eyes, and thunders from thy
brows;

Transports, like lightning, dart along thy soul,
As small-shot thro' a hedge.

Hunc. Oh! say not small.

King. This happy news shall on our tongue ride post,
Ourself will bear the happy news to Thumb
Yet think not, daughter, that your powerful charms
Must yet detain the hero from his arms;

* Her eyes resistless magick bear,
Angels, I see, and gods are dancing there.

LEE'S SOPHONISBA.

† Mr. Dennis, in that excellent tragedy, call'd *Liberty Asser'd*,
which is thought to have given so great a stroke to the late French
king, hath frequent imitations of this beautiful speech of King
Arthur;

Conquest light'ning in his eyes, and thund'ring in his arm:
Joy lighten'd in her eyes.
Joys like light'ning dart along my soul.

Various his duty, various his delight ;
 Now in his turn to kiss, and now to fight ;
 And now to kiss again. So, mighty * Jove,
 When with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,
 Comes down to earth. and takes a bit— and then
 Flies to his trade of thund'ring back again.

S C E N E V.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

† *Griz.* Oh ! Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh !
 Thy pouting breasts, like kettle drums of brass,
 Beat everlasting loud alarms of joy ;
 As bright as brass they are, and oh, as hard ;
 Oh Huncamunca, Huncamunca, oh !

Hunc. Ha ! dost thou know me, princess as I am,
 ‡ That thus of me you dare to make your game.

Griz. Oh Huncamunca, well I know that you
 A princess are, and a king's daughter too !
 But love no meanness scorns, no grandeur fears ;
 Love often lords into the cellar bears,
 And bids the sturdy porter come up stairs.
 For what's too high for love, or what's too low !
 Oh Huncamunca. Huncamunca, oh !

Hunc. But granting all you say of love were true,
 My love, alas ! is to another due !

Jove, with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,
 Comes down for ease, enjoys a nymph, and then
 Mounts dreadful, and to thund'ring goes again. GLORIANA,

† This beautiful line, which ought, says Mr. W——, to be
 written in gold, is imitated in the new Sophonisba ;

Oh ! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, oh !

Oh ! Narva, Narva, oh !

The author of a song, called Duke upon Duke, hath improv'd it,
 Alas ! O Nick, O Nick, alas !

Where, by the help of a little false spelling, you have two meanings in the repeated words.

† Edith, in the Bloody Brother, speaks to her lover in the same familiar language ;

Your grace is full of game.

In

In vain to me a suitoring you come,
For I'm already promis'd to Tom Thumb.

Griz. And can my princess such a durgen wed,
One fitter for your pocket than your bed !
Advis'd by me, the worthless baby thun,
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.
Oh take me to thy arms, and never flinch,
Who am a man by Jupiter ev'ry inch.

* Then while in joys together lost we lie,
I'll press thy soul while gods stand wishing by.

Hunc. If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove,
All obstacles of promise you remove ;
For all engagements to a man must fall,
Whene'er that man is prov'd no man at all.

Griz. Oh let him seek some dwarf, some fairy miss,
Where no joint-stool must lift him to the kiss.
But by the stars and glory you appear
Much fitter for a Prussian grenadier ;
One globe alone on Atlas' shoulders rests,
Two globes are less than Huncamunca's breasts :
The milky-way is not so white, that's flat,
And sure thy breasts are full as large as that.

Hunc. Oh, Sir, so strong your eloquence I find,
It is impossible to be unkind.

Griz. Ah ! speak that o'er again, and let the
† found
From one pole to another pole rebound ;
The earth and sky each be a battledoor,
And keep the sound, that shuttlecock, up an hour ;
To Doctors-Commons for a licence I,
Swift as an arrow from a bow will fly.

Hunc. Oh no ! lest some disaster we should meet,
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.

* Traverse the glitt'ring chambers of the sky,
Born on a cloud in view of fate I'll lie,
And press her soul while gods stand wishing by.

HANRIBAL.

† Let the four winds from distant corners meet,
And on their wings first bear it into France ;
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,
'Till victim to the sound th'aspiring city falls.

ALBION QUEENS.

Griz.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

Griz. Forbid it, all ye powers, a princess should
By that vile place contaminate her blood ;
My quick return shall to my charmer prove
I travel on the * post-horses of love.

Hunc. Those post-horses to me will seem too slow,
Tho' they should fly swift as the gods, when they
Ride on behind that post-boy, Opportunity.

S C E N E IV.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA.

Thumb. Where is my princess, where's my Hunca-
munca ?

Where are those eyes, those cardmatches of love,
That † light up all with love my waxen soul ?
Where is that face, which artful Nature made
‡ In the same moulds where Venus self was cast ?

Hunc.

* I do not remember any metaphors so frequent in the tragick
poets, as those borrow'd from riding post;

The gods and opportunity ride post.

HANNIBAL.

— Let's rush together,
For death rides post.

DUKE OF GUISE.

Destruction gallops to thy murder post.

GLORIANA.

† This image too very often occurs;

— Bright as when the eye
First lighted up our loves.

AURENGZEEB.

This not a crown alone lights up my name.

BUSIRIS.

‡ There is a great dissention among the poets concerning the me-
thod of making man. One tells his mistress, that the mold she was
made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another. Lucifer,
in Dryden, gives a merry description of his own formation;

Whom heaven neglecting, made and scarce design'd,
But threw me in for number to the rest.

STATE OF INNOCENCE.

In one place the same poet supposes man to be made of metal;

I was formed
Of that coarse metal, which when she was made,
The Gods threw by for rubbish.

ALL FOR LOVE.

Hunc. * Oh ! what is musick to the ear that's deaf,
Or a goose-pye to him that has no taste ?
What are these praises now to me, since I
Am promis'd to another ?

Thumb. Ha ! promis'd ?

Hunc. Too sure ; 'tis written in the book of fate.

Thumb. † Then I will tear away the leaf
Wherein it's writ, or if fate won't allow
So large a gap within it's journal-book,
I'll blot it out at least.

In another of dough ;

When the Gods moulded up the paste of man,
Some of their clay was left upon their hands,
And so they made Egyptians.

CLEOMENES.

In another of clay ;

————— Rubbish of remaining clay.

SEBASTIAN.

One makes the soul of wax ;

Her waxen soul begins to melt apace.

ANNA BULLEN.

Another of flint ;

Sure our two souls have somewhere been acquainted
In former beings, or struck out together,

One spark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal. SEBASTIAN.

To omit the great quantities of iron, brazen and leaden souls
which are so plenty in modern authors—I cannot omit the dress of
a soul as we find it in Dryden ;

Souls shirted but with air.

KING ARTHUR.

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of soul in a particular sort of
description, in the New Sophonisba.

Ye mysterious powers,

— Whether thro' your gloomy depths I wander,
Or on the mountains walk, give me the calm,
The steady smiling soul, where wisdom sheds
Eternal sun-shine, and eternal joy.

* This line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his Anna Bullen.

† Good heaven ! the book of fate before me lay,
But to tear out the journal of that day.
Or if the order of the world below,
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that minute when she made her vow.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

GLUMDALCA, TOM THUMB, HUNCA-
MUNCA.

Glum. * I need not ask if you are Huncamunca,
Your brandy-nose proclaims——

Hunc. I am a princess;
Nor need I ask who you are.

Glum. A giants;
The queen of those who made and unmade queens.

Hunc. The man, whose chief ambition is to be
My sweetheart, hath destroy'd these mighty giants.

Glum. Your sweetheart? Dost thou think the man,
who once

Hath worn my easy chains, will e'er wear thine?

Hunc. Well may your chains be easy, since, if fame
Says true, they have been try'd on twenty husbands.

† The glove or boot, so many times pull'd on,
May well fit easy on the hand or foot.

Glum. I glory in the number, and when I
Sit poorly down like thee, content with one,
Heaven change this face for one as bad as thine.

Hunc. Let me see nearer what this beauty is,
That captivates the heart of men by scores.

[*Holds a candle to her face.*]

Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the devil,

Glum. You'd give the best of shoes within your shop
To be but half so handsome.

Hunc. —— Since you come

* I know some of the commentators have imagined, that Mr. Dryden, in the altercative scene between Cleopatra and Octavia, a scene which Mr. Addison inveighs against with great bitterness, is much beholden to our author. How just this their observation is, I will not presume to determine.

† “A cobbling poet indeed,” says Mr. D. and yet I believe we may find as monstrous images in the tragick authors: I'll put down one;

Untie your folded thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a
bride's hair.

IN JUR'D LOVE.

Which line seems to have as much title to a milliner's shop, as our author's to a shoemaker's.

* To that, I'll put my beauty to the test :
Tom Thumb, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

Glum. Oh ! stay I om Thumb, and you alone shall
fill

That bed where twenty giants us'd to lie.

Thumb. In the balcony that o'erhangs the stage,
I've seen a whore two 'prentices engage ;
One half a crown does in his fingers hold,
The other shews a little piece of gold ;
She the half guinea wisely does purloin,
And leaves the larger and the baser coin.

Glum. Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a chit as
this :

† I feel the storm that's rising in my mind,
Tempests, and whirlwinds rise, and roll and roar.

I'm all within a hurricane, as if

‡ The world's four winds were pent within my carcase.

‡ Confusion, horror, murder, guts and death !

S C E N E VIII.

KING, GLUMDALCA.

King. ** Sure never was so sad a king as I !
†† My life is worn as ragged as a coat

* Mr. L. — takes occasion in this place to commend the great
care of our author to preserve the metre of blank verse, in which
Shakespeare, Jonson and Fletcher were so notoriously negligent ; and
the moderns, in imitation of our author, so laudably observant ;

————— Then does

Your majesty believe that he can be
A traitor !

EARL OF ESSEX.

Every page of Sophonisba gives us instances of this excellence.

† Love mounts and rolls about my stormy mind. AURENG.

Tempests and whirlwinds thro' my bosom move. CLEOM.

‡ With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within

His bluff'ring carcase.

ANNA BULLEN.

‡ Verba Tragica.

** This speech has been terribly maul'd by the poet.

†† ——— My life is worn to rags ;
Not worth a prince's wearing.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

A beggar

A beggar wears; a prince should put it off,

* To love a captive and a giantess.

Oh love! Oh love! how great a king art thou!

My tongue's thy trumpet, and thou trumpetest,

Unknown to me, within me. † Oh Glumdalca!

Heaven thee design'd a giantess to make,

But an angelic soul was shuffled in.

‡ I am a multitude of walking griefs,

And only on her lips the balm is found,

|| To spread a plaister that might cure them all.

Glum. What do I hear?

King. What do I see?

Glum. Oh!

King. Ah!

Glum. ** Ah! wretched queen!

King. Oh! wretched king!

* Must I beg the pity of my slave?

Must a king beg! But love's a greater king,

A tyrant, nay, a devil that possesses me,

He tunes the organ of my voice and speaks,

Unknown to me, within me.

SEBAST.

† When thou wert form'd heaven did a man begin;

But a brute soul by chance was shuffled in.

AURENG.

‡ ——— I am a multitude

Of walking griefs.

NEW SOPHON.

|| I will take thy scorpion blood,

And lay it to my grief till I have ease.

ANNA BULL.

** Our author, who every where shews his great penetration into human nature, here outdoes himself: where a less judicious poet would have raised a long scene of whining love, he, who understood the passions better, and that so violent an affection as this must be too big for utterance, chuses rather to send his characters off in this sullen and doleful manner; in which admirable conduct, he is imitated by the author of the justly celebrated *Eurydice*. Dr. Young seems to point at this violence of passion:

————— Passion chokes

Their words, and they're the statues of despair.

And Seneca tells us, "*Cura leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent,*" The story of the Egyptian king in Herodotus is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious reader to the excellent Montaigne, who hath written an essay on this subject.

Clum. * Ah!

King. Oh!

S C E N E IX.

TOM THUMB, HUNCAMUNCA, PARSON.

Parson. Happy's the wooing that's not long a doing;

For, if I guess right, Tom Thumb this night
Shall give a being to a new Tom Thumb.

Thumb. It shall be my endeavour so to do.

Hunc. Oh! fy upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

Thumb. It is the virgin's sign, and suits you well:

† I know not where, nor how, nor what I am;

† I'm so transported, I have lost myself.

Hunc. Forbid it, all ye stars, for you're so small,
That were you lost you'd find yourself no more.
So the unhappy sempstres once, they say,
Her needle in a pottle, lost, of hay;

In

* To part is death——

———'Tis death to part.

———Ah.

———Oh.

DON CARLOS.

† Nor know I whether.

What am I, who or where.

BUSIRIS.

I was I know not what, and am I know not how.

GLORIANA.

‡ To understand sufficiently the beauty of this passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every man to contain two selves. I shall not attempt to prove this from philosophy, which the poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;

Let me demand your majesty,

Why fly you from yourself?

D. of GUISE.

In a 2d, one self is a guardian to the other:

Leave me the care of me.

CONQ. OF GRAN.

Again,

Myself am to myself less near.

Ibid.

In the same, the first self is proud of the second;

I myself am proud of me.

STATE OF INNO.

In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her moan,
For ah! the needle was for ever gone,

Parson. Long may they live, and love, and propagate.

Till the whole land be peopled with Tom Thumbs.

* So when the Cheshire cheese a maggot breeds,
Another and another still succeeds:

By thousands and ten thousands they increase,
Till one continued maggot fills the rotten cheese.

S C E N E X.

NOODLE, *and then* GRIZZLE.

Nood. † Sure Nature means to break her solid chain,
Or else unfix the world, and in a rage
To hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges;
All things are so confus'd; the king's in love,

The

In a third, distrustful of him;

Fain would I tell, but whisper it in my ear,
That none besides might hear, nay not myself.

E. OF ESSEX.

In a 4th, honours him;

I honour Rome,
And honour too myself.

SOPHONISBA.

In a 5th, at variance with him;

Leave me not thus at variance with myself.

BUSIRIS.

Again, in a 6th;

I find myself divided from myself.

MEDEA.

She seem'd the sad effigies of herself.

BANKS.

Assist me, Zulema, if thou wouldst be

The friend thou seemest, assist me against me.

ALBION QUEENS.

From all which it appears that there are two selfs; and therefore Tom Thumb's losing himself, is no such solecism as it hath been represented by men, rather ambitious of criticising, than qualify'd to criticize.

* Mr. F—— imagines this parson to have been a Welsh one from his simile.

† Our author hath been plunder'd here, according to custom.

Great Nature, break thy chain that links together

The fabrick of the world, and make a chaos,

Like that within my soul.

LOVE TRIUMPH.

—Startle

The queen is drunk, the princess married is.

Griz. Oh! Noodle, hast thou Huncamunca seen?

Nood. I've seen a thousand fights this day, where
none

Are by the wonderful bitch herself outdone,

The king, the queen, and all the court are fights.

Griz. * D——n your delay, you trifler, are you
drunk, ha?

I will not hear one word but Huncamunca.

Nood. By this time she is marry'd to Tom Thumb.

Griz. † My Huncamunca!

Nood. Your Huncamunca,

Tom Thumb's Huncamunca, every man's Huncamunca.

Griz. If this be true, all womankind are damn'd.

Nood. If it be not, may I be so myself.

Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a word
Against that face, upon whose ‡ ample brow
Sits innocence with majesty enthron'd.

GRIZZLE, HUNCAMUNCA.

Griz. Where has my Huncamunca been? See here
The licence in my hand!

Hunc. Alas! Tom Thumb.

Griz. Why dost thou mention him?

Hunc. Ah me! Tom Thumb.

Griz. What means my lovely Huncamunca?

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Oh! speak.

Hunc. Hum!

——Startle Nature, unfix the globe,
And hurl it from its axle-tree and hinges.

ALBION QUEENS.

The tott'ring earth seems sliding off its props.

* D——n your delay, ye torturers proceed,
I will not hear one word but Almahide.

CONQ. OF GRANADA.

† Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in *All for Love*.

‡ This Miltonic stile abounds in the *New Sophonisba*.

——And on her ample brow
Sat majesty.

Griz. Ha! your every word is hum:

* You force me still to answer you, Tom Thumb.

Tom Thumb, I'm on the rack, I'm in a flame,

† Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, you love
the name;

So pleasing is that sound, that were you dumb,
You still would find a voice to cry, Tom Thumb.

Hunc. Oh! be not hasty to proclaim my doom,

My ample heart for more than one has room;

A maid, like me, Heav'n form'd at least for two,

‡ I married him, and now I'll marry you.

Griz. Ha! dost thou own thy falsehood to my face?

Think'st thou that I will share thy husband's place?

Since to that office one cannot suffice,

And since you scorn to dine one single dish on,

Go, get your husband put into commission.

Commissioners to discharge (ye Gods) it fine is,

The duty of a husband to your highness;

Yet think not long I will my rival bear,

Or unreveng'd the slighted willow wear;

The gloomy, brooding tempest, now confin'd

Within the hollow caverns of my mind,

In dreadful whirl shall roll along the coasts,

Shall thin the land of all the men it boasts,

|| And cram up ev'ry chink of hell with ghosts.

}
} So

* Your every answer still so ends in that,
You force me still to answer you Morat.

AURENG.

† Morat, Morat, Morat, you love the name.

Ibid.

‡ 'Here is a sentiment for the virtuous Huncamunca!' (says Mr. D—s), and yet, with the leave of this great man, the virtuous Panthea in Cyrus, hath an heart every whit as ample;

For two I must confess are gods to me,
Which is my Abradatus first, and thee.

CYRUS the Great.

Nor is the lady in Love Triumphant more reserv'd, though not so intelligible.

—I am so divided,
That I grieve most for both, and love both most.

|| A ridiculous supposition to any one who considers the great and extensive largeness of hell, says a commentator: but not so to those who consider the great expansion of immaterial substance. Mr.

Banks

* So have I seen, in some dark winter's day,
 A sudden storm rush down the sky's high-way,
 Sweep thro' the streets with terrible ding dong,
 Gush thro' the spouts, and wash whole crouds along.
 The crouded shops the thronging vermin skreen,
 Together cram the dirty and the clean,
 And not one shoe-boy in the street is seen.

Hunc. Oh, fatal rashness! should his fury slay
 My hapless bridegroom on his wedding day;
 I, who this morn of two chose which to wed,
 May go again this night alone to bed.
 † So have I seen some wild unsettled fool,
 Who had her choice of this and that joint-stool;

Banks makes one soul to be so expanded, that heaven could not contain it;

The heavens are all too narrow for her soul.

VIRTUE BETRAY'D.

The Persian Princess hath a passage not unlike the author of this;

We will send such shoals of murder'd slaves,
 Shall glut hell's empty regions.

This threatens to fill hell even tho' it was empty; Lord Grizzle, only to fill up the chinks, supposing the rest already full.

* Mr. Addison is generally thought to have had this simile in his eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third act of his Cato.

† This beautiful simile is founded on a proverb, which does honour to the English language;

Between two stools the breech falls to the ground.

I am not so well pleased with any written remains of the ancients, as with those little aphorisms which verbal tradition hath delivered down to us, under the title of Proverbs. It were to be wished, that instead of filling their pages with the fabulous theology of the pagans, our modern poets would think it worth their while to enrich their works with the proverbial sayings of their ancestors. Mr. Dryden hath chronicled one in heroick;

Two ifs scarce make one possibility.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

My lord Bacon is of opinion, that whatever is known of arts and sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of Solomon, I am of the same opinion in relation to those abovementioned: at least I am confident, that a more perfect system of ethicks, as well as æconomy, might be compiled out of them than is at present extant, either in the works of the ancient philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous ones of the modern divines.

To give the preference to either loth,
 And fondly coveting to sit on both :
 While the two stools her sitting part confound,
 Between 'em both fall squat upon the ground.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *King ARTHUR's Palace.*

* GHOST, *solus.*

HAIL! ye black horrors of midnight's midnight!
 Ye fairies, goblins, bats and screech-owls, hail!
 And Oh! ye mortal watchmen, whose hoarse throats
 Tb' immortal ghosts dread croakings counterfeit,
 All hail!—Ye dancing fantoms, who by day,
 Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in fire;
 Now play in church-yards, skipping o'er the graves,
 To the † loud musick of the silent bell,
 All hail!

* Of all the particulars in which the modern stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented as the great scarcity of ghosts. Whence this proceeds I will not presume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the moderns are unequal to that sublime language which a ghost ought to speak. One says, ludicrously, that ghosts are out of fashion; another, that they are proper for comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that Aristotle hath told us, that a ghost is the soul of tragedy; for so I render the *ψυχή ὁ μὲν τῆς τραγῳδίας*, which M. Dacier, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose misled by not understanding the Fabula of the Latins, which signifies a Ghost as well as Fable.

—“Te premet nox, fabulaque manes.”

HOR.

Of all the ghosts that have ever appeared on the stage, a very learned and judicious foreign critick gives the preference to this of our author. These are his words, speaking of this tragedy;

—“Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quam phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis spectris, quibuscum scæter Angelorum tragædia, longè (pace D—ysii V. Doctiss. dixerim) præstulerim.”

† We have already given instances of this figure.

SCENE

SCENE II.

KING and GHOST.

King. What noise is this—What villain dares
At this dread hour, with feet and voice profane,
Disturb our royal walls?

Ghost. One who defies
Thy empty power to hurt him; * one who dares
Walk in thy bed-chamber.

King. Presumptuous slave!
Thou diest.

Ghost. Threaten others with that word,
† I am a ghost, and am already dead.

King. Ye stars! 'tis well; were thy last hour to
come
This moment had been it; ‡ yet by thy shroud
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a bladder,
'Till thou dost groan thy nothingness away.
Thou fly'st! 'Tis well. [*Ghost retires.*]

* Almanzor reasons in the same manner;

———A ghost I'll be,
And from a ghost, you know, no place is free.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

† “The man who writ this wretched pun (says Mr. D.) would have picked your pocket:” which he proceeds to shew not only bad in itself, but doubly so on so solemn an occasion. And yet in that excellent play of Liberty Asserter, we find something very much resembling a pun in the mouth of a mistress, who is parting with the lover she is fond of;

Ul. Oh, mortal woe! one kiss, and then farewell.

Irene. The Gods have given to others to fare well.
O miserably must Irene fare.

Agamemnon, in the Victim, is full as facetious on the most solemn occasion, that of sacrificing his daughter;

Yes, daughter, yes; you will assist the priest;
Yes, your must offer up your—vows for Greece.

‡ I'll pull thee backwards by thy shroud to light,
Or else I'll squeeze thee, like a bladder, there,
And make thee groan thyself away to air.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Snatch me, ye Gods, this moment into nothing.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

I thought

* I thought what was the courage of a ghost !
 Yet, dare not, on thy life — Why say I that,
 Since life thou hast not ? — Dare not walk again
 Within these walls, on pain of the Red-sea.
 For, if henceforth I ever find you here,
 As sure, sure as a gun, I'll have thee laid —

Ghost. Were the Red-Sea a sea of Holland's gin,
 The liquor (when alive) whose very smell
 I did detest, did loath — yet, for the sake
 Of Thomas Thumb, I would be laid therein.

King. Ha ! said you ?

Ghost. Yes, my liege, I said Tom Thumb,
 Whose father's ghost I am — once not unknown
 To mighty Arthur. But, I see, 'tis true,
 The dearest friend, when dead, we all forget.

King. 'Tis he, it is the honest Gaffer Thumb.
 Oh ! let me press thee in my eager arms.
 Thou best of ghosts ! thou something more than ghost !

Ghost. Would I were something more, that we a-
 gain
 Might feel each other in the warm embrace.
 But now I have th' advantage of my King,
 † For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.

King. But say, ‡ thou dearest air, Oh ! say, what
 dread
 Important business sends thee back to earth ?

Ghost. Oh ! then prepare to hear — which, but
 to hear,

* So, art thou gone ? Thou canst no conquest boast.
 I thought what was the courage of a ghost.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

King Arthur seems to be as brave a fellow as Almanzor, who says
 most heroically,

————— In spite of ghosts I'll on.

† The ghost of Lausaria in Cyrus, is a plain copy of this, and
 is therefore worth reading.

Ah, Cyrus !

Thou may'st as well grasp water, or fleet air,
 As think of touching my immortal shade.

CYRUS THE GREAT.

‡ Thou better part of heavenly air.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

Is full enough to send thy spirit hence.
 Thy subjects up in arms, by Grizzle led,
 Will, ere the rosy-finger'd morn shall ope
 The shutters of the sky, before the gate
 Of this thy royal palace, swarming spread :
 * So have I seen the bees in clusters swarm,
 So have I seen the stars in frosty nights,
 So have I seen the sand in windy days,
 So have I seen the ghosts on Pluto's shore,
 So have I seen the flowers in spring arise,
 So have I seen the leaves in autumn fall,
 So have I seen the fruits in summer smile,
 So have I seen the snow in winter frown.

King. D——n all thou hast seen !——Dost thou,
 beneath the shape
 Of Gaffer Thumb, come hither to abuse me
 With similes to keep me on the rack ?

Hence——or, by all the torments of thy hell,
 † I'll run thee thro' the body, tho' thou'st none.

Ghost. Arthur, beware ; I must this moment hence,
 Not frightened by your voice, but by the cocks !
 Arthur beware, beware, beware, beware !
 Strive to avert thy yet impending fate ;
 For if thou'rt kill'd to-day,
 To-morrow all thy care will come too late.

S C E N E III.

KING, *solus.*

King. Oh ! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus !
 And whilst thou tellest me what's like my fate,
 Oh ! teach me how I may avert it too !
 Curst be the man who first a simile made !

* " A string of similes (says one) proper to be hung up in the cabinet of a prince."

† This passage has been understood several different ways by the commentators. For my part, I find it difficult to understand it at all. Mr. Dryden says,

I have heard something how two bodies meet,
 But how two souls join I know not.

So that till the body of a spirit be better understood, it will be difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

Curst

Curst ev'ry bard who writes ——— So have I seen
 Those whose comparisons are just and true,
 And those who liken things not like at all.
 The devil is happy, that the whole creation
 Can furnish out no simile to his fortune.

S C E N E IV.

KING, QUEEN.

Queen. What is the cause, my Arthur, that you
 steal

Thus silently from Dollallolla's breast?
 Why dost thou leave me in the * dark alone,
 When well thou know'st I am afraid of sprites?

King. Oh Dollallolla do not blame my love;
 I hop'd the fumes of last night's punch had laid
 Thy lovely eye-lids fast. ——— But Oh! I find
 There is no power in drams to quiet wives;
 Each morn, as the returning sun, they wake,
 And shine upon their husbands.

Queen. Think, Oh think!

What a surprise it must be to the sun,
 Rising, to find the vanish'd world away.
 What less can be the wretched wife's surprise
 When, stretching out her arms to fold thee fast,
 She fold her useless bolster in her arms.

† Think, think on that—Oh! think, think well on
 that!

I do remember also to have read
 ‡ In Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphosis,
 That Jove in form inanimate did lie
 With beauteous Danae; and trust me, love,
 || I fear'd the bolster might have been a Jove.

King.

* Cydaria is of the same fearful temper with Dollallolla.
 I never durst in darkness be alone.

IND. EMP.

† Think well of this, think that, think every way.

SOPHONISBA.

‡ These quotations are more usual in the comick, than in the
 tragick writers.

|| “ This distress (says Mr. D—) I must allow to be extremely
 beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous character of Dollal-
 lolla,

TOM THUMB THE GREAT. 131

King. Come to my arms, most virtuous of thy sex;
Oh, Dollallolla! were all wives like thee,
So many husbands never had worn horns.
Should Huncamunca of thy worth partake,
Tom Thumb indeed were blest—Oh fatal name!
For didst thou know one quarter what I know,
Then wouldst thou know—Alas! what thou wouldst
know!

Queen. What can I gather hence! Why dost thou
speak

Like men who carry raree-shows about?

“Now you shall see, gentlemen, what you shall see.”

☉ tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

S C E N E V.

KING, QUEEN, NOODLE,

Nood. Long life attend your Majesties serene,
Great Arthur, king, and Dollallolla, queen!
Lord Grizzle, with a bold rebellious crowd,
Advancing to the palace, threat'ning loud,
Unless the princess be deliver'd straight,
And the victorious Thumb, without his pate,
They are resolv'd to batter down the gate. }

S C E N E VI.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA,
NOODLE.

King. See where the princess comes? Where is
Tom Thumb!

Hunc. Oh! Sir, about an hour and half ago
He sallied out to encounter with the foe,
And swore, unless his fate had him misled,
From Grizzle's shoulders to cut off his head,
And serv't up with your chocolate in bed. }

King. 'Tis well, I find one devil told us both.
Come, Dollallolla, Huncamunca, come,
Within we'll wait for the victorious Thumb.

lolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest apprehension from the inanimate embrace of a bolster. An example worthy of imitation from all our writers of tragedy.”

In

In peace and safety we secure may stay,
 While to his arm we trust the bloody fray;
 Tho' men and giants should conspire with gods,
 * He is alone equal to all these odds.

Queen. He is, indeed, a † helmet to us all,
 While he supports we need not fear to fall;
 His arm dispatches all things to our wish,
 And serves up ev'ry foe's head in a dish.
 Void is the mistress of the house of care,
 While the good cook presents the bill of fare;
 Whether the cod, that northern king of fish,
 Or duck, or goose, or pig, adorn the dish,
 No fears the number of her guests afford,
 But at her hour she sees the dinner on the board.

S C E N E VII. *A Plain.*

Lord GRIZZLE, FOODLE, and Rebels.

Grizzle. Thus far our arms with victory are
 crown'd;

For

* "Credat Judæus Apella, Non ego——(says Mr. D.)——
 For, passing over the absurdity of being equal to odd, can we pos-
 sibly suppose a little insignificant fellow—I say again, a little insig-
 nificant fellow able to vie with a strength which all the Samsons and
 Hercules's of antiquity would be unable to encounter?"

I shall refer this incredulous critick to Mr. Dryden's defence of
 his *Almanzor*; and lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a
 few lines from the speech of a much braver fellow than *Almanzor*,
Mr. Johnson's Achilles;

Tho' human race rise in embattel'd hosts,
 To force her from my arms——Oh! son of Atreus!
 By that immortal pow'r, whose deathless spirit
 Informs this earth, I will oppose them all. VICTIM.

† "I have heard of being supported by a staff (says Mr. D.) but
 never of being supported by a helmet." I believe he never heard
 of sailing with wings, which he may read in no less a poet than Mr.
Dryden;

Unless we borrow wings, and sail thro' air.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

What will he say to a kneeling valley?

——— I'll stand

Like a safe valley, that low bends the knee
 To some aspiring mountain.

INJUR'D LOVE.

I am

For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found

* No enemy to fight withal.

Foodle. Yet I,

Methinks, would willingly avoid this day,

† This first of April to engage our foes

Griz. This day, of all the days of th' year I'd choose,

For on this day my grandmother was born.

Gods ! I will make Tom Thumb an April-fool ;

‡ Will teach his wit an errand it ne'er knew,

And send it post to the Elysian shades.

Food. I'm glad to find our army is so stout,
Nor does it move my wonder less than joy.

Griz. § What friends we have, and how we came so strong,

I'll softly tell you as we march along.

SCENE VIII. *Thunder and Lightning.*

TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, *cum suis.*

Thumb. Oh, Noodle ! hast thou seen a day like this ?

|| The unborn thunder rumbles o'er our heads,

I am ashamed of so ignorant a carper, who doth not know that an epithet in tragedy is very often no other than an expletive. Do not we read in the new Sophonisba of "grinding chains, blue plagues, white occasions, and blue serenity ?" Nay, it is not the adjective only, but sometimes half a sentence is put by way of expletive, as, "Beauty pointed high with spirit," in the same play—and, "in the lap of blessing, to be most curst," in the Revenge.

* A victory like that of Almanzor :

Almanzor is victorious without fight.

CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

† Well have we chose an happy day for fight,

For every man in course of time has found,

Some days are lucky, some unfortunate.

K. ARTHUR.

‡ We read of such another in Lee ;

Teach his rude wit a flight she never made,

And send her post to the Elysian shade.

GLORIANA.

§ These lines are copied verbatim in the Indian Emperor.

|| Unborn thunder rolling in a cloud. CONQ. OF GRANADA.

* As if the Gods meant to unhinge the world,
And heaven and earth in one confusion hurl;
Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring ball.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. What voice is this I hear?

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Again it calls.

Merl. Tom Thumb!

Glum. It calls again.

Thumb. Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.

Merl. Thou hast no cause to fear, I am thy friend.

Merlin by name, a conjurer by trade,
And to my art thou dost thy being owe.

Thumb. How!

Merl. Hear then the mystick getting of Tom
Thumb.

† His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow;
And yet the way to get a son,
This couple knew not how;
Until such time the good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him, in great distress,
In secret manner shows,
How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, tho' it may be
No bigger than his thumb:
Of which old Merlin was foretold,
That he his wish should have;
And so a son of stature small,
The charmer to him gave.

Thou'lt heard the past, look up and see the future.

* Were heaven and earth in wild confusion hurl'd,
Should the rash Gods unhinge the rolling world,
Undaunted would I tread the tott'ring ball.
Crush'd, but unconquer'd in the dreadful fall.

FEMALE WARRIOR.

† See the history of TOM THUMB, page, 2.

Thumb.

Thumb. * Lost in amazement's gulph my senses
See there, Glumdalca, see another † me!

Glum. O fight of horror! see, you are devour'd
By the expanded jaws of a red cow.

Merl. Let not these fights deter thy noble mind,
‡ For lo! a fight more glorious courts thy eyes;
See from afar a theatre arise;

There ages, yet unborn, shall tribute pay
To the heroick actions of this day:

Then buskin tragedy at length shall chuse
Thy name the best supporter of her muse.

Thumb. Enough, let every warlike musick sound,
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

S C E N E IX.

Lord GRIZZLE, FOODLE, Rebels, on one side
TOM THUMB, GLUMDALCA, on the other.

Food. At length the enemy advances nigh,
|| I hear them with my ear, and see them with my eye.

Griz. Draw all your swords; for liberty we fight,
§ And liberty the mustard is of life.

Thumb. Are you the man whom men fam'd Grizzle
name?

Griz.

* ——— Amazement swallows up my sense,
And in th' impetuous whirl of circling fate
Drinks down my reason. PERSIAN PRINCESS.

† ——— I have outfac'd myself,
What! am I two? is there another me. K. ARTHUR.

‡ The character of Merlin is wonderful throughout, but most so
in this prophetic part. We find several of these prophecies in the
tragick authors, who frequently take this opportunity to pay a com-
pliment to their country, and sometimes to their prince. None but
our author (who seems to have detested the least appearance of flat-
tery) would have past by such an opportunity of being a political
prophet.

|| I saw the villain, Myron, with these eyes I saw him,
BUSIRIS.

In both which places it is intimated, that it is sometimes possible to
see with other eyes than your own.

§ "This mustard (says Mr. D.) is enough to turn one's stomach:
I would be glad to know what idea the author had in his head when
M 2 he

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Griz. * Are you the much more fam'd Tom Thumb!

Thumb. The same.

Griz. Come on, our worth upon ourselves we'll prove;

For liberty I fight,

Thumb. And I for love.

[*A bloody engagement between the two armies here; drums beating, trumpets sounding, thunder and lightning.—They fight off and on several times. Some fall. Grizzle and Glumdalca remain.*]

Glum. Turn, coward, turn, nor from a woman fly.

Griz. Away—thou art too ignoble for my arm.

Glum. Have at thy heart.

Griz. Nay, then I thrust at thine.

Glum. You push too well; you've run me thro' the guts,

And I am dead.

Griz. Then there's an end of one.

Thumb. When thou art dead, then there's an end of two,

† Villain.

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Rebel!

Griz. Tom Thumb!

Thumb. Hell!

he wrote it. This will be, I believe, best explained by a line of Mr Dennis:

And gave him liberty, the salt of life.

LIBERTY ASSERTED.

The understanding that can digest the one, will not rise at the other.

* *Han.* Are you the chief, whom men fam'd Scipio call?

Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal?

HANNIBAL.

† Dr. Young seems to have copied this engagement in his *Busiris*.

Myr. Villain!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane.

Griz.

Griz Huncamunca !

Thumb. Thou hast it there.

Griz. Too sure I feel it.

Thumb. To hell then, like a rebel as you are,
And give my service to the rebels there.

Griz. Triumph not, Thumb, nor think thou shalt
enjoy

Thy Huncamunca undisturb'd : I'll send

* My ghost to fetch her to the other world :

† It shall but bait at heaven, and then return.

‡ But, ha ! I feel death rumbling in my brains,

§ Some kinder spright knocks softly at my soul,
And gently whispers it to haste away.

I come, I come, most willingly I come.

§ So when some city wife, for country air,

To Hampstead or to Highgate does repair ;

Her, to make haste, her husband does implore,

And cries, ' My dear, the coach is at the door.'

With equal wish, desirous to be gone,

She gets into the coach, and then she cries--' Drive on !'

Thumb. With those last words ** he vomited his
soul,

* This last speech of my Lord Grizzle hath been of great service
to our poets :

————— I'll hold it fast

As life, and when life's gone I'll hold this last ;

And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm dead,

I'll send my ghost, and fetch it back again,

CONQ. OF GRANADA.

† My soul should with such speed of ear,
It should not bait at heaven to stop its way.

Lee seems to have had this last in his eye :

'Twas not my purpose, Sir, to tarry there,
I would but go to heaven to take the air.

GLORIANA.

‡ A rising vapour rumbling in my brains.

CLEOMENES.

§ Some kind spright knocks softly at my soul,
To tell me fate's at hand.

§ Mr. Dryden seems to have had this simile in his eye, when he
says,

My soul is packing up, and just on wing.

CONQ. OF GRANADA.

** And in a purple vomit pour'd his soul.

CLEOMENES.

Which, * like whipt cream, the devil will swallow
down.

Bear off the body, and cut off the head,
Which I will to the king in triumph lug.
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to breakfast.

S C E N E X.

KING, QUEEN, HUNCAMUNCA, *and Courtiers.*

King. Open the prisons, set the wretched free,
And bid our treasurer disburse six pounds
To pay their debts.—— Let no one weep to-day.
Come, Dollallolla; † curse that odious name!
It is so long it asks an hour to speak it.
By heav'ns! I'll change it into Doll, or Loll,
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my tongue.--Come, sit thee down.
Here seated let us view the dancer's sports;
Bid 'em advance. This is the wedding-day
Of princess Huncamunca and Tom Thumb;
Tom Thumb! who wins two victories ‡ to-day,
And this way marches, bearing Grizzle's head.

A dance here.

Nood. Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!
Deaf be my ears, for ever blind my eyes!
Dumb be my tongue! feet lame! all senses lost!

* The devil swallows vulgar souls
Like whipt cream.

SEBASTIAN.

† How could I curse my name of Ptolemy!
It is so long it asks an hour to write it.
By heaven! I'll change it into Jove, or Mars!
Or any other civil monosyllable,
That will not tire my hand.

CLEOMENES.

‡ Here is a visible conjunction of two days into one, by which our
author may have either intended an emblem of a wedding, or to in-
sinuate, than men in the honey-moon are apt to imagine time shorter
than it is. It brings into my mind a passage in the comedy
called, the Coffee-House Politician;

We will celebrate this day at my house to-morrow.

Howl

* Howl wolves, grunt bears, hiss snakes, shriek all ye ghosts!

King. What does the blockhead mean?

Nood. I mean, my liege,

† Only to grace my tale with decent horror :
 Whilst from my garret, twice two stories high,
 I look'd abroad into the streets below;
 I saw Tom Thumb attended by the mob,
 Twice twenty shoe-boys, twice two dozen links,
 Chairmen and porters, hackney-coachmen, whores;
 Aloft he bore the grizly head of Grizzle;
 When of a sudden thro' the streets there came
 A cow, of larger than the usual size,
 And in a moment—guess, Oh! guess the rest!
 And in a moment swallow'd up Tom Thumb.

King. Shut up again the prisons, bid my treasurer
 Not give three farthings out—hang all the culprits,
 Guilty or not—no matter—Ravish virgins,
 Go bid the schoolmasters whip all their boys;
 Let lawyers, parsons, and physicians loose,
 To rob, impose on, and to kill the world.

Nood. Her majesty the queen is in a swoon.

Queen. Not so much in a swoon, but I have still
 Strength to reward the messenger of ill news.

[Kills Noodle.

Nood. Oh! I am slain.

Cle. My lover's kill'd, I will revenge him so.

[Kills the Queen.

Hunc. My mamma kill'd! vile murderers, beware.

[Kills Cleora.

Dood. This for an old grudge to thy heart.

[Kills Huncamunca.

Must. And this

I drive to thine, Oh Doodle! for a new one.

[Kills Doodle.

King. Ha! murderers vile, take that.

[Kills Mustacha.

* These beautiful phrases are all to be found in one single speech of King Arthur, or the British Worthy.

† I was but teaching him to grace his tale
 With decent horror.

CLEOMEN.

And

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* And take thou this. *[Kills himself, and falls.*
 So when the child whom nurse from danger guards,
 Sends Jack for mustard with a pack of cards,
 Kings, queens, and knaves, throw one another down,
 'Till the whole pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;
 So all our pack upon the floor is cast,
 And all I boast is—that I fall the last. *[Dies.*

* We may say with Dryden,

Death did at length so many slain forget,
 And left the tale, and took them by the great.

I know of no tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody catastrophe than Cleomenes, where the curtain covers five principal characters dead on the stage. These lines too,

I ask no question then, of who kill'd who?
 The bodies tell the story as they lie.

seem to have belonged more properly to this scene of our author.—Nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too seem beholden to this scene;

We're now a chain of lovers link'd in death;
 Julia goes first, Gonzalvo hangs on her,
 And Angelina hangs upon Gonzalvo,
 As I on Angelina.

No scene, I believe, ever received greater honours than this. It was applauded by several Encores, a word very unusual in tragedy.—And it was very difficult for the actors to escape without a second slaughter. This I take to be a lively assurance of that fierce spirit of liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. Dryden, in his Essay on Dramatic poetry, hath observed.—“Whether custom (says he) hath so insinuated itself into our countrymen, or nature hath so formed them to fierceness, I know not; but they will scarcely suffer combats, and other objects of horror to be taken from them.”—And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this martial disposition: nor do I believe our victories over the French have been owing to any thing more than to these bloody spectacles daily exhibited in our tragedies, of which the French stage is so entirely clear.

THE

T H E
L E T T E R - W R I T E R S ;

O R, A
N E W W A Y T O K E E P A W I F E A T H O M E .

A F A R C E ,

I N T H R E E A C T S .

F i r s t a c t e d i n 1731.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

RAKEL,
COMMONS,
Mr. WISDOM,
Mr. SOFTLY,
RISQUE,
JOHN,
SNEAKSBY,

Mr. LACY.
Mr. MULLART.
Mr. JONES.
Mr. HALLAM.
Mr. REYNOLD.
Mr. WATHAM.
Mr. DAVENPORT.

W O M E N.

Mrs. WISDOM,
Mrs. SOFTLY,
BETTY,

Mrs. LACY.
Mrs. MULLART.
Mrs. STOKES.

Constables, Whores, Fiddlers, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *the Street.*

A
NEW WAY

S C E N E, *The Street.*

RAKEL, [*reading a Letter.*]

“ SIR,
 “ **Y**OUR late behaviour hath determined me
 “ never to see you more; if you get entrance
 “ into this house for the future, it will not be
 “ by my consent; for I desire you would henceforth
 “ imagine there never was any acquaintance between
 “ you and LUCRETIA SOFTLY.”

Risq. Ay, Sir, I am sure there is no good news in it, by the face of that jade Susan. I know by the countenance of the maid when the mistress is in good humour.

Rak. Well, may you meet with better success in the next expedition. Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Wisdom: I'll wait here till you return with an answer.

Risq. But, Sir——

Rak. Well, Sir?

Risq. This affair, Sir, may end in a blanketing, and that

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that is a danger I never love to run with an empty stomach.

Rak. Sirrah! if I were to be tossed myself, I would wish to be as empty as possible; but thou art such an epicure, thou art continually thinking on thy belly.

Risq. The reason of that is very plain, Sir; for I am continually hungry. Whilst I follow'd your honour's heels as a soldier, I expected no better fare; but since I have been promoted to the office of a pimp, I ought to live in another manner. Would it not vex a man to the heart to run about gnawing his nails like a starv'd skeleton, and see every day so many plump brethren of the same profession riding in their coaches.

Rak. Bring me but an answer to my wish, and then——

Risq. Don't promise me, Sir——for then I shall be sure of having nothing.——If you were but as like a great man in your riches, as you are in your promises, I should dine oftener by two or three days a week than I do now.

Rak. To your business. It is happy for the nation that this fellow run away from his master; for had he become an authorised attorney, he would have been a greater burden to the town he was quartered on than our whole regiment.

S C E N E II.

RAKEL, COMMONS.

Com. Captain Rakel, your servant.

Rak. Jack Commons!——My dear rake, welcome to town: how do all our friends at quarters?

Com. All in the old way. I left your two brother officers with two parsons and the mayor of the town as drunk as your drums.

Rak. Mr. Mayor, indeed, is a thorough honest fellow; and hath not, I believe, been sober since he was in the chair; he encourages that virtue as a magistrate, which he lives by as a publican.

Com. Very fine, faith! and if the mayor was a glazier, I suppose he would encourage breaking windows too.

Rak. But prithee, what hath brought thee to town?

Com. My own inclinations chiefly. I resolved to take one swing in the charming plains of iniquity; so I am come to take my leave of this delicious lewd place; of all the rakes and whores of my acquaintance,—to spend one happy month in the joys of wine and women, and then sneak down into the country, and go into orders.

Rak. Ha, ha, ha. And hast thou the impudence to pretend to a call?

Com. Ay, Sir; the usual call? I have the promise of a good living. Lookee, captain, my call of piety is much the same as yours of honour.—You will fight, and I shall pray, for the same reasons, I assure you.

Rak. If thy gown doth not rob thee of sincerity, thou wilt have one virtue under it at least.

Com. Ay, ay, sincerity is all that can be expected; that is the chief difference among men. All men have sins; but some hide them. Vice is as natural to us as our skins, and both would equally appear, if we had neither cloaths nor hypocrisy to cover them.

Rak. Thou art a fine promising holderforth, faith, and dost begin to preach in a most orthodox manner.

Com. Pox of preaching! will you go steal an act or two of the new tragedy?

Rak. Not I—I go to no tragedy—but the tragedy of Tom Thumb.

Com. The tragedy of Tom Thumb! what the devil is that?

Rak. Why, Sir, it is a tragedy that makes me laugh: and if your sermons will do as much, I shall be glad to make one of your audience.

Com. Will you to the tavern?

Rak. No, I am engaged.

Com. Engaged: then it must be to a bawdy-house, and I'll along with you.

Rak. Indeed, you cannot, my young levite; for mine is a private bawdy-house, and you will not be admitted, even tho' you had your gown on.

Com. If thy engagement be not pressing, thou shalt go along with me: I will introduce thee to a charming fine girl, a relation of mine.

Rak. Dost thou think me dull enough to undergo the ceremonies of being introduced by a relation to a modest woman?—Hast thou a mind to marry me to her?

Com. No, Sir, she is married already.—There are a brace of them, as fine women as you have seen, and both married to old husbands.

Rak. Nay, then they are worth my acquaintance, and some other time thou shalt introduce me to them.

Com. Nay, thou shalt go drink tea with one of them now—It is but just by—I dined there to-day, and my uncle is now gone abroad—Come, 'tis but two steps into the square here, at the first two lamps.

Rak. The first two lamps!

Com. Ay, no farther—Her husband's name is Wisdom.

Rak. By all that's unlucky, the very woman I have sent Risque to! *[Aside.]*

Com. Come, we'll go make her a visit now, and to-morrow I'll carry thee to my aunt Softly.

Rak. Another mistress of mine, by Lucifer. *[Aside.]*
Hast thou no more female relations in town?

Com. No more! Won't two serve your unreasonable appetite?

Rak. But thou seemest to be so free of them, I could wish thee, for the sake of the publick, related to all the beauties in Christendom. But, Jack, I hope these two aunts of thine are not ridgidly virtuous.

Com. Ha, ha, ha.—Do not I tell thee they are young and handsome, and that their husbands are old?

Rak. And thou wouldst not take it amiss if one were to dub an uncle of thine a cuckold.

Com. Harkee, Tom, if thou hast read as much as I, thou wouldst know that cuckold is no such term of reproach as it is imagined: half the great men in history are cuckolds on record. Take it amiss! ha, ha, ha. Why, my uncle himself will not; for the whole world knows he is a cuckold already.

Rak. How!

Com. Ay, Sir, when an old man goes publickly to church with a young woman, he proclaims that title loud enough. But come, will you to my aunt?

Rak.

Rak. You must excuse me now.

Com. When I make you such another offer, you shan't refuse it: I thought you would have postponed any business for a mistress.

Rak. But I am in pursuit of another mistress, one I am pre-engaged to.—Afterwards, Sir, I am at the service of your whole family

Com. Success attend your iniquity.—I'll enquire for you at the Tilt-yard. So, your servant.

Rak. Yours.—A very pretty fellow this—I find, if he should discover my amours, he is not likely to be any obstacle to them.

SCENE III.

RAKLEL, RISQUE.

Rak. So, Sir.

Risq. Sir, I have with great dexterity deliver'd your honour's letter, and with equal pleasure have brought you an answer.

Rak. [*Reads.*]

“ Be here at the time you mention, my husband is
“ luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness be
“ (as you say) entirely in the power of

ELISABETH WISDOM.”

Ay, now thou hast performed well indeed, and I'll give thee all the money I have in my pocket for an encouragement. Odso! I have but sixpence about me—here take, take this and be diligent.

Risq. Very fine encouragement truly! This it is to serve a poor, beggarly, lousy—If half this dexterity had been employ'd in the service of a great man, I had been a captain or a Middlesex justice long ago.—But I must tug along the empty portmanteau of this shabby no-pay ensign. Pox on't, what can a man expect who is but the rag-carrier of a rag-carrier?

SCENE IV.

Mrs. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Mrs. Wisd. Sure never any thing was so lucky for us as this threatening letter: while my husband ima-
N 2 gined.

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gined I should go abroad, he was almost continually at home; but now he thinks himself secure of my not venturing out, he is scarce ever with me.

Rak. How shall I requite this goodness which can make such a confinement easy for my sake?

Mrs. Wisd. The woman that thinks it worth her while to confine herself for her gallant, thinks herself sufficiently requited by his company.

Betty. [*Entering.*] Oh! Madam, here's my master come home: had he not quarrell'd with the footman at the door, he had certainly found you together.

Rak. What shall I do?

Mrs. Wisd. Step into this closet—quick, quick: what can have sent him home so soon?

S C E N E V.

Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear! you are better than your word now; this is kind indeed, to return so much earlier than your promise.

Mr. Wisd. Mr. Mortgageland hath disappointed me: I am afraid some body else hath taken him off my hands; so let some of the servants get me my night-gown and slippers, for I intend to stay at home all the evening.

Mrs. Wisd. Was ever such ill-luck!—they are both in my closet.—Lord, child, why will you put on that odious night-gown; indeed, it doth not become you—you don't look pretty in it, lovey, indeed you don't.

Mr. Wisd. Pshaw; it doth not become a wife to dislike her husband in any dress whatsoever.

Mrs. Wisd. Well, my dear, if you command, I will be always ready to obey—Betty, go fetch your master's night-gown out of my closet.—Take care you don't open the door too wide, lest you throw down a China basin that is just within it.

Mr. Wisd. Come, give me a kiss; you look very pretty to-night, you little wanton rogue.—Adod! I shall, I shall make thee amends for the pleasures you miss abroad.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wisd. So, you won't put the money where the rogues order you, and you'll have your poor wife murder'd to save twenty guineas.

Mr. Wisd. If you stay at home, you will not be murder'd, and I shall save many a twenty guineas.

Mrs. Wisd. But then I shall lose all my acquaintance by not returning their visits.

Mr. Wisd. Then I shall lose all my torments: and truly, if I owe this loss to the letter-writer, I am very much obliged to him. I would have tied a much larger purse to the knocker of my door to have kept it free from that rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, which continually thunder'd at it.

S C E N E VI.

Mr. SOFTLY, Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM.

Mr. Softly. Mr. Wisdom, your servant. Madam, I am your humble servant. A friend of yours, Mr. Wisdom, expects you at Tom's.

Mr. Wisd. Nay, if he be come, I must leave thee for one hour, my dear. So, take the key of my closet, and fetch me that bundle of parchment that lies in the bureau.

Mrs. Wisd. I will, my dear. — This is extremely lucky.

S C E N E VII.

Mr. WISDOM, Mr. SOFTLY.

Mr. Softly. Well: doth the plot succeed notably?

Mr. Wisd. To my wish. She hath not ventured to stir abroad since. This demand you have drawn upon my wife for twenty pounds, will be of more service to me, than a draught on the bank for so many hundreds.

Mr. Soft. I wish your threatening letter to my wife had met with the same success: but, alack! it hath a quite contrary effect. She swears, she'll go abroad the more now to shew her courage: but that she may not appear too rash, she hath put me to the expence of an additional footman; and, instead of staying at home, she carries all my blunderbusses abroad. —

Her coach, when she goes a visiting, looks like a general officer's going to a campaign.

Mr. Wisd. But if it came to that extremity, I would lock up my doors, and shut her in, on pretence of shutting rogues out.

Mr. Soft. But I cannot shut her companions out: I should have a regiment of women on my back for ill-using my wife, and have a sentence of cuckoldom pronounced against me at all the assemblies and visiting-days in town. If I could prevail by stratagem; well: but I am too certain of the enemy's strength to attempt the subduing her by force.

Mr. Wisd. Thank my stars, my wife is of another temper.

Mr. Soft. You will not take it ill, brother Wisdom: but your wife is not a woman of that spirit as mine is.

Mr. Wisd. No, Heaven be praised; for of all evil spirits, that of a woman surely is the worst.

Mr. Soft. Truly, it is a perfection that costs a man as much as it is worth.

Mr. Wisd. But what do you intend to do?

Mr. Soft. I know not. Something I must; for my house at present is like a garrison; I have continually guards mounting and dismounting, while I know of no enemy but my wife, and she's within.

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. SOFTLY, Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM.

Mrs. Wisd. Here are the parchments, my dear.

Mr. Wisd. You know the necessity of my engagement, and will excuse me.

Mr. Soft. No ceremony with me, brother.

Mr. Wisd. If you will stay with my wife till my return, she will be much obliged to you: you may entertain one another at picquet; you are no high player any more than she.

Mrs. Wisd. I shall be too hard for him; for I fancy he is a player much about your pitch, and you know I always get the better of you.

Mr.

Mr. Wisd. Well, well, to it, to it. I leave you together.

S C E N E IX.

Mr. SOFTLY, Mrs. WISDOM.

Mr. Soft. I am but a bad player, Madam; but to divert you.

Mrs. Wisd. How shall I get rid of him?— I am not much inclined to picquet at present, Mr. Softly.

Mr. Soft. Hum! very likely! any other game that you please —if I can play at it.

Mrs. Wisd. No, you can't play at it — for to be plain, I am obliged to write a letter into the country. I hope you'll excuse me.

Mr. Soft. Oh! dear sister! I will divert the time with one of these news-papers: ay, here's the Grubstreet Journal—An exceeding good paper this; and hath commonly a great deal of wit in it.

Mrs. Wisd. —But—I am the worst person in the world at writing: the least noise disturbs me.

Mr. Soft. I am as mute as a fish.

Mrs. Wisd. I know not how to express it, I am so ashamed of the humour.—But I cannot write whilst any one is in the room,

Mr. Soft. Hum! very probable! there is no accounting for some humours.—Well—you may trust me in the closet. This closet and I have been acquainted before now. *[Offers to go in.]*

Mrs. Wisd. By no means, I have a thing in that closet you must not see.

S C E N E X.

Mr. SOFTLY, Mrs. WISDOM, COMMONS.

Com. What, is not my uncle Wisdom returned yet?

Mrs. Wisd. I am surprised you should return, Sir, unless you have learnt more civility than you shewed at dinner to-day; your behaviour then seem'd very unfit for one who intends to put on that sacred habit you are design'd for.

Com. You may be as scurrilous as you please,
aunt:

aunt; it hath been always my resolution to see my relations as seldom as I can; and when I do see them, never to mind what they say.----I have been at your house too, uncle Softly, and have met with just such another reception there: but come, you and I will go drink one honest bottle together—I have not crack'd a bottle with you since I came to town.

Mrs. Wisd. For Heaven's sake, dear brother, do any thing to get him hence.

Mr. Soft. Well, nephew, as far as a pint goes.

Com. Ay, ay, a pint is the best introduction to a bottle.—Aunt, will you go with us?

Mrs. Wisd. Faugh! brute

Com. If you won't, you may let it alone.

Mr. Soft. Sister, your humble servant.

Mrs. Wisd. I'll take care to prevent all danger of a surprise [*locks the door*]—there.—Captain, captain, you may come out, the coast is clear.

S C E N E XI.

Mrs. WISDOM, RAKEL.

Rak. These husbands make the most confounded long visits.

Mrs. Wisd. Husbands! why I have had half a dozen visitants since he went away; I thought you had over-heard us.

Rak. Not I, truly; I have been entertaining myself with the Whole Duty of Man, at the other end of the close.

Mrs. Wisd. You are very unconcerned in danger, Captain.

Rak. Yes, Madam, danger is my profession; and these sort of dangers are so common to me, that they give me no surprise. I have declared war with the whole commonwealth of husbands ever since I arriv'd at years of discretion.

Mrs. Wisd. Rather with the wives, I'm afraid.

Rak. No, Madam; I always consider the wife as the town, and the husband as the enemy in possession of it. I am not for burning nor rasing where I go; but when I have driven the enemy out of his fortress,
I march

I march in the most gentle peaceable manner imaginable. So, Madam, if you please, we will walk into the closet together.

Mrs. Wisd. What, to read the Whole Duty of Man? Ha, ha, ha!

Rak. Ay, my angel! and you shall say I practise what I read.—[*Takes her in his arms, Mr. Wisdom knocks, she starts from him.*]

Mr. Wisd. [*Without.*] What have you shut yourselves in?

Rak. Ourselves! oh! the devil, doth he know I am here?

Mrs. Wisd. No, no, no; to your hole, quick, quick, quick.

Mr. Wisd. Why, child, Mr. Softly, don't you hear? what, have you play'd yourselves asleep?

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, are you there?

S C E N E XII.

Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. [*Entering.*] If we were not so nearly related. I should not like this locking up together. Heyday! where is my brother Softly?

Mrs. Wisd. Alas! my dear, my ungracious nephew hath been here, and taken him away to the tavern.

Mr. Wisd. Why will you suffer that fellow to come within my doors, when you know it is against my will?

Mrs. Wisd. Alas, child, I don't know how to shut your doors against your own relations.

Mr. Wisd. And what were you doing, hey? that you were lock'd in so close by yourself.

Mrs. Wisd. I was only saying a few prayers, my dear; but indeed these incendiaries run so in my head, I never think myself safe enough.

Mr. Wisd. Heaven bless the hour I first thought of putting them there. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Wisd. Well, Child, this is very good in you to come home so soon.

Mr. Wisd. I only call on you in my way to the city;

city; for I must speak to Alderman Longhorns before I sleep. I am sorry you lost brother Softly; he might have diverted you a little.

Mrs. Wisd. I can divert myself well enough in my closet for that matter.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, do so. Reading is an innocent and instructive diversion. I will be back with the utmost expedition. Is your closet lock'd, child? there are some papers in it which I must take with me.—

Mrs. Wisd. What shall I do?—Lud, my dear, I—I—have lost the key, I think.

Mr. Wisd. Then it must be broke open; for they are of the utmost consequence.—Nay, if you can't tell where you have laid it, I can't stay, the lock must be broke open; I'll call up one of the servants.

Mrs. Wisd. Nay, then, confidence assist me.—Here, here it is, child.—I have nothing but assurance to trust to; and I am resolv'd to exert the utmost.

[Opens the door, Rakel runs against him, throws him down; he looks on Mrs. Wisdom, she points to the door, and he runs out. Mrs. Wisdom shrieks.]

Mr. Wisd. Oh! I am murder'd.

Mrs. Wisd. The incendiaries are come. My dream is out, my dream is out.

Mr. Wisd. My horns are out.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! my dear, sure never any thing was so lucky as this stay of yours. Heaven knows what he would have done to me had I been alone.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, ay, my dear, I know what he would have done to you very well.

Mrs. Wisd. I hope you will be advis'd, and put the money where you are desired, before any thing worse happens.

Mr. Wisd. I shall put you out of doors before any thing worse happens.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear?

Mr. Wisd. My devil! come, come, confess, it is done already; am I one or no?

Mrs. Wisd. Are you what, my love?

Mr. Wisd. Am I a beast, a monster? a husband?

Mrs. Wisd. Defend me—sure the fright hath turn'd

turn'd your brain. Are you a husband? yes, I hope so, or what am I?

Mr. Wisd. Ah! crocodile! I know very well what sort of robber was here. Nay, perhaps, he was a robber, and you may have conspired together to rob me: I don't doubt but you was concern'd in writing the letter too. No one likelier to extort money from a man than his wife.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh! barbarous, cruel, inhuman aspersions!

Mr. Wisd. Is he a conjurer as well as a thief, and could he go through the key-hole? How came he into that closet? How came he into that closet, Madam, without your knowledge? Answer me that. Did he go through the door?

Mrs. Wisd. I swear by ———

Mr. Wisd. Hold, hold I don't question but you will swear through a thousand doors to get off.

Enter JOHN.

John. Oh! Sir, this moment, as I was walking in the yard, I spied a fellow offering to get in at my lady's closet window. ———

Mr. Wisd. How!

John. Dear, Sir, step but into the closet, you will find the window broke all to pieces.

Mr. Wisd. The villains! — John, take the candle and go in before me.

Mrs. Wisd. Miraculous fortune! Now will I stand it out that Rakel got in the same way. Sure it must have been the devil that hath broke these windows to encourage us to sin—by this delivery.—Oh! here comes my husband; it is my turn now to be angry, and his to ask pardon.

Mr. Wisd. John, do you watch carefully in the yard this night. I protest a man will shortly be safe no where.

Mrs. Wisd. Not when thieves get through key-holes.

Mr. Wisd. Come, I ask thy pardon; I am sorry I suspected thee: I will make thee amends. I will—I will stay at home this week with thee in spite of business:

ness: thou shalt tie me to thy girdle. Nay, do not take on thus, I will buy thy forgiveness. Here, here is a purse to put thy money in; and it shall not be long before I give thee some money to put in thy purse—you shall take the air every day in Hyde-Park, and I'll go with you for a guard: I vow you shall forgive me, I'll kiss you till you do.

Mrs. Wifd. You know the way to mollify me.

Mr. Wifd. Why, I was but in jest: I never thought you had any hand in the letter.

Mrs. Wifd. Did you not indeed?

Mr. Wifd. No, indeed; may I be worse than robb'd if I did.

Mrs. Wifd. Well, but don't jest so any more.

Mr. Wifd. I promise you:—but I must not lose a moment before I go into the city—

Mrs. Wifd. And will you leave me again to-night?

Mr. Wifd. You must excuse necessity, my dear.

Mrs. Wifd. My dear, I shall always obey your commands without any farther reason.

Mr. Wifd. What a happy man am I in a wife! If all women were but such blessings to their husbands as thou art, what a Heaven would matrimony be.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Street.*

RAKEL, and afterwards RISQUE.

RAKEL.

LOVE and war I find still require the same talents; to be unconcerned in danger, is absolutely necessary to both. I know not whether it was more lucky that I thought of this stratagem, or that I found Risque on the spot to execute it. I dare swear she will soon take the hint: nor do I see any other way she could possibly have come off.—So, rascal, what success.

Risq. I have broke the windows with a vengeance; I have made room enough for your honour to march

in at the head of a company of grenadiers, and all this without the least noise. But I hope the lady did not use your honour very ill, that her windows must be broken.

Rak. No, Mr. Inquisitive, I have done it for the lady's sake, to give her an opportunity of saying I broke in there; for when I was taken in the closet, I was obliged to bring her off by pretending myself a robber.

Risq. But if he should take you at your word, and prosecute you, who would bring your honour off?

Rak. No matter: it were better fifty such as I were hang'd, than one woman should lose her reputation. But as the closet was full of things of value, my touching none would sufficiently preserve me from any villainous imputation, should the worst happen.

Risq. I fancy, indeed, it would be no disgrace, to be thought to have stolen all you have in your pocket.

Rak. What's that you are muttering? Harkee, rascal, be sure not to go to bed: I shall not be at home till early in the morning—Now for my unkind mistress; I may have better success there than I found with my kind one.

How blest'd is a foldier while licenc'd to range,
How pleasant this whore for that to exchange!

Risq. Go thy ways, young Satan; the old gentleman himself cannot be much worse. Let me consider a little. My master doth not come home till morning, the closet is full of things of value, and I can very easily get into it.—Agad, and I'll have a trial. I am in no great danger of being caught in the fact; so if I bring off a good handsome booty—my master stands fair for being hang'd for it. Heyday! what the devil have we here.

SCENE II.

COMMONS, *with Whores and Musick*, RISQUE.

Com [*Sings*] Tol, lol de rol lol —Now am I Alexander the Great, and you my Statira and Roxana — You sons of whores, play me Alexander the Great's march.

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1 *Fid.* We don't know it, an't please your worship.

Com. Don't you? Why then—play me the Black Joke.

2 *Wh.* Play the White Joke; that's my favourite.

Com. Ay, ay, Black or White, they are all alike to me. [*Musick plays.*]

2 *Wh.* We had better go to the tavern, my dear; the justices of peace are so severe against us, we shall be taken up and sent to Bridewell.

Com. The justices be hang'd, they dare not attack a man of my quality. The moment they knew me to be a lord, they would let us all go again.

1 *Wh.* Nay, my dear, I ask your pardon! I did not know you were a lord.

Com. Yes, my dear, yes; my Lord Kilfob, that's my title, of the kingdom of Ireland.

Risq. [*Advancing.*] My Lord Kilfob, I am glad to see your honour in town.

Com. Ha! Ned Risque, give me thy hand, boy. Come, honest Risque, thou shalt go to the tavern with me, and I'll treat thee with a whore and a bottle of wine — But harkee. [*Whispers.*]

1 *Wh.* A lord and so familiar with this fellow! This is some clerk or apprentice strutting about with his master's sword on.

2 *Wh.* I fancy, Sukey, this is a sharper, and no coming-down cull.

1 *Wh.* Ay, damn him, he'll make us pope our unders for the reckoning: we'll not go with him.

Com. If thou canst lend me half a crown, do; the devil take me if I do not pay thee again to-morrow.

Risq. That I would with all my heart, but I have not one Souse, I assure you. — I am on business for my master, and in a great hurry. —

Com. Get thee gone for a good-for-nothing dog as thou art. Come, firrah, play on to the tavern.

2 *Wh.* I don't know what you mean, Sir; we are no company for such as you. —

Com. I own you are not fit company for a lord; — but no matter, several lords keep such company; and since I stoop to you —

1 *Wh.*

1 *Wh.* You stoop to us, scrub!

2 *Wh.* You a lord! you are some attorney's clerk, or a haberdasher's 'prentice.

1 *Wh.* Do you sit behind a desk, or stand behind a compter?

2 *Wh.* We're not for such as you, we'd have you to know, fellow.

Com. But I am for such as you —and that I'll make you know with a vengeance———whores, strumpets.

Whores. Murder, murder, robbery, murder.

Com. I'll scour you with a pox.

[*Beats them off, and returns.*]

2 *Fid.* I wish we were well rid of this chap; I wish we get any thing by him.

1 *Fid.* I wish we get off with a whole skin and a whole fiddle.

Com. I have paid you off, however.

1 *Fid.* I wish your honour would pay us off too; for we are obliged to play to some country dances.

Com. Are not you impudent dogs to ask any thing for such musick?—I'll not give you a soufe: you are a couple of wretched scrapers, and play ten degrees worse than the university waits. If you had your merit, you would have your fiddles broke about your heads.

1 *Fid.* Sir, you don't talk like a gentleman.

Com. Don't I, Sir? Why then I'll act like a gentleman. [*Draws.*] This is the way a man of honour pays debts, you dogs; I'll let out your own guns to make fiddle-strings of. A couple of cowardly dogs! run away from one. Blood! I have routed the whole army. Hannibal could have done no more. What pity it is such a brave fellow as I am should be made a parson of!

[*Link-boy crosses.*]

Here you son of a whore, come here. Are you the sun, or the moon, or one of the seven stars?

Link. Does your honour want a light, Sir?

Com. Want a light Sir! Ay, Sir. Do you take me for a Dissenter, you rascal? Do you think I carry my light within, firrah? I travel by an outward light. So lead on, you dog, and light me into darkness.

A soph he is immortal,
And never can decay;
For how should he return to dust
Who daily wets his clay?

S C E N E III.

RAKEL and Mrs. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Forget that letter: it was the effect of a sudden short liv'd anger which arose from a lasting love: jealousy is surely the strongest proof of that passion.

Rak. It is a proof I always wish to be without, if all my mistresses were as forward to believe my sincerity.

Mrs. Softly. All your mistresses! — Bravo.

Rak. I speak of you, Madam, in the plural number, as we do of kings, from my reverence; for if I have another mistress upon earth, may I be —

Mrs. Soft. Marry'd to her—which would be curse enough on both. But do not think, captain, that should I once discover my rival, it would give me any uneasiness; the suspicion of the falsehood raised my anger, but the knowledge of it would only move my contempt. Be assur'd I have not love enough to make me uneasy if I knew you were false: so hang jealousy, I will believe you true.

Rak. By all the transports we have felt together, by all the eager raptures which this very night hath witnessed to my passion — [Softly hems without.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! heaven! my husband is upon the stairs. —

Rak. A judgment fallen upon me before I had forsworn myself. — Have you no closet? no chimney?

Mrs. Soft. None, nor any way but this out of the room; he must see you — Say nothing, but bow, and observe me.

S C E N E IV.

Mr. SOFTLY, Mrs. SOFTLY, RAKEL.

Mr. Soft. Sure, never man was so put to it to get rid

rid of a troublesome companion.—Hey-day, what's here.

Mrs. Soft. Sir, I assure you, I am infinitely obliged to you, and so is my husband: I am sorry he is not at home to return you thanks.

[She courtesies all this time to him, who bows to her.]

Mr. Soft. What's the matter, child? what hath the gentleman done for me?

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear, I am glad you are come—The gentleman hath done a great deal for me, he hath guarded me home from the play. Indeed, my dear, I am infinitely obliged to the gentleman.

Mr. Soft. Ay, we are both infinitely oblig'd to him. Sir, I am your humble servant: I give you a great many thanks, Sir, for the civility you have conferr'd on my wife. I assure you, Sir, you never did a favour to any who will acknowledge it more.

Rak. The devil take me, if ever I did: I have been as civil to several wives; but thou art the first husband that ever thank'd me for it.

Mr. Soft. Sir, if you will partake of a small collation we have within, we shall think ourselves much honour'd in your company.

Rak. Sir, the honour would be on my side; but I am unhappily engag'd to sup with the Duke of Fleetstreet.

Mr. Soft. I hope, Sir, you will shortly give us some other opportunity to thank you.

Mrs. Soft. Pray, Sir, do not let it be long.

Mr. Soft. Sir, my doors will be always open to you.

Rak. All these acknowledgments for so small a gallantry make me ashamed: I was only fortunate in the occasion of doing what no young gentleman could have refused. However, Sir, I shall take the first opportunity to kiss your hands, and am your most obedient humble servant.—Not a step, Sir.

Mr. Soft. Sir, your most humble servant.

S C E N E V.

Mr. SOFTLY, Mrs. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. I protest one of the civilest gentlemen I ever saw.

Mrs. Soft. Most infinitely well-bred.

Mr. Soft. I have been making a visit to my neighbour Wisdom, where whom should I meet with but that unlucky rogue, my nephew Commons, who hath taken me to the tavern, and, I protest, almost fluster'd me.

Mrs. Soft. He was here just as you went out, and as rude as ever; but I gave him a sufficient rebuff: I fancy he'll scarce venture here again. And, indeed, my dear, he is so very scandalous, I wish you would not suffer him.

Mr. Soft. He will be settled in the country soon, and so we shall be rid of him quite. But, my dear, I have some news to tell you: my sister Wisdom hath receiv'd just such another letter as yours, threatening to murder her in her chair the first time she goes abroad, unless she lays twenty guineas under a stone. Indeed, she shews abundance of prudence on this occasion, by keeping at home: she doth not go abroad and frighten her poor husband, as you do.

Mrs. Soft. My sister Wisdom receiv'd such a letter! I am heartily glad you have told me of it; for I owe her a visit, and on this occasion it would be unpardonable to neglect a moment.---Who's there--- Order my chair this instant, and do you and the other footman take to your arms.

Mr. Soft. Why, you would not visit her at this time o'night.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! my dear! it is time enough; it is not yet ten. Oh! I would not for the world, when she will be sure too that I know it. My dear, your servant; I'll make but a short visit, and be back again before you can be set down to supper.

Mr. Soft. Was ever so unfortunate a wretch as I am! All my contrivances to keep her at home, do but send her abroad the more. But I have a virtuous wife,

Ora

how-

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however ; and truly virtuous women are so rare in this age one cannot pay too dear for her — Oh ! a virtuous wife is a most prodigious blessing.

SCENE VI. *Mr. WISDOM's House.*

RAKEL, *Mrs. WISDOM.*

Rak. To rally again the same night after such a rebuff, is, I think, madam, a sign of uncommon bravery.

Mrs. Wisd. What is it in me to lead you to that rally, captain, when I must share the chief part of the danger too ?

Rak. Why indeed, Madam, to send me word of this second retreat of your husband, was a kindness I know but one way how to thank you for ; and I will thank thee so heartily, my dear, dear lovely angel —

Betty. [*Entering.*] Oh ! Madam ! here's Mrs. Softly just coming up.

Rak. Mrs. Softly !

Mrs. Wisd. How came she to be let in ? Were not my orders, not at home ?

Betty. She said she knew you were at home, and would see you — She will be here this instant.

Rak. [*Offers to go into the closet.*] The door is lock'd.

Mrs. Wisd. And my husband hath the key. — It signifies not much if she sees you.

Rak. Oh ! Madam, I am tenderer of your reputation. — This table will hide me. [*Gets under it.*]

SCENE VII.

Mrs. WISDOM, Mrs. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Oh ! my dear, I am exceedingly concern'd to hear of your misfortune ; I ran away the very minute Mr. Softly brought me the news.

Mrs. Wisd. I am very much obliged to you, my dear.

Mrs. Soft. But I hope you are not frighten'd, my dear

Mrs. Wisd. It is impossible to avoid a little surprize on such an occasion.

Mrs.

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Mrs. Soft. Oh yes! a little surprize at first; but when one hath sufficient guards about one there can be no danger. Have you not heard that I receiv'd just such another letter about three days ago?

Mrs. Wisd. And venture abroad so late?

Mrs. Soft. Ha, ha, ha!—Have I not a vast deal of courage?

Mrs. Wisd. Indeed, I think so. I am sure I have not slept one wink these three nights.

Mrs. Soft. I have not slept much—for I was up two of them at a ball.

Mrs. Wisd. Why, you venture abroad as fearless as if no such thing had happen'd.

Mrs. Soft. It is only the expence of a footman or two the more; no one would stay at home for that, you know. Sure you don't intend to confine yourself any longer on this account. I would not stay at home three days, if I had receiv'd as many letters as go by the post in that time.

Mrs. Wisd. You have more courage than I: the apprehension of the danger with me would quite extinguish the pleasure.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! you cowardly creature, there is no pleasure without danger; but I thank heaven, my thoughts are always so full of the former, that I leave no room for any meditation on the latter,

S C E N E VIII.

Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM, Mrs. SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John I'll take my oath I saw him go in.

Mrs. Wisd. Bless me, my dear, what's the matter?

Mr. Wisd. Don't be frighten'd, child; this fellow hath seen the rogue that was here to-day get into the house again. Mr. Constable, that is the closet-door: you have the key; therefore, do you enter first, and we'll all follow you.

John. Ay, ay, let me alone; do you but lay hands on him, and I'll knock his brains out.

Mrs. Soft. Lud, sister, how you tremble! Take
example

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example by me, and don't be frighten'd.—Here,
John, Thomas, bring up your blunderbusses.

Mrs. Wisd. Support me, or I faint.

SCENE IX.

RISQUE, [*discover'd.*]

Const. You may as well submit, Sir, for we are too strong for you.

John. Confess, Sirrah! confess. How many are there of you?

Mr. Wisd. Search his pockets, Mr. Constable.

Mrs. Wisd. What do I see?

Mrs. Soft. Captain Rakel's man! } [*Aside.*

Mr. Wisd. It is sufficient! the goods are found upon him. Sirrah! confess your accomplices this moment; you have no other way to save your life than by becoming evidence against your gang.

John. Learn to betray your friends, sirrah! if you would rob like a gentleman and not be hang'd for it.

Mr. Wisd. And so, Sir, I suppose it was you that writ the threat'ning letter to my wife. Why don't you speak? You may as well confess; for you will be hang'd whether you confess or no.

Const. Would it not be your wisest way to impeach your companions? so you may not only save your life, but get rewarded for your roguery.

Mr. Wisd. Is the rascal dumb? We'll find ways to make him speak, I warrant you.

SCENE X.

To them, COMMONS, drunk and singing.

Com. Hey! uncle, what a pox do you keep open house at this time of night? Oons, I thought you used to sneak to bed at soberer hours.

Mr. Wisd. How often must I forbid you my house?

Com. Sir, you may forbid me as often as you please; when your door is open I shall never be able to pass by.

Mr. Wisd. You shall find a very warm reception.

Com. As warm as you please, for it is damn'd cold
with-

without. But come, where's your liquor? You do not entertain all this company without wine, I hope.—Why, what a pox are all these?—the militia!

Mr. Wisd. Sir, if you do not go out of my doors this instant, you shall be forc'd out.

Com. Damn your doors, Sir, and your tables too; I'll turn your house out o' doors, Sir.—

[*Overturns the table, and discovers Rakel.*]

SCENE XI.

Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM, Mrs. SOFTLY, RAKEL, RISQUE, CONSTABLE, SERVANTS.

John. More rogues! more rogues!

Const. I have him secure enough.

Mr. Wisd. This second visit, Sir, is exceeding kind. I suppose, Sir, this is the honest gentleman that conveys away the goods; we have stopped the goods, and shall convey you both to a proper habitation.

Rak. Damnation!

Mrs. Wisd. Ruin'd beyond retrieval.

Mrs. Soft. May I believe my eyes?

} [*Aside.*]

Mr. Wisd. [*To Risque.*] You will have but a short time to consider on't; so it were good for you to resolve on being an evidence, and save your own neck at the expence of his.

Risq. Well, Sir, if I must peach, I must, I think.

Mr. Wisd. [*To Rakel.*] Do you know this gentleman, Sir?

Rak. [*Aside.*] Confusion! what shall I do?

Const. How the rogues stare at one another! What, did you never see one another before?

Risq. Pox take him, I wish I had never seen him; I'm sure I am like to pay dear enough for his acquaintance.

Mr. Wisd. You have no other way to prevent it than by swearing against him.

Risq. Ay, ay, Sir. I'll swear against him; he brought me to this shame, so let him look to it. I never took these courses till I became acquainted with that highwayman

wayman there, who hath robb'd on all the roads of England.

Rak. Ha !

Const. And will you swear that this fellow wrote the letter to my master, to threaten to murder my lady whenever she went abroad ?

Risq. Ay, that I will ; I saw him write it with my own eyes.

Mr. Wisd. ——— You saw him write it ?

Risq. Yes, an't please your honour.

Mr. Wisd. I find this fellow will do our business without any other evidence. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Soft. Can this be possible ? [*Aside.*

Mr. Wisd. And so if my wife had ventured abroad, you had put your design in execution.

Risq. — She would have been murder'd the very first time, an't please your honour.

Mr. Wisd. See there now—Did I not advise you like a friend ? — In short, I know not when it will be safe for you to stir without your own doors.

Mrs. Wisd. And was I to have fallen by the hands of this gentleman ?

Risq. Yes, Madam ; he was to have murder'd your ladyship, and I was to have robb'd you.

Rak. Dog ! villain !

Risq. Don't give ill language, Tom ; I have often told you what your rogueries would come to. I told you, you would never leave off thieving but at the gallows.

Rak. Villain, be assur'd I will be reveng'd on thee.

Risq. I desire of your worship, that we may not be put together ; I do not care for such company.

Mr. Wisd. Mr. Constable, convey them to the round-house ; let them be kept separately, and in the morning you shall hear from me.

Rak. [*To Wisd.*] Sir, shall I beg to speak one word with you ?

Mr. Wisd. You are sure he has no arms about him, Mr. Constable ?

Const. No, Sir, he hath no arms about him, nor any thing else.

Rak. This prosecution will end in nothing but your

own shame; [*Apart to Wisd.*] so you had best set me at liberty. Be assured that I am not the person you take me for; my character will make it evident that my design was neither to rob nor to murder you: my crime, Sir, will appear to be such as (Heaven be praised) our laws do not hang a man for.—As for that fellow there, he is my servant; but how, or with what design he came here, I cannot tell.

Mr. Wisd. And is this what you have to say, Sir?

Risq. Don't believe a word he says, Sir; for he is one of the damndest liars that ever was hang'd: he'll tell you he kept a justice of peace for a servant, if you will believe him.

Mr. Wisd. He says he kept you as such.

Risq. Ay, there it is now. Art thou not a sad dog, Tom: But thou wilt pay for all thy rogueries shortly.

[*Wisdom points to the Constable.*]

Const. Come, bring them along; march, you poor beggarly rascal—you a rogue, and be damn'd to you, without a penny in your pocket.

S C E N E XII.

Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM, Mr. SOFTLY.

Mr. Wisd. Don't be frighten'd, my dear; while you are at home, you are in no danger. Sister Softly, I am sorry you find my family in such disorder.

Mrs. Soft. I am heartily sorry for your sake, dear brother; but Heaven knows how soon it may be our own fate; for I suppose you know we have receiv'd a letter too.

Mr. Wisd. We must find some way to break the neck of this trade. Here's my poor wife will not be able to stir abroad this winter.

Mrs. Soft. Not stir abroad this winter! Marry, forbid it; she hath staid at home longer already than I should have done, had the danger been ten times greater: I would rather lose my life than my liberty.—Where's the difference, whether one be lock'd up in one's own grave, or one's own house?—My soul is such an enemy to confinement, that if my body were confin'd, it would not stay in it.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! here's doctrine for my wife. May your body never enter my doors again, I pray Heaven. [*Aside*] But if you have no more fears for yourself, I hope you would have some for your husband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh! dear Sir, the wife who loves her husband as well as herself is an exceeding good Christian. That man must be a most unreasonable creature, who expects a woman to abstain from pleasures for his sake.

Mr. Wisd. Hoity-toity! I hope you'll allow that a woman ought to avoid some pleasures for the sake of her husband.

Mrs. Soft. Oh, certainly! ought no doubt on't. But to speak freely, I am afraid when once a woman's pleasures run counter to the interest of her husband; when once she finds greater pleasures abroad than at home, I am afraid all the threatening letters in Europe will not keep her from them.

Mr. Wisd. Oh lud! Oh lud!

Mrs. Soft. But to shew you that I am of a contrary opinion, I will leave the most agreeable company in the world to go home to my husband.—No ceremony.

Mr. Wisd. I will see you into your chair.

Mrs. Soft. Sister, your servant.

Mrs. Wisd. My dear, I am yours.—What shall I think! Rakel cannot be guilty of such villany. But then how came his servant here? He sent him to break the windows—and he exceeded his commission—It must be so—and what he hath said was only forg'd to excuse himself.

SCENE XIII.

Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. I wish you well home, Madam; and may you never come abroad again.—My dear, I am afraid she hath quite struck you dumb with surprize. This woman is a walking contagion, and ought not to be admitted into one's house. She is able to raise a universal conjugal rebellion in the nation.

Mrs. Wisd. Alas! my dear, I wish this affair had not happen'd. I vow, I feel a sort of pity for these poor

wretches, whom necessity hath driven to such courses. One of them seems so young too, that if he were forgiven perhaps he might amend.

Mr. Wifd. His method of robbing, perhaps, and the next time cut our throats.

Mrs. Wifd. Strict justice seems too rigorous in my opinion; and tho' it may be a womanish weakness, I could wish you would forgive them.

Mr. Wifd. Be assur'd, my love, it is a womanish weakness which makes you plead for the life of a young fellow. By the women's consent we should have no rogues hang'd till after they are forty.

Mrs. Wifd. In one so young, vice hath not so strong a root.

Mr. Wifd. You lie, my dear; vice hath often the strongest root in a young fellow. So, say no more, I am determin'd he shall be hang'd: I will go take my mess of sugar-sops, and to bed. In the morning early I will go to a justice of the peace.

Mrs. Wifd. But consider, my dear, will you not provoke the rest of the gang to revenge?

Mr. Wifd. Fear nothing, my dear.

While in your husband's arms you keep your treasure,

You're free from fear of hurt.

Mrs. Wifd. ———— or hope of pleasure.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An inner room in the Round-House.*

COMMONS, RAKEL.

COMMONS.

PRITHEE, Tom, forgive me.

Rak. Forgive thee! Death and damnation! dost thou insult my misfortunes! Dost thou think I am come to the tree, where I am to whine out of the world like a good christian, and forgive all my enemies. If thou wilt hear my last prayer, damn thee heartily, heartily.

Com.

Com. Amen, if I design'd thee any mischief.

Rak. Rat your designs; it is equal to me whether you design'd it or not; and I will forgive you and that rascal Risque at the same time.

Com. Nay, but dear Tom, why the danger is not so great as thou apprehendest: it will never be believed that thou didst intend to rob my uncle; thy reputation will prevent that.

Rak. But it will be believed that I intended to cuckold your uncle; my reputation will not prevent that: and I would rather sacrifice the world than my mistress—Oons! I believe thou didst intend to discover me, to save the virtue of thy aunt.

Com. To save the devil! You should lie with all my aunts, or with my mother and sisters: nay, I will carry a letter for you to any of them.

Rak. Carry a letter! if thou wilt get me two letters that were taken out of my pocket when I was search'd, I will forgive thee—It is in vain to keep it a secret. Your uncle Wisdom hath in his possession a letter from each of your aunts, which unless we get back, must ruin them both.

Com. But I suppose he hath read them already.

Rak. Then they are ruin'd already.

Com. Prithee, what are the letters?

Rak. I believe, Sir, you may guess what business is between them and me.

Com. Harkee, Tom—There is no smut in them.

Rak. There is nothing more in them than from the one an invitation to come and see her, and from the other a very civil message that she will never see my face again.

Const. [*Enters*] Captain, you must go before the justice. As for you, Sir, you have your liberty to go where you please. I hope you will be as good as your word, and remember to buy your stockings at my shop; for if I had not persuaded the gentleman to make up the affair, you might have gone before the justice too.

Com. Mr. Constable, I am oblig'd to you: and the next time you take me up, I hope I shall have more

money in my pocket. Come, noble captain, be not dejected; I'll stand by thee, whatever be the consequence — Mr. Constable, we'll wait on you immediately. — Harkee, I have a thought just risen may bring the ladies off in the easiest manner imaginable.

Rak. What hath the devil inspir'd thee with?

Com. Suppose now I should swear that I forg'd their hands. Luckily for the purpose I have had a quarrel this very day with my uncle Wisdom, and another with my aunt Softly: so that we may persuade the old gentleman that I sent the letters to you in order to be reveng'd on them. Now, if we could persuade them this.

Rak. Which we might, if they were as ready to believe any thing as thou art to swear any thing; but as the case happeneth to be quite contrary, thy stratagem is good for nothing; so fare you well. Nothing will prosper with me whilst I keep such a wicked fellow company.

Com. The invitation must be from my aunt Wisdom by his being there — Odd, if there be no direction, it may do — Thou art such a dear wicked dog, I cannot leave thee in the lurch.

S C E N E II.

Mr. WISDOM, Mrs. WISDOM.

Mr. Wisd. Pray, no more of your good-nature, my dear. It is a very good-natur'd thing truly to save one rogue's throat, that he may cut twenty honest people's. The good-nature of women is as furious as their ill-nature; they would save or destroy, without distinction. But by this time I suppose my brother Softly is ready. So, child, good-morrow.

Mrs. Wisd. Nay, my dear, I dare not trust myself even in my own house without you, now you have provok'd the gang. So, if you are determin'd to go, you shall carry me to return my sister's visit.

Mr. Wisd. Indeed, my dear, I will carry you to a masquerade as soon. No, no; no more visiting there. If my sister's husband's brother marries a bad woman, she shall not spoil my wife; I'll carry you to no such lectures.

lectures. She will teach you more naughtiness in half an hour, than half a dozen modern comedies; nay, than the lewd epilogues to as many modern tragedies.

Mrs. Wisd. Which you never suffer me to go to, tho' you seldom miss yourself.

Mr. Wisd. Well, I must not lose a moment; good-morrow.

Mrs. Wisd. So you leave me behind to be murder'd.

Mr. Wisd. You'll come to no harm, I warrant you.

Mrs. Wisd. I cannot think that, when I know what you are going upon. If this generous creature should have honour enough to preserve my reputation, shall I suffer him to preserve it at the expence of a life which was dearer to me than fame before, and by such an instance of honour will become still more precious. No, should it come to that, I will give up my honour to preserve my lover, and will be myself the witness to his innocence. — Who's there?

SCENE III.

Mrs. WISDOM, BETTY.

Mrs. Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. Madam!

Mrs. Wisd. Call a chair.

Bet. And is your ladyship resolv'd to venture abroad?

Mrs. Wisd. I begin to laugh at the danger I apprehended. But, however, that I may not be too bold, order the footman to take a blunderbuss with him: and, d'ee hear, order him to hire chairmen, and arm them with muskets. I am resolv'd to pluck up a spirit, Betty, and shew my husband that I am like other women.

Bet. I am heartily glad to see your ladyship hath so much courage: I always lik'd those families the best, where the ladies govern'd the most. Where ladies govern there are secrets, and where there are secrets there are vails. — I liv'd with a lady once who used to

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give her clothes away every month, and her husband durst not oppose it

Mrs. Wisd. Go, do as I bid you in a moment I have no time to lose; I will but put on my mantle and be ready.

S C E N E IV. *Mr. SOFTLY's House.*

Mrs. SOFTLY, [alone.]

Mrs. Soft. That he should convey himself under her table without her knowledge, is something difficult to believe. Nor can I imagine any necessities capable of driving him to so abandon'd a course. Her concern seem'd to have another cause than fear. Besides, I remember when we were at the masquerade together, he talked to her near an hour; and if I mistake not, she was so pleas'd with his conversation, that she gave him encouragements which he was unlikely to have mistaken — It must be so—whatever was his design, she was privy to it. He is false, and so adieu, good captain.

S C E N E V.

Mr. SOFTLY, Mrs. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. My dear, your servant: no news of my brother Wisdom yet? I have been considering how lucky it is that ours was not the house attack'd—we might not so happily have discover'd it. (Poor fool, how little she suspects who the incendiaries were.)

Mrs. Soft. Heaven send the gang be quite broke; I shall be oblig'd to make more servants mount the guard now whenever I go out.

Mr. Soft. It would be much more adviseable for you to stay at home, and then no one need mount guard upon you but your husband.

Mrs. Soft. Never name it, I am no more safe at home than abroad; for if the rogues should set our house on fire, I am sure no one would wish to be in it.

Mr. Soft. Still my arguments retort upon me, and like food to ill blood promote the disease, not the cure. Well, my dear, take your swing, I'll give you no more
of

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of my advice — and I heartily wish you may never stay at home.

Mrs. Soft. Why do you wish so?

Mr. Soft. Because I am sure you must be lam'd first.

Mrs. Soft. Why indeed, my dear, I think no one would stay at home who had legs to go abroad.

Mr. Soft. Truly, my dear, if I was sure she would have staid at home, I would have chosen a wife without legs before the finest legg'd woman in the universe; but she who can't walk will be carry'd. I have no need to complain of your legs, for they seldom carry you farther than your own door. And truly, my dear, reckoning the number of your attendants, you go abroad now upon a dozen legs.

Servant. [Enters.] Sir, Mr. Wisdom to wait on your worship.

Mr. Soft. Shew him up:—Will you stay and hear the trial?

Mrs. Soft. No, I have other business; by that time I am dress'd, I expect a lady to call on me to go to another trial; I mean the rehearsal of the new opera.

S C E N E VI.

Mr. WISDOM, Mr. SOFTLY.

Mr. Soft. Brother Wisdom, your servant: my wife tells me you have made a discovery of the incendiaries. Ha, ha, ha! she little thinks who wrote the letters.

Mr. Wisd. No, nor do you think who will appear to have written them.

Mr. Soft. I hope we shall not appear to have written them.

Mr. Wisd. No, no. One of the fellows I have in custody offers to swear it on the other.

Mr. Soft. How! but you know we cannot admit of such a testimony, whereof we know the falsehood.

Mr. Wisd. And what then? you don't take the false oath, do you? Are you to answer for the sins of another?

Mr.

Mr. Soft. But will not the other circumstances do without that of the letter?

Mr. Wisd. Yes, they will do to hang him; but will not have the same terror on our wives.

Mr. Soft. I am glad of it with all my heart; I am sure I have severely paid for all the terrors I have given my wife: if I could bring her to be only as bad as she was before, I should think myself entirely happy. In short, brother, I have found by woful experience, that mending our wives is like mending our constitutions, when often after all our pains we would be glad to return to our former state.

Mr. Wisd. Well brother, if it be so, I have no reason to repent having been a valetudinarian.—But let me tell you, brother, you do not know how to govern a wife.

Mr. Soft. And let me tell you, brother, you do not know what it is to have a woman of spirit to govern.

Mr. Wisd. A fig for her spirit, I know what it is to have a virtuous wife; and perhaps I am the only man in town that knows what it is to keep a wife at home.

Mr. Soft. Brother, do not upbraid me with my wife's going abroad: if she doth, it is in the best company. And for virtue—for that, Sir, my wife's name is Lucretia——Lucretia the second; and I don't question but she's as chaste as the first was.

Mr. Wisd. Ay, ay, and I believe so too.——But don't let the squeamishness of your conscience put a stop to my success: And let me tell you, if you are not advantaged by the stratagem, you will be disadvantaged by the discovery; for if you put such a secret into your wife's bosom, let me tell you, you are not Solomon the second.

S C E N E VII.

Mr. WISDOM, Mr. SOFTLY, CONSTABLE, RAKEL, RISQUE, CLERK, SERVANTS.

Servant. Sir, here is a constable with some prisoners.

Mr.

Mr. Soft. Bring them in. Brother Wisdom, I will stretch both law and conscience as wide as possible to serve you.

Const. Come, gentlemen, walk in and take your places.

Mr. Soft. Are these the two fellows, Mr. Constable, that you found last night broke into Mr. Wisdom's house?

Const. Yes, an't please your worship

Risq. We are the two rogues, an't please your worship

Mr. Wisd. This fellow is to be admitted evidence against the other.

Risq. Yes, I am evidence for the king.

Mr. Soft. Where is my clerk? Mr. Sneaksby, let that fellow be sworn.

Risq. May it please your worship, I have a sort of scruple of conscience; I have been told that you are apter to hire rogues to swear against one another, than to pay them for it when they have done it. Therefore, supposing it to be all the same case with your worship, I should be glad to be paid beforehand.

Mr. Soft. What does the simple fellow mean?

Mr. Wisd. Perhaps we shall not want his evidence; here are some papers which were found in the other's pocket. I have open'd one of them only, which I find to contain the whole method of their conspiracy.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Sneaksby, read these papers.

Sneaks. [reads.] 'To ensign Rakel. Parole Plunder.'

Mr. Wisd. Plunder's the word, agad!

Sneaks. 'For the guard to-morrow, ensign Rakel, two serjeants, two corporals, one drum, and six and thirty men.'

Mr. Soft. Why, the rogues are incorporated, they are regimented ——— we shall shortly have a standing army of rogues as well as of soldiers.

Mr. Wisd. Six and thirty rogues about the town to-day: Mr. Softly, we must look to our houses, I expect to hear of several fires and murders before night.

Mr. Soft. Truly, brother Wisdom, I fear it will
be

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be necessary to keep the city train'd-bands continually under arms.

Mr. Wifd. They won't do, Sir; they won't do. Six and thirty of these bloody fellows would beat them all.---Sir, six and thirty of these rogues would require at least one hundred of the foot-guards to cope with them.

Mr. Soft. Mr. Sneaksby read on, we shall make farther discoveries I'll engage.

Sneaks. Here's a woman's hand, may it please your worship.

Mr. Soft. Read it, read it. There are women robbers as well as men.

Sneaks. [*Reads.*] ' Be here at the time you mention, my husband is luckily out of the way. I wish your happiness be, as you say, entirely in the power of

ELIZABETH WISDOM.

Mr. Wifd. What's that? Who's that?

Sneaks. Elizabeth Wisdom.

Mr. Wifd. [*Snatches the letter.*] By all the plagues of hell, my wife's own hand too.

Mr. Soft. I always thought she would be discover'd one time or other, to be no better than she should be. [*Aside.*]

Mr. Wifd. I am confounded, amazed, speechless.

Mr. Soft. What's the matter, brother Wisdom? Sure your wife doth not hold correspondence with these people; your wife! that durst not go abroad for fear of them; who is the only wife in town that her husband can keep at home.

Mr. Wifd. Blood and furies, I shall become the jest of the town.

Sneaks. May it please your Worship, here is one letter more, in a woman's hand too.

Mr. Soft. The same woman's hand, I warrant you.

Sneaks. [*Reads.*] ' Sir, your late behaviour hath determined me never to see you more: if you get entrance into this house for the future, it will not be by my consent; for I desire you would henceforth imagine there never was any acquaintance between you and

LUCRETIA SOFTLY.'

Mr.

Mr. Wisd. Ha !

Mr. Soft. Lucretia softly !-----Give me the letter ----Brother Wisdom, this is some counterfeit.

Mr. Wisd. It must be so. Sure it cannot come from Lucretia the second ; she that is as chaste as the first Lucretia was.---She correspond with such as these, who never goes out of doors but to the best company in town !

Mr. Soft. 'Tis impossible !

Mr. Wisd. You may think so ; but I who understand women better, will not be so easily satisfy'd. —I'll go fetch my wife hither, and if she doth not acquit herself in the plainest manner, brother Softly, you shall commit her and her rogues together.----Ha ! What do I see ? An apparition !

SCENE VIII.

To them, Mrs. WISDOM, guarded.

Mrs. Wisd. Let the rest of my guards stay without
——My dear, your servant.

Mr. Wisd. This must be some delusion, this can't be real.

Mrs. Wisd. I see you are surpris'd at my courage, my dear ; but don't think I have ventur'd hither alone, I have a whole regiment of guards with me.

Mr. Wisd. You have a whole regiment of devils with you, my dear.

Mrs. Wisd. Ha, ha, ha.

SCENE IX.

To them, Mrs. SOFTLY.

Mrs. Soft. Joy of your coming abroad, sister Wisdom ; I flew to meet you the moment my servants brought me the agreeable news you were here.

Mrs. Wisd. I am extremely oblig'd to you, Madam ; but I with this surprise may have no ill effect on poor Mr. Wisdom ; he looks as if he had seen an apparition.

Mrs. Soft. Nay, it will be a great surprise to all
your



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your acquaintance ; you must have made an hundred visits before it will be believ'd.

Mrs. Wisd. Oh ! my dear, I intend to make almost as many before I go home again.

Mr. Wisd. Plagues and furies !

Mr. Soft. I fancy, brother Wisdom, you begin to be as weary of the letter project as myself.

Mr. Wisd. Harkee you, crocodile----devil ! come here, do you know this hand ? [Softly *shows*

Mrs. Softly her letter at the same time.

Mrs. Wisd. ----- Ha ! [Starts.

Mr. Wisd. You counterfeited your fear bravely ; you were much terrify'd with the thoughts of the enemy, while you kept a private correspondence with him.

SCENE the last.

To them, COMMONS.

Com. So uncles, I see you take turns to keep the rendezvous. Uncle Wisdom, I hope you are not angry with me for what I said last night. When a man is drunk, you know his reason is not sober ; and when his reason is not sober, a man that acts according to his reason cannot act soberly. There's logick for you, uncle ; you see I have not forgotten all my university learning.

Mr. Wisd. I shall take another opportunity, Sir, to talk with you.

Com. Well, aunt Wisdom, I hope you will reconcile my uncle to me ; I should have waited on you last night, according to your invitation, when my uncle was abroad, but I was engag'd. I receiv'd your letter too, Madam.

Mrs. Soft. My letter, brute !

Com. Yes, madam ; did you not send me a letter last night that you would never see my face again, desiring me to forget that I had ever any acquaintance with you : nay, I think you may be ashamed to own it ; here's a good-natur'd woman that tries to make up all differences between relations. ----- Ha ! what do I see ! captain Rakel.

Rak. You see a man who is justly punished by the shame he now suffereth for the injury he hath done you. Those two letters you mention, I took last night from your bureau, which you accidentally left open: and fir'd with the praises which you have so often and so justly bestow'd on this lady, I took that opportunity, when she told me her husband would be absent, to convey myself thro' the window into the closet. What follow'd, I need not mention any more than what I design'd.

Com. Rob my bureau, Sir!

Rak. Nay, dear Jack, forgive me; these ladies have the greatest reason to be offended, since the letters being found in my pockets, had like to have caused some suspicions which would not have been to their advantage.

Mrs. Wisd. Excellent creature!

Rak. But, gentlemen, if you please to look at these letters, you will find they are not directed to me.

Mrs. Wisd. They have no direction at all.

Mr. Soft. I told you, brother—my wife could not be guilty.

Mr. Wisd. I am heartily glad to find mine is not—you see, Madam, what your disobedience to my orders had like to have occasion'd.—How often have I strictly commanded you never to write to that fellow?

Mrs. Wisd. His carelessness hath cured me for the future.

Mr. Wisd. And so, Sir, you keep company with highway-men, do you?

Com. What do you mean, Sir?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, you will know when your acquaintance is sent to Newgate.—Brother Softly, I desire you would order a Mittimus for these fellows instantly.

Com. A Mittimus! for whom?

Mr. Wisd. For these honest gentlemen, your acquaintance, who broke into my house.

Com. Do you know, Sir, that this gentleman is an officer of the army?

Mr. Wisd. Sir, it is equal to me what he is. If

he be an officer, he only proves that a rogue may be under a red coat, and very shortly you will prove that a rogue may be under a black one.

Com. Why, Sir, you will make yourselves ridiculous, that will be all you will get by it. I'll be the captain's witness, he had no ill design on your house.

Mr. Wisd. And I suppose, Sir, you will be his witness that he did not write the letter threatning to murder my wife.

Mrs. Soft. That I will. If any one be convicted as an incendiary, I am afraid it will go hard with you two.—I over-heard your fine plot.—Sister Wisdom, do you know this hand.—This is the threatning letter ?
[*Shewing a letter.*]

Mrs. Wisd. Sure it cannot be my husband's.

Mrs. Soft. As surely as that which you receiv'd was written by mine.

Mrs. Wisd. Amazement ! What can it mean ?

Mrs. Soft. Only a new way to keep a wife at home ; which, I dare swear, mine heartily repents of.

Mr. Soft. Ay, that I do indeed.

Mrs. Wisd. And is it possible that these terrible threatning letters can have come from our own dear husbands ?

Mrs. Soft. From those very hands that should defend us against all our enemies.

Mr. Soft. — Come, brother Wisdom,—I see we are fairly detected ; we had as good plead guilty, and sue for mercy. I assure you, my dear, I shall think myself very happy if you will return to your old way of living, and go abroad just as you did before this happen'd.

Mr. Wisd. Truly I believe it would have been soon my interest to have made the same bargain.

Mrs. Soft. Lookee, my dear, as for the blunderbusses, I agree to leave them at home : but I am resolv'd not to part with the additional footman : he must remain as a sort of monument of my victory.

Mr. Soft. Well, brother Wisdom, what shall be done with the prisoner ? This fellow's oath will have no great weight in a court of justice.

Mr. Wisd. Do just what you will ; I am so glad and sorry,

sorry, pleas'd and displeas'd, that I am almost out of my senses.

Rak. I told you how the prosecution would end. Upon my honour, Sir, I had no design upon any thing that belongs to you, but your wife.

Mr. Wisd. Your very humble servant, Sir. I do believe you by the emptiness of your pockets; but this gentleman seem'd to have some other design by the fulness of his.

Mr. Soft. With what conscience, firrah, did you presume to take a false oath?

Risq. With the same, Mr. Justice, that you would have receiv'd it, when you knew it to be false. Lookee, gentlemen, you had best hold your tongues, or I shall become evidence for the king against you both. As for my master, he, I hope, will forgive me; for I only intended to get the reward, and then I would have sworn all back again.—Sir, if your honour doth not forgive me, I'll confess that I brought you the letters from the ladies, and spoil all yet.

Rak. By your amendment, I know not what I may be brought to do——till I get you to the regiment.

Com. Well, uncle Wisdom, you are not angry, are you?

Mrs. Wisd. Let me intercede, my dear.

Mr. Wisd. You are always interceding for him; I wish his own good behaviour would. I think, for the sake of religion, I will buy him what he desires, a commission in the army; and then the sooner he is knock'd in the head the better.

Rak. Well, brother, if thou dost come among us, it may be some time or other in my power to make thee reparation.—But to you, Madam, I never shall be able to give any satisfaction for my bold designs against your virtue.

Mrs. Wisd. Unless by desisting for the future.

Mrs. Soft. Be assured, if my sister forgives you the injury you intended her, I never will.

Mr. Soft. Come, come, my dear, you must be of a more forgiving temper; and since matters are like to be amicably adjusted, you shall entertain the

company at breakfast, and we will laugh away the frolick.

Rak. Pray, ladies, let me give you this advice : If you ever should write a love-letter, never sign your name to it.—And, gentlemen, that you may prevent it—think not by any force or sinister stratagem to imprison your wives. The laws of England are too generous to permit the one, and the ladies are generally too cunning to be outwitted by the other.—But let this be your maxim,

Those wives for pleasures very seldom roam,
Whose husbands bring substantial pleasures home.

THE

T H E
GRUB-STREET OPERA.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

By SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.

SING. NOM.	Hic, hæc, hoc.	
GEN.	Hujus.	
DAT.	Huic.	
ACCUS.	Hunc, hanc, hoc.	
VOC.	Caret.	I. I. L. Gram. quod vid.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, a gentleman of Wales, in love with tobacco,	}	Mr FURNIVAL.
Master OWEN APSHINKEN, his son, in love with womankind,		Mr. STOPLER.
Mr. APSHONES, his tenant,		Mr. WATHAN.
PUZZLETEXT, his chaplain, in love with women, tobacco, drink, and backgammon,	}	Mr. REYNOLDS.
ROBIN, his butler, in love with Sweetissa,		Mr. MULLART.
WILLIAM, his coachman, enemy to Robin, in love with Susan,	}	Mr. JONES.
JOHN, his groom, in love with Margery,		Mr. DOVE.
THOMAS, the Gardener,		Mr. HICKS.

W O M E N.

Lady APSHINKEN, wife to Sir Owen, a great house- wife, governante to her husband, a zealous advo- cate for the church,	}	Mrs. FURNIVAL.		
MOLLY APSHONES, daugh- ter to Mr. Apshones, a woman of strict virtue,				
SWEETISSA, wait- ing-woman,	}	Women of strict virtue, in love with	ROBIN,	Mrs. NOKES.
SUSAN, cook,			WILL.	Mrs. MUL- LART.
MARGERY, house- maid,			JOHN,	Mrs. LACY.

SCENE, WALES, North or South.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

SCRIBLERUS, PLAYER.

PLAYER.

I Very much approve the alteration of your title from the Welch to the Grub-Street Opera.

Scrib. I hope, Sir, it will recommend me to that learned society: for they like nothing but what is most indisputably their own.

Play. I assure you it recommends you to me, and will, I hope, to the town.

Scrib. It would be impolitick in you, who are a young beginner, to oppose that society, which the established theatres so professedly favour: besides, you see the town are ever on its side: for I would not have you think, Sir, all the members of that august body confined to the street they take their name from; no, no, the rules of Grub-Street are as extensive as the rules of the King's-Bench. We have them of all orders and degrees; and it is no more a wonder to see our members in ribbands, than to see them in rags.

Play. May the whole society unite in your favour.

Scrib. Nay, Sir, I think no man can set out with greater assurance of success.—It was the favour which the town hath already shewn to the Welch Opera, which gave birth to this, wherein I have kept only what they particularly approved in the former.—You will find several additions to the first act, and the second and third, except in one scene, entirely new.

Play. You have made additions, indeed, to the altercative or scolding scenes, as you are pleased to call them.

Scrib. Oh! Sir! they cannot be heighten'd; too much altercation is the particular property of Grub-Street: with what spirit do Robin and Will rap out the

the lie at one another for half a page together—You lie, and you lie—Ah! ah! the whole wit of Grub-Street consists in these two little words—you lie.

Play. That is esteemed so unanswerable a repartee, that it is among gentlemen generally the last word that is spoken.

Scrib. Ay, Sir, and it is the first and last among ours.—I believe I am the first that hath attempted to introduce this sort of wit upon the stage; but it hath flourished among our political members a long while. Nay, in short, it is the only wit that flourishes among them.

Play. And you may get as much by it as they do.—But, pray, Sir, what is the plot or design of this Opera? For I could not well discover at the rehearsals.

Scrib. As for plot, Sir—I had writ an admirable one; but having observed that the plot of our English Operas have had no good effect on our audiences—so I have e'en left it out.—For the design, it is deep—very deep.—This Opera was writ, Sir, with a design to instruct the world in œconomy.—It is a sort of family Opera. The husband's vade-mecum; and is very necessary for all married men to have in their houses.—So, if you please, I will communicate a word or two of my design to the audience, while you prepare matters behind the scenes.

Play. I shall expect you there, Sir.

The author does, in humble scenes, produce
Examples fitted to your private use.

Teaches each man to regulate his life,

To govern well his servants and his wife.

Teaches that servants will their masters chouse;

That wives will ride their husbands round the house.

Teaches that jealousy does oft arise,

Because men's sense is dimmer than their eyes.

Teaches

Teaches young gentlemen do oft pursue
More women than they well know how to—woo;
Teaches that parsons teaches the right way,
And when we err we mind not what they say.
Teaches that pious women often groan,
For sake of their religion—when they've none;
Teaches that virtue is the maid's best store:
Teaches all these, and teaches nothing more.

THE

T H E
GRUB-STREET OPERA.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Sir OWEN APSHINKEN's House.*
Table and Chairs.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN and PUZZLETEXT,
smoking.

Sir OWEN.

C O M E, Mr. Puzzletext, it is your glass.—Let us make an end of our breakfast before Madam is up.—Oh Puzzletext! what a fine thing it is for a man of my estate to stand in fear of his wife, that I dare not get drunk so much as —once a day, without being called to an account for it.

Puz. Petticoat-government is a very lamentable thing indeed —But it is the fate of many an honest gentleman.

A I R I.

What a wretched life
Leads a man a tyrant wife,
While for each small fault he's corrected:
One bottle makes a fot,
One girl is ne'er forgot,
And duty is always neglected.
But tho' nothing can be worse
Than this fell domestic curse,
Some comfort this may do you,
So vast are the hen-peck'd bands,
That each neighbour may shake hands,
With my humble service to you.

Sir

Sir Owen. Oh, Puzzletext! if I could but enjoy my pipe undisturb'd, how happy should I be! for I never yet could taste any pleasure, but in tobacco.

Puz. Tobacco is a very good thing, indeed, and there is no harm in taking it abundantly.

SCENE II.

Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, Lady APSHINKEN, PUZZLETEXT.

Lady Ap. At your morning-draught, Sir Owen, I find, according to custom; but I shall not trouble myself with such a drone as you are. Methinks you, Mr. Puzzletext, should not encourage drunkenness.

Puz. I ask your ladyship's pardon; I profess I have scarce drank your health this morning—and wine, while it contributeth only to the chearing of the spirits, is not forbidden us.—I am an enemy to excess—but as far as the second bottle, nay, to some constitutions, a third, is, no doubt, allowable—and I do remember to have preached with much perspicuity even even after a fourth.

Lady Ap. Oh intolerable! do you call four bottles no excess?

Puz. To some it may, to others it may not.—Excess dependeth not on the quantity that is drank, but on the quality of him who drinketh.

Lady Ap. I do not understand this sophistry—tho' I think I have some skill in divinity—

Puz. Oh, Madam! no one more.—Your ladyship is the honour of your sex in that study, and may properly be termed 'The great Welch lamp of divinity.'

Lady Ap. I have always had an inclination to maintain religion in the parish—and some other time shall be glad to dispute with you concerning excess—but at present I must impart something to you concerning my son, whom I have observed too familiar with the maids—

Puz. Which of the maids, Madam? Not one of my mistresses, I hope. [*Aside.*

Lady Ap. Truly, with all of them—and unless we prevent it, I am afraid we shall hear of a marriage, not

much to our liking—and you know, Mr. Puzzletext, how hard a thing it would be for us, who have but one child, to have him throw himself away.

Puz. What methods shall we take in order thereto?

Lady Ap. I know but one—we must prevent his marrying them, by marrying them to others—we have as many men as maids; now I rely on you to match them up to one another;—for whilst there is one unmarried wench in the house, I shall think him in danger.—Oh, Mr. Puzzletext! the boy takes after his father, not me—his head is full of nothing but love; for whatever Nature hath done for him in another way, she hath left his head unfurnish'd.

Puz. Love, in a young mind, is powerful indeed.

A I R II. Lads of Dunces.

If love gets into a soldier's heart,
He puts off his helmet, his bow and his dart,
Achilles, charm'd with a nymph's fair eye,
A distaff took, and his arms laid by.
The gay gods of old their heav'n wou'd quit,
And leave their ambrosia for a mortal tit-bit;
The first of that tribe, that whoremaster Jove,
Prefer'd to all heav'ns, the heaven of love.

Lady Ap. I think you have already asked them all in the church, so that you have only to hasten the match—this I assure you, I shall not forget the favour. I am now going to take a short airing in the Park, in my own chaise, and would have you remember we have no time to lose.

Puz. Well, Sir, you heard what my lady says—what shall I do?

Sir Owen. E'en what she commands.—If she interferes not with my pipe, I am resolv'd not to interfere with her family.—Let her govern, while I smoke.

Puz. Upon my word, Sir Owen is a thorough epicurean philosopher. I must now seek the young squire, who is a philosopher of another kind.

S C E N E III.

OWEN *solus.* [*With two letters.*]

This is the day wherein Robin and Sweetissa propose to be married, which unless I can prevent, I lose all my hopes of her; for when once a woman knows what's what, she knows too much for me — Sure never man was so put to it in his amours — for I do not care to venture on a woman after another, nor does any woman care for me twice.

A I R III. Let the drawer bring clean glasses.

How curst the puny lover!
 How exquisite the pain,
 When love is fumbled over,
 To view the fair's disdain!
 But, Oh! how vast the blessing!
 Whom to her bosom pressing,
 She whispers, while caressing,
 Oh! when shall we again?

Here are two letters, which I have forged; one as from Susan to Robin, the other from William to Sweetissa: these must be dropt where they may be found by the improper parties, and will create a jealousy, whereof I may reap the fruit, and Sweetissa's maiden-head may be yet my own.

S C E N E IV.

PUZZLETEXT *and* OWEN.

Puz. Mr. Owen! I have been searching for you. I am come, child, to give you some good instructions. — I am sorry to hear you have an intention to disgrace your family, by a marriage inferior to your birth.

Owen. Do not trouble your head with my marriage, good Mr. Parson. — When I marry, 'twill be to please myself, not you.

Puz. But let it not be such a marriage as may reflect upon your understanding. — Consider, Sir — consider who you are.

A I R

A I R IV. March in Scipio.

Think, mighty Sir, ere you are undone,
Think who you are, Apshinken's only son;
At Oxford you have been, at London eke also;
You're almost half a man, and more than half a beau:
Oh do not then disgrace the great actions of your life!
Nor let Apshinken's son be buried in his wife.

Puz. You must govern your passions, master Owen.

Owen. You may preach, Mr. Parson, but I shall
very little regard you. There is nothing so ridiculous
as to hear an old fellow railing at love.

Puz. It is like a young fellow's railing at age——

Owen. Or a courtier out of place at court.

A I R V. Sir Thomas I cannot.

The worn-out rake at pleasure rails,
And cries, 'Tis all idle and fleeting;
At court, the man whose int'rest fails,
Cries, All is corruption and cheating:
But would you know
Whence both these flow?
Tho' so much they pretend to abhor 'em,
That rails at court,
This at love's sport,
Because they are neither fit for 'em,
fit for 'em,
Because they are neither fit for 'em.

Owen. Besides, doctor, I fancy you have not al-
ways govern'd your own passions, tho' you are so fond
of correcting others: as a poet burlesques the non-
sense of others, while he writes greater nonsense him-
self——

Puz. Or as a prude corrects the vices of others,
while she is more vicious herself.

Owen. Or as a parson preaches against drinking,
and then goes to the ale-house.

Puz. Very true——if you mean a presbyterian
parson.

A I R VI. One evening having lost my way.

I've heard a noncon parson preach
 'Gainst whoring, with just disdain;
 Whilst he himself to be naught did teach
 Of females as large a train
 As stars in the sky, or lamps in the street,
 Or beauties in the Mall we meet,
 Or as — or as — or as,
 Or as the whores in Drury-lane.

Owen. Thy families are all froth, like bottled ale —
 — and it is as difficult to get thee out of a simile as
 out of an alehouse.

A I R VII. Dutch skipper.

Puz. The gaudy fun adorning
 With brightest rays the morning,
 the morning,

Shines o'er the eastern hill;

And I will go a sporting,

Owen. And I will go a courting,
 a courting,

There lies my pleasure still.

Puz. In gaffer Woodford's ground,

A brushing hare is found,

A course which even kings themselves might see;

Owen. And in another place

There lies a brushing lass,

Which will give one ten times more sport than
 she.

SECOND PART.

Puz. What pleasure to see, while the greyhounds are
 running,

Poor puss's cunning, and shifting, and shunning!

To see with what art she plays still her part,

And leaves her pursuers afar:

First this way, then that;

First a stretch, and then squat,

Till quite out of breath,

She yields her to death,

What joy with the sportman's compare?

Owen.

Owen. How sweet to behold the soft blooming lass,
With blushing face, clasp'd close in embrace!
To feel her breasts rise, see joy fill her eyes,
And glut on her heav'n of charms!
While sighing and whining,
And twilting and twining,
With kissing and pressing,
And fondest caressing,
With raptures she dies in your arms.

[*Exeunt.*]

SWEETISSA and MARGERY.

Sweet. If ever you had known what it was to love,
Margery, you would not have wonder'd how I could
prefer a man to his master.

Marg. I should not have wonder'd indeed, if our
young squire had been like most young country squires
—But he is a fine gentleman, Sweetissa.

Sweet. From such fine gentlemen, may my stars
deliver me, Margery.

Marg. What, I suppose you are afraid of being made
jealous, by his running after other women.

Sweet. Pshaw! I should not think him worth being
jealous of—he runs after every woman he sees; and
yet, I believe, scarce knows what a woman is.—
Either he has more affectation than desire, or more
desire than capacity. O Margery, when I was in Lon-
don with Madam, I have seen several such sparks as
these; some of them would attempt making love too.
—Nay, I have had such lovers!—But I could never
find one of them that would stand it out.

A I R VIII. Bessy Bell and Mary Gray.

In long pig-tails and shining lace,
Our beaux set out a-wooing;
Ye widows, never shew them grace,
But laugh at their pursuing.
But let the daw that shines so bright,
Of borrow'd plumes bereft be,
Alas! poor dame, how naked the sight!
You'll find there's nothing left ye.

Oh Margery ! there is more in Robin's little finger, than in a beau's whole body.

Marg. Yes, and more roguery in him than —

Sweet. I know you are prejudiced against him from what William says ; but be assured that is all malice ; he is desirous of getting his place.

Marg. I rather think that a prejudice of yours against William.

Sweet. O Margery, Margery ! an upper servant's honesty is never so conspicuous, as when he is abused by the under servants.—They must rail at some one ; and if they abuse him, he preserves his master and mistress from abuse.

Marg. Well, I would not have such a sweet-heart.

Sweet. Puh ! if all you say were true, what is it to me ? If women were to consider the roguery of their lovers, we should have even fewer matches among people of quality than we have.

AIR IX. Mad Moll.

Why should not I love Robin ?

And why should not Bob love me !

While ev'ry one else he is fobbing,

He still may be honest to me.

For tho' his master he cheats,

His mistress shares what he gains ;

And whilst I am tasting the sweets,

The devil take her who complains.

Marg. But should he be taken indeed ;

Ah ! think what a shame it would be

To have your love dragg'd out of bed,

And thence in a cart to the tree.

Sweet. Let halters tie up the poor cheat.

Who only deserves to be bang'd ;

The wit who can get an estate,

Hath still too much wit to be hang'd.

But I don't speak this on Robin's account ! for if all my master's ancestors had met with as good servants as Robin, he had enjoyed a better estate than he hath now.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

A I R X. Masquerade minuet.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa!
Give me a kifs-a,
O what a blifs-a
To behold your charms!
My eyes, with gazing!
Are set a blazing.

Sweet. Come then and quench them within my
arms.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa! thou art straighter than the
straightest tree—sweeter than the sweetest flower—thy
hand is as white as milk, and as warm; thy breast is as
white as snow, and as cold.—Thou art, to sum thee up
at once, an olio of perfections; or in other words, a
garden of blifs which my soul delights to walk in.—
Oh! I will take such strides about thy form, such vast,
such mighty strides——

Sweet. Oh Robin! it is as impossible to tell thee
how much I love thee, as it is to tell —how much
water there is in the sea.

Rob. My dear Sweetissa! had I the learning of the
author of that opera book in the parlour-window, I
could not make a simile to my love.

Sweet. Be assur'd there shall be no love lost be-
tween us.

A I R XI. Young Damon once the happiest swain.

When mutual passion hath possess'd,
With equal flame each amorous breast,
How sweet's the rap'trous kifs?
While each with soft contention strive,
Which highest ecstasies shall give,
Or be more mad with blifs.

Rob. Oh my Sweetissa! how impatient am I till the
parton hath stitch'd us together; then, my dear, no-
thing but the scissars of the fates should ever cut us
afunder.

Sweet.

Sweet. How charming is thy voice; sweeter than bagpipes to my ear: I could listen ever.

Rob. And I could view thee ever: thy face is brighter than the brightest silver. Oh could I rub my silver to be as bright as thy dear face, I were a butler indeed!

Sweet. Oh Robin! there is no rubbing on my face; the colour which I have, nature, not art, hath given; for on my honour, during the whole time I have lived with my mistress, out of all the pots of paint which I have plaistered on her face, I never stole a bit to plaister on my own.

Rob. Adieu, my dear, I must go whet my knives; by that time the parson will be return'd from courting, and we will be married this morning.—Oh, Sweetissa! it is easier to fathom the depth of the bottomless sea, than my love.

Sweet. Or to fathom the depth of a woman's bottomless conscience, than to tell thee mine.

Rob. Mine is as deep as the knowledge of physicians.

Sweet. Mine as the projects of statesmen.

Rob. Mine as the virtue of whores.

Sweet. Mine as the honesty of lawyers.

Rob. Mine as the piety of priests.

Sweet. Mine as—I know not what.

Rob. Mine—as—as—as—I gad I don't know what.

A I R XII. All in the Downs.

Would you my love in words display'd,
A language must be coin'd to tell,
No word for such a passion's made,
For no one ever lov'd so well.
Nothing, Oh! nothing's like my love for you,
And so my dearest, and so my dearest, and my dear,
adieu.

S C E N E VII.

SWEETISSA and MARGERY.

Sweet. Oh my Margery! if this fit of love continues, how happy shall I be!

Marg.

Marg. Ay, it will continue the usual time, I warrant you, during the honey-moon.

Sweet. Call it the honey-year, the honey-age, Oh Margery! sure never woman lov'd as I do!—though I am to be married this morning, still it seems long to me.—To a mind in love, sure an hour before marriage seems a month.

Marg. Ay, my dear, and many an hour after marriage seems a twelvemonth; it is the only thing wherein the two states agree; for we generally with ourselves into it, and with ourselves out of it.

Sweet. And then into it again; which makes one poet say, love is like the wind.

Marg. Another, that it is like the sea.

Sweet. A third, a weather-cock.

Marg. A fourth, a Jack with a lanthorn.

Sweet. In short it is like every thing.

Marg. And like nothing at all.

A I R XIII. Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.

How odd a thing is love,
Which the poets fain would prove
To be this and that,
And the Lord knows what,
Like all things below and above.
But believe a maid,
Skill'd enough in the trade
Its mysteries to explain;
'Tis a gentle dart,
That tickles the heart,
And tho' it gives us smart,
Does joys impart,
Which largely requite all the pain.

Marg. Oh, my dear! whilst you have been singing; see what I have discover'd!

Sweet. It is a woman's hand, and not my own.

[*Reads.*] Oh my Margery; now I am undone indeed.—Robin is false, he has lain with, and left our Susan.

Marg. How!

Sweet. This letter comes from her to upbraid him with it.

Marg.

Marg. Then you have reason to thank fate for this timely discovery.—What would it avail you to have found it out when you were married to him?—When you had been his wife, what would it have profited you to have known he had another?

Sweet. True, true Margery; when once a woman is married, 'tis too late to discover faults.

A I R XIV. Red house.

Ye virgins who would marry,
Ere you chuse, be wary,
If you'd not miscarry,
Be inclin'd to doubting:
Examine well your lover,
His vices to discover,
With caution con him over,
And turn quite inside out him;
But wedding past,
The stocking cast,
The guests all gone,
The curtain drawn,
Be henceforth blind,
Be very kind,
And find no faults about him.

Sweet. Oh Margery! I am resolv'd never to see Robin more.

Marg. Keep that resolution, and you will be happy.

S C E N E VIII.

ROBIN.

How truly does the book say—hours to men in love are like years. Oh for a shower of rain to send the parson home from coursing, before the canonical hours are over!—Ha! what paper is this?—The hand of our William is on the superscription.

To Mrs. SWEETISSA.

“ Madam,

“ Hoping that you are not quite de-t-e-r-ter-m-i-n-e-d determined to marry our Robin, this comes

“ for

“ for to let you know”—[I’ll read no more: can there be such falsehood in mankind?—I find footmen are as great rogues as their masters; and henceforth I’ll look for no more honesty under a livery, than an embroider’d coat—but let me see again] —“ to let you know I “ am ready to fulfil my promise to you.”

Ha! she too is guilty.—Chambermaids are as bad as their ladies, and the whole world is one nest of rogues.

A I R XV. Black joke.

The more we know of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find
In every land as well as Wales;
For would you see no roguery thrive,
Upon the mountains you must live,
For rogues abound in all the vales.
The master and the man will nick,
The mistress and the maid will trick;
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore,
There’s not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

S C E N E IX.

ROBIN *and* JOHN.

Rob. Oh John! thou best of friends! come to my arms.—For thy sake I will still believe there is one honest—one honest man in the world.

John. What means our Robin?

Rob. O my friend! Sweetissa is false, and I’m undone—let this letter explain the rest.

John. Ha! and is William at the bottom of all—Our William who us’d to rail against women and matrimony! Oh! ’tis too true what our parson says, there’s no belief in man.

Rob. Nor woman neither.—John, art thou my friend?

John. When did Robin ask me what I have not done?—Have I not left my horses undrest, to whet thy knives?—Have I not left my stable unclean’d, to clean thy

thy spoons? And even the bay stone-horse unwater'd,
to wash thy glasses!

Rob. Then thou shalt carry a challenge for me to William.

John. Oh Robin! consider what our parson says—
We must not revenge, but forget and forgive.

Rob. Let our parson say what he will.—When did he himself forgive? Did he forgive gaffer Jobson having wrong'd him of two cocks of hay in five load?—Did he forgive gammar Sowgrunt for having wrong'd him of a tyth-pig? Did he forgive Susan Foulmouth, for telling him he lov'd the cellar better than his pulpit?—No, no, let him preach up forgiveness, he forgives nobody.—So I will follow his example, not his precepts.—Had he hit me a slap in the face, I could have put it up.—Had he stole a silver spoon, and laid the blame on me, tho' I had been turn'd away, I could have forgiven him. But to try to rob me of my love—that, that, our John, I never can forgive him.

A I R XVI. Tipling John.

The dog his bit,
Will often quit
A battle to eschew;
The cock his corn
Will leave in barn,
Another cock in view.
One man will eat
Another's meat,
And no contention seen;
Since all agree
'Tis best to be,
Tho' hungry, in a whole skin.
But should each spy
His mistress by
A rival move his suit,
He quits his fears,
And by the ears
They fall together to't.
A rival shocks
Men, dogs, and cocks,

And makes the gentlest froward;
He who won't fight
For mistress bright,
Is something worse than coward.

John. Nay, to say the truth, thou hast reason on thy side. Fare-thee-well.—I'll go deliver thy message, and thou shalt find I will behave myself like a Welchman, and thy friend.

S C E N E X.

ROBIN.

Now were it not for the sin of self-murder, would I go hang myself at the next tree. Yes, Sweetissa, I would hang myself, and haunt thee.—Oh woman, woman! is this the return you make true love?—No man is sure of his mistress, till he has gotten her with child.—A lover should act like a boy at school, who spits in his porridge that no one may take it from him—Should William have been beforehand with me — Oh!

S C E N E XI.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh! the perjury of men! I find dreams do not always go by contraries; for I dreamt last night, that I saw our Robin married to another.

[*A long silence, and walking by one another. She takes out her handkerchief, and bursts out a crying.*]

Rob. Your crying won't do, Madam; I can tell you that. — I have been your fool long enough—I have been cheated by your tears too often, to believe them any longer.

Sweet. Oh barbarous, perfidious, cruel wretch!—Oh! I shall break my heart—Oh!

Rob. No, no, your heart is like a green stick, you may bend it, but cannot break it.—It will bend like a willow, and twist round any one.

Sweet. Monster! monster!

Rob. Better language would shew better breeding.

AIR XVII. Hedge-lane.

Indeed, my dear,
 With sigh and tear,
 Your point you will not carry ;
 I'd rather eat
 The offal meat,
 Than others leavings marry.

Sweet. Villain, well
 You would conceal
 Your falsehood by such catches ;
 Alas ! too true
 I've been to you,
 Thou very wretch of wretches.
 Well you know
 What I might do
 Would I but with young master.

Rob. Pray be still,
 Since by our Will,
 You're now with child of bastard.

Sweet. I with child ?

Rob. Yes, you with child.

Sweet. I with child, you villain ?

Rob. Yes, you,
 Madam, you,
 Are now with child by William.

It is equal to me with whom you play your pranks ;
 and I'd as lieve be my master's cuckold as my fellow-
 servant's. — Nay, I had rather ; for I could make
 him pay for it.

Sweet. Oh, most inhuman ! dost thou not expect
 the cieling to fall down on thy head, for so notorious
 a lie ? Dost thou believe in the Bible ? Dost thou be-
 lieve there is such a thing as the devil ? Dost thou
 believe there is such a place as hell ?

Rob. Yes, I do, Madam ; and you will find there is
 such a place to your cost. — Oh, Sweetissa, Sweetissa !
 that a woman could hear herself ask'd in church to one
 man, when she knew she had to do with another.

Sweet. I had to do with another ?

Rob. You, Madam, you.

Sweet.

Sweet. I had to do with Will?

Rob. Yes, you had to do with Will.

AIR XVIII. Lord Biron's Maggot.

Sweet. Sure nought so disastrous can woman befall,
As to be a good virgin, and thought none at
all.

Had William but pleas'd me,
It never had teiz'd me
To hear a forsaken man bawl.
But from you this abuse,
For whose sake and whose use,
I have safe cork'd my maidenhead up;
How must it shock my ear!
For what woman can bear
To be call'd a vile drunkard,
And told of the tankard,
Before she has swallow'd a cup?

Rob. O Sweetissa, Sweetissa! well thou knowest,
that wert thou true, I'd not have sold thee for five
hundred pounds. But why do I argue longer with an
ungrateful woman, who is not only false, but triumphs
in her falsehood; her falsehood to one who hath been
too true to her.— Since you can be so base, I shall tell
you what I never did intend to tell you—When I was
in London, I might have had an affair with a lady,
and slighted her for you.

Sweet. A lady! I might have had three lords in
one afternoon; nay, more than that, I refused a man
with a thing over his shoulder like a scarf at a bury-
ing, for you; and these men, they say, are the great-
est men in the kingdom.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the very hand-irons thou didst
rub before thou wast preferr'd to wait on thy lady
have not more brass in them than thy forehead.

Sweet. O Robin, Robin! the great silver candle-
sticks in thy custody are not more hollow than thou
art.

Rob. O Sweetissa! the paint, nay, the eye-brows
that thou puttest on thy mistress are not more false
than thou.

Sweet. Thou hast as many mistresses as there are glasses on thy side-board.

Rob. And thou lovers as thy mistress has patches.

Sweet. If I have, you will have but a small share.

Rob. The better my fortune.—To lose a wife when you have had her, is to get out of misfortune—to lose one before you get her, is to escape it; especially if it be one that somebody has had before you.—He that marries, pays the price of virtue.—Whores are to be had cheaper.

A I R XIX. Do not ask me.

A woman's ware, like china,
Once flaw'd is good for nought;
When whole, tho' worth a guinea,
When broke's not worth a groat.
A woman at St. James's
With guineas you obtain,
But stay till lost her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-lane.

S C E N E XII.

SWEETISSA and MARGERY.

Sweet. Ungrateful, barbarous wretch!

Marg. What is the matter?

Sweet. Oh, Margery! Robin—

Marg. What more of him?

Sweet. O! worse than you can imagine—worse than I could have dreaded.—Oh, he has sullied my virtue!

Marg. How! your virtue?

Sweet. Yes, Margery, that virtue which I kept lock'd up as in a cupboard; that very virtue he has abus'd—He has barbarously insinuated to be no virtue at all.—Oh, I could have born any fate but this!—I that would have carried a knapsack thro' the world, so that my virtue had been safe within it—I that would rather have been the poorest man's wife, than the richest man's whore—To be call'd the mistress of a footman, that would not be the mistress of a king.

Marg. It is a melancholy thing, indeed.

Sweet.

Sweet. O Margery ! men do not sufficiently understand the value of virtue.---Even footmen learn to go a whoring of their masters — and virtue will shortly be of no use, but to stop bottles.

A I R XX. Tweed-side.

What woman her virtue would keep,
When nought by her virtue she gains ?
While she lulls her soft passions asleep,
She's thought but a fool for her pains.
Since valets, who learn their lords wit,
Our virtue a bauble can call,
Why should we our ladies steps quit,
Or have any virtue at all ?

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Fields.*

Mr. APSHONES and MOLLY.

Mr. APSHONES.

I Tell you, daughter, I am doubtful whether his designs be honourable : there is no trust in these flutt'ring fellows; they place as much glory in winning a poor girl, as a soldier does in conquering a town. Nay, their very parents often encourage them in it; and when they have brought up a boy to flatter and deceive the women, they think they have given him a good education, and call him a fine gentleman.

Molly. Do not, dear Sir, suspect my Owen; he is made of a gentler nature.

Mr. Ap. And yet I have heard, that that gentle gentleman, when he was at London, rummaged all the playhouses for mistresses: nay, you yourself have heard of his pranks in the parish; did he not seduce the fidler's daughter?

Molly. That was the fidler's fault; you know he sold his daughter, and gave a receipt for the money.

Mr. Ap. Hath he not made mischief between several

ral men and their wives? And do you not know that he lusts after every woman he sees, though the poor wretch does not look as if he was quite come from nurse yet.

Molly. Sure angels cannot have more sweetness in their looks than he.

Mr. Ap. Angels! baboons! these are the creatures that resemble our beaux the most. If they have any sweetness in them, 'tis from the same reason that an orange hath. Why have our women fresher complexions and more health in their countenances here than in London, but because we have fewer beaux among us; in that I will have you think no more of him; for I have no design upon him, and I will prevent his designs upon you. If he comes here any more, I will acquaint his mother.

Molly. Be first assur'd that his designs are not honourable, before you rashly ruin them.

Mr. Ap. I will consent to no clandestine affair. Let the great rob one another, and us, if they please; I will shew them the poor can be honest. I desire only to preserve my daughter, let them preserve their son.

Molly. Oh, Sir! would you preserve your daughter, you must preserve her love.

A I R XXI.

So deep within your Molly's heart
Her Owen's image lies,
That if with Owen she must part,
Your wretched daughter dies.
Thus when unto the soldier's breast
The arrow flies too sure,
When thence the fatal point you wrest,
Death is his only cure.

Mr. Ap. Pugh, pugh, you must cure one love by another: I have a new sweetheart for you — and I'll throw you in a new suit of clothes into the bargain — which I can tell you is enough to balance the affections of women of much higher rank than yourself.

Molly. Nothing can recompense the loss of my
Owen;

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Owen ; and as to what he loses by me, my behaviour shall make him amends.

Mr. Ap. Poor girl ! how ignorant she is of the world ; but little she knows that no qualities can make amends for the want of fortune, and that fortune makes a sufficient amends for the want of every good quality.

Molly. My dear Owen, I am sure, will think otherwise.

A I R XXII. Let ambition fire the mind.

Happy with the man I love,
I'll obsequious watch his will ;
Hottest pleasures I shall prove,
While his pleasures I fulfil.
Dames, by proudest titles known,
Shall desire what we possess ;
And while they'd less happy own
Grandeur is not happiness.

Mr. Ap. I will hear no more——remember what I have said, and study to be dutiful——or you are no child of mine.

Molly. Oh ! unhappy wretch that I am : I must have no husband, or no father——What shall I do——or whither shall I turn ? Love pleads strong for a husband, duty for a father——yes, and duty for a husband too——but then what is one who is already so——Well then, I will antedate my duty. I will think him my husband before he is so. But should he then prove false——and when I've lost my father, should I lose my husband too, that is impossible——falsehood and he are incompatible.

A I R XXIII. Sweet are the charms,

Beauties shall quit their darling town,
Lovers shall leave the fragrant shades,
Doctors upon the fee shall frown,
Parsons shall hate the masquerades ;
Nay, ere I think of Owen ill,
Women shall leave their dear quadrille.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

OWEN, MOLLY.

Owen. My dear Molly, let not the reflection on my past gaieties give thee any uneasiness; be assur'd I have long been tir'd with variety, and I find after all the changes I have run through both of women and clothes—a man hath need of no more than one woman and one suit at a time.

A I R XXIV. Under the Greenwood tree.

To wanton pleasures, roving charms,
I bid a long adieu,
While wrapt within my Molly's arms,
I find enough in you.
By houses this, by horses that,
By clothes a third's undone,
While this abides – the second rides,
The third can wear but one.

Molly. My dear, I will believe thee, and am resolv'd from this day forward to run all the hazards of my life with thee—Let thy rich parents or my poor parents say what they will, let us henceforth have no other desire than to make one another parents.

Owen. With all my heart, my dear; and the sooner we begin to love—the sooner we shall be so.

Molly. Begin to love!—Alas, my dear—is it now to begin?—

Owen. Not the theory of love, my angel—to that I have long been an apprentice; so long that I now desire to set up my trade.

Molly. Let us then to the parson—I am as willing to be married as thou art.

Owen. Why the parson, my dear?

Molly. We can't be married without him.—

Owen. No, but we can love without him; and what have we to do with marriage while we can love—Marriage is but a dirty road to love---and those are happiest who arrive at love without travelling through it.

A I R

AIR XXV. Dearest charmer.

Will you still bid me tell,
 What you discern so well
 By my expiring sighs,
 My doating eyes?
 Look thro' th' instructive grove,
 Each object prompts to love,
 Hear how the turtles coo,
 All nature tells you what to do.

Molly. Too well I understand you now——No, no, however dirty the road of marriage be——I will to love no other way——Alas! there is no other way but one—and that is dirtier still—None travel thro' it without fulying their reputations beyond the possibility of cleaning.

Owen. When cleanliness is out of fashion, who would desire to be clean?——And when ladies of quality appear with dirty reputations, why should you fear a little spot on yours.

Molly. Ladies of quality may wear bad reputations as well as bad clothes, and be admir'd in both——but women of lower rank must be decent, or they will be disregarded; for no woman can pass without one good quality, unless she be a woman of very great quality.

Owen. You judge too severely.——Nature never prompts us to a real crime: it is the imposition of a priest, not nature's voice, which bars us from a pleasure allow'd to every beast but man——By why do I this to convince thee by arguments of what thou art sufficiently certain? Why should I refute your tongue, when your fond eyes refute it.

AIR XXVI. Canny Boatman.

How can I trust your words precise,
 My soft desires denying,
 When, Oh! I read within your eyes,
 Your tender heart complying.
 Your tongue may cheat
 And with deceit,

Your

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Your softer wishes cover;
 But, Oh! your eyes
 Know no disguise,
 Nor ever cheat your lover.

Molly. Away, false, perjur'd, barbarous wretch—
 is this the love you have for me, to undo me—to
 ruin me?——

Owen. Oh! do not take on thee thus, my dear
 Molly—I would sooner ruin myself than thee.

Molly. Ay, so it appears. Oh! fool that I was,
 to think thou could'st be constant who hast ruin'd so
 many women—to think that thou ever didst intend
 to marry me, who hast long been practis'd in the arts
 of seducing our sex—Henceforth I will sooner think
 it possible for butter to come when the witch is in the
 churn—for hay to dry in the rain—for wheat to be
 ripe at Christmas—for cheese to be made without
 milk—for a barn to be free from mice—for a warren
 to be free from rats—for a cherry orchard to be free
 from blackbirds—or for a churchyard to be free
 from ghosts, as for a young man to be free from
 falsehood.

Owen. Be not enrag'd, my sweetest dear—Let
 me kiss away thy passion.

Molly. Avaunt—a blight is in thy kiss—thy
 breath is the wind of wantonness and virtue cannot
 grow near thee.

A I R XXVII. I'll range around.

Since you so base and faithless be,
 And would—without marrying me,
 A maid I'll go to Pluto's shore,
 Nor think of men or—marriage more.

Owen. You'll repent that resolution before you get
 half way——She'll go pout and pine away half an
 hour by herself, then relapse into a fit of fondness,
 and be all my own.

A I R

A I R XXVIII. Cloe is false.

Women in vain love's powerful torrent
 With unequal strength oppose;
 Reason a while may stem the strong current,
 Love still at last her soul o'erflows;
 Pleasures inviting,
 Passions exciting,
 Her lover charms her,
 Of pride disarms her,
 Down she goes.

S C E N E III. *A Field.*

ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS.

Will. Here's as proper a place as can be for our business.

Rob. The sooner the better.

John. Come, Thomas, thou and I will not be idle.

Tho. I'll take a knock or two for love, with all my heart.

A I R XXIX. Britons, strike home.

Will. Robin, come on, come on, come on,
 As soon as you please.

Rob. Will, I will hit thee a slap in the,
 Slap in the, slap in the face.

Will. Would, would I could see it,
 I would with both feet
 Give thee such a kick by the by.

Rob. If you dare, Sir, do.

Will. Why do not, Sir, you?

Rob. I'm ready, I'm ready.

Will. And so am I too.

Tho. You must fight to some other tune, or you will never fight at all.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

RORIN, WILLIAM, JOHN, THOMAS,
SUSAN.

Suf. What are you doing, you set of lazy rascals?
Do you consider my master will be at home within
these two hours, and find nothing ready for his sup-
per?

Will. Let master come when he will—If he keeps
Robin, I am free to go as soon as he pleases; Robin
and I will not live in one house together.

Suf. Why, what's the matter?

Rob. He wanted to get my mistress from me, that's
all.

Will. You lie, sirrah, you lie.

Rob. Who do you call liar, you blockhead?
I say, you lie.

Will. And I say you lie.

Rob. And you lie.

Will. And I say you lie again.

Rob. The devil take the greatest liar, I say.

A I R XXX. Mother, quoth Hodge.

Suf. Oh fy upon't, Robin; Oh fy upon't, Will:
What language like this, what scullion
defames?

'Twere better your tongues should ever be still,
Than always be scolding and calling vile
names.

Will. 'Twas he that lies
Did first devise.

The first words were his, and the last shall
be mine.

Rob. You kifs my dog.

Will. You're a sly dog.

Rob. Loggerhead.

Will. Blockhead.

Rob. Fool.

Will. Fox.

Rob. Swine.

Will. Sirrah, I'll make you repent you ever quar-
rell'd

rell'd with me — I will tell my master of two silver spoons you stole — I'll discover your tricks — your selling of glasses, and pretending the frost broke them — making master brew more beer than he needed, and then giving it away to your own family; especially to feed the great swollen belly of that fat gutted brother of yours — who gets drunk twice a day at master's expence.

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! And is this all?

Will. No, sirrah, it is not all — then there's your filing the plate, and when it was found lighter, pretending that it wasted in cleaning; and your bills for tutty and rotten-stone, when you us'd nothing but poor whiting. Sirrah, you have been such a rogue, that you have stole above half my master's plate, and spoil'd the rest.

Suf. Fie upon't, William, what have we to do with master's losses? He is rich, and can afford it — Don't let us quarrel among ourselves — let us stand by one another — for, let me tell you, if matters were to be too nicely examin'd into, I am afraid it would go hard with us all — Wise servants always stick close to one another, like plums in a pudding that's over-wetted, says Susan the cook.

John. Or horse in a stable that's on fire — says John the groom.

Tho. Or grapes upon a wall — says Thomas the gardener.

Suf. Every servant should be sauce to his fellow-servant — as sauce disguises the faults of a dish — so should he theirs. — O William, were we all to have our deserts, we should be finely roasted indeed.

A I R XXXI. Dame of honour.

A wise man other's faults conceals
His own to get more clear of;
While Folly all she knows reveals,
Sure what she does to hear of.
The parson and the lawyer's blind,
Each to his brother's erring —
For should you search, he knows you'd find
No barrel the better herring.

A I R XXXII. We have cheated the parson.

Rob. Here stands honest Bob, who ne'er in his life
Was known to be guilty of faction and strife.

But oh what can

Appease the man,

Who wou'd rob me of both my place and my
wife.

Will. If you prove it, I'll be hang'd, and that's fair.

Rob. I've that in my pocket will make it appear.

Will. Pr'ythee what?

Rob. Ask you that,

When you know you have written against me
so flat.

Rob. Here is your hand, though there is not your
name to it—is not this your hand, Sir?

Will. I don't think it worth my while to tell you
whether it is or no.

Rob. Was it not enough to try to supplant me in
my place, but you must try to get my mistress?

Will. Your mistress—any man may have your
mistress that can out-bid you; for it is very well
known, you never had a mistress without paying for
her.

Rob. But perhaps you may find me too cunning for
you, and while you are attempting my place, you may
lose your own.

A I R XXXIII. Hark, hark, the cock crows.

Will. When master thinks fit,

I'm ready to quit

A place I so little regard, Sir;

For while thou art here,

No merit must e'er

Expect to find any reward, Sir.

The groom that is able

To manage his stable,

Of places enough need not doubt, Sir;

But you, my good brother,

Will scarce find another,

If master should e'er turn you out, Sir.

Suf. If you can't be friends without it, you had best fight it out once for all.

Will. Ay — so say I.

Rob. No, no, I am for no fighting: it is but a word and a blow with William; he would set the whole parish together by the ears, if he could; and it is very well known what difficulties I have been put to, to keep peace in it.

Will. I suppose peace-making is one of the secret services you have done master — for they are such secrets, that your friend the devil can hardly discover — and whence does your peace-making arise, but from your fears of getting a black eye or a bloody nose, in the squabble — for if you could set the whole parish a boxing, without boxing yourself, it is well known you would do it, firrah, firrah — had your love for the tenants been the occasion of the peace-making, as you call it, you would not be always making master so hard upon them in every court; and prevent him giving them the fat ox at Christmas, on pretence of good husbandry.

Rob. Yours you have a great love for, master, we know by your driving to inch, as you do, firrah. You are such a headstrong devil, that you will overturn the coach one day or other, and break both master and mistress' necks; it is always neck or nothing with you.

Suf. Oh fie! William, pray let me be the mediator between you.

Rob. Ay, ay, let Susan be the mediator, I'll refer my cause to any one — it is equal to me.

Will. No, no, I shall not refer an affair, wherein my honour is so concerned, to a woman.

A I R XXXIV. Of a noble race was Shinken.

Good Madam Cook, the greasy,
Pray leave your saucy bawling,
Let all your toil
Be to make the pot boil,
For that's your proper calling.

T 2

With

With men as wise as Robin,
 A female judge may pass, Sir,
 For where the grey mare
 Is the better horse, there
 The horse is but an ass, Sir.

S C E N E V.

ROBIN, THOMAS, SUSAN.

Suf Saucy fellow.

Tho. I suppose he is gone to inform master against you.

Rob. Let him go, I am too well with Madam to fear any mischief he can make with master.—And heark'ee, between you and I, Madam won't suffer me to be turn'd out—you heard William upbraid me with stealing the beer for my own family; but she knows half of it hath gone to her own private cellar, where she and the parson sit and drink, and meditate ways to propagate religion in the parish —

Suf. Don't speak against Madam, Robin—she is an exceeding good woman to her own servants.

Rob. Ay, ay, to us upper servants—we that keep the keys fare well enough—and for the rest, let them starve for Robin.—It's the way of the world, Susan; the heads of all professions thrive, while the others starve.

A I R XXXV. Pierot's tune.

Great courtiers palaces contain,
 While small ones fear the gaol,
 Great parsons riot in champaigne,
 Small parsons sot on ale;
 Great whores in coaches gang,
 Smaller misses,
 For their kisses,
 Are in Bridewell bang'd;
 While in vogue
 Lives the great rogue,
 Small rogues are by dozens hang'd.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

SUSAN, SWEETISSA.

Sweet. Oh brave Susan! what, you are resolved to keep open doings: when a woman goes without the precincts of virtue, she never knows where to stop.

AIR XXXVI. Country garden.

Virtue within a woman's heart,
By nature's hand is ramm'd in,
There must be kept by steady art,
Like water when it's damm'd in.
But the dam once broken,
Past all revoking,
Virtue flies off in a minute;
Like a river left,
Of waters bereft
Each man may venture in it.

Suf. I hope you will pardon my want of capacity, Madam, but I don't know what you mean——

Sweet. Your capacity is too capacious——Madam——

Suf. Your method of talking, Madam, is something dark.

Sweet. Your method of acting is darker, Madam.——

Suf. I dare appeal to the whole world for the justification of my actions, Madam; and I defy any one to say my fame is more sullied than my plates——Madam.——

Sweet. Your pots you mean——Madam: if you are like any plates, it is soup-plates, which any man may put his spoon into.

Suf. Me, Madam.——

Sweet. You, Madam.——

AIR XXXVII. Dainty Davy.

Suf. What the devil mean you thus
Scandal scattering,
Me bespattering,
Dirty slut, and ugly pufs,
What can be your meaning?

Sweet. Had you, Madam, not forgot,
When with Bob you—you know what,
Surely, Madam, you would not
Twice enquire my meaning.

There, read that letter, and be satisfied how base you have been to a woman, to whom you have professed a friendship:

Suf. What do you mean by offering me a letter to read? when you know—

Sweet. When I know you writ it; Madam.—

Suf. When you know I can neither write nor read, Madam—It was my parents fault, not mine, that gave me not a better education; and if you had not been taught to write, you would have been no more able to write than myself—tho' you barbarously upbraid me with what is not my fault.

Sweet. How!—and is it possible you can neither read nor write

Suf. Possible!—why should it be impossible for a servant not to be able to write—when so many gentlemen can't spell?—

Sweet. Here is your name to a love-letter, which is directed to Robin—wherein you complain of his having left you, after he had enjoy'd you.—

Suf. Enjoy'd me—

Sweet. It is so, I assure you.—

Suf. If ever I had any thing to say to Robin—but as one fellow-servant might say to another fellow-servant, may my pot ne'er boil again.

Sweet. I am sorry you cannot read, that you might see the truth of what I say, that you might read Susan Roastmeat in plain letters; and if you did not write it yourself, sure the devil must have writ it for you.

Suf. I think I have said enough to satisfy you,—and as much as is consistent with my honour.

Sweet. You have, indeed, to satisfy me of your innocence—nor do I think it inconsistent with my honour, to assure you I am sorry I said what I said—I do, and humbly ask your pardon, —Madam.

Suf. Dear Madam, this acknowledgment from you is sufficient.—Oh! Sweetissa, had I been one of those,
I might

I might have had to do with my young master. —

Sweet. Nay, for that matter, we might all have had to do with my young master; that argues little in your defence—but this I am assured of—If you cannot write at all—you did not write the letter.

AIR XXXVIII. Valentine's day.

A woman must her honour save,
While she's a virgin found;
And he can hardly be a knave,
Who is not worth a pound.
On horseback he who cannot ride,
On horseback did not rob;
And since a pen you cannot guide,
You never wrote to Bob.

SCENE VII.

OWEN and Mr. APSHONES.

Mr. Apf. I desire not, Mr. Owen, that you would marry my daughter; I had rather see her married to one of her own degree.—I had rather have a set of fine healthy grandchildren ask me a blessing, than a poor puny breed of half-begotten brats—that inherit the diseases as well as the titles of their parents.

Owen. Pshaw, pshaw, master Apshones, these are the narrow sentiments of such old fellows as you, that have either never known or forgotten the world, that think their daughters going out of the world, if they go five miles from them—and had rather see them walk a-foot at home, than ride in a coach abroad.

Mr. Apf. I would not see her ride in her coach this year, to see her ride in an herse the next. —

Owen. You may never arrive to that honour, good Sir.

Mr. Apf. I would not advise you to attempt bringing any dishonour on us—that may not be so safe as you imagine. —

Owen. So safe? —

Mr. Apf. No, not so safe, Sir.—I have not lost my spirit with my fortune; I am your father's tenant, but not his slave—Tho' you have ruin'd many poor girls

girls with impunity, you may not always succeed so—for, let me tell you, Sir, whoever brings dishonour on me, shall bring ruin on himself. —

Owen. Ha—ha—ha! —

Mr. Apf. I believe both Sir Owen and her ladyship too good people to suffer you in these practices, were they acquainted with them — Sir Owen hath still behaved as the best of landlords; he knows a landlord should protect, not prey on his tenants—should be the shepherd, not the wolf to his flock—but one would have thought, you imagin'd we liv'd under that barbarous custom—I have read of—when the landlord was intitled to the maidenheads of all his tenants daughters.

Owen. Ha, ha, ha, thou art a very ridiculous, comical, odd sort of an old fellow, faith. —

Mr. Apf. It is very likely you and I may appear in the same light to one another.—Your dress would have made as ridiculous a figure in my young days, as mine does now. What is the meaning of all that plaistering upon your wigs? unless you would insinuate that your brains lie on the outside of your heads.

Owen. Your daughter likes our dress, if you don't.

Mr. Apf. I desire you would spare my daughter, Sir—I shall take as much care of her as I can,—and if you should prevail on her to her ruin, be assured your father's estate should not secure you from my revenge. You should find that the true spirit of English liberty acknowledges no superior equal to oppression.

Owen. The true spirit of English liberty—ha, ha, ha—thou art not the first father, or husband, that hath bluster'd in this manner, and been afterwards as quiet as a lamb.—He were a fine gallant, indeed, who would be stopt in the pursuit of his mistress, by the threatening of her relations — Not that I should care to venture, if I thought the fellow in earnest—but your heroes in words are never so in deeds.

AIR XXXIX. My Cloe, why do you slight me.

The whore of fame is jealous,

The coward would seem brave;

For we are still most zealous,

What most we want to have.

The

The madman boasts his senses,
And he whose chief pretence is
To liberty's defence, is
Too oft the greatest slave.

S C E N E VIII.

OWEN and MOLLY.

Owen. She here !

Mol. Cruel, dost thou fly me ? am I become hateful in thy sight ?—are all thy wicked vows forgotten ? for sure if thou didst even remember them, they would oblige thee to another behaviour.

Owen. Can you blame me for obeying your commands in shunning you ? Sure you have forgotten your last vows, never to see me more.

Mol. Alas ! you know too well, that I am as insincere in every repulse to you, as you have been in your advances to me. How unjustly do men accuse us of using a lover ill ? when we are no sooner in his power, than he uses us so.

A I R XL. Sylvia my dearest.

Cruellest creature, why have you woo'd me,
Why thus pursu'd me
Into love's snare ?
While I was cruel,
I was your jewel ;
Now I am kind, you bid me despair.
Nature's sweet flowers
Warm seasons nourish,
In summer flourish,
Winter's their bane :
Love against nature,
Check'd, grows the greater,
And best is nourish'd with cold disdain.

Owen. How canst thou wrong me so, my dear Molly ! Your father hath been here and insulted me in the rudest manner ; but notwithstanding that, I am resolved——

Mol. To fulfil your promise, and marry me.

Owen.

Owen. Why dost thou mention that hateful word? That, that is the cruel frost which nips the flower of love. Politeness is not a greater enemy to honesty, nor quadrille to common sense, than marriage is to love. They are fire and water, and cannot live together. Marriage is the only thing thou shouldst ask, that I would not grant.

Mol. And till you grant that, I will grant nothing else.

Owen. It is for your sake I would not marry you? for I could never love, if I was confined to it.

A I R XLI.

How happy's the swain,
Whom beauty firing
All admiring,
All desiring,
Never desiring in vain.
How happy to rove,
Thro' sweetest bowers,
And cull the flowers,
In the delicious garden of love.
How wretched the soul,
Under controul,
To one poor choice confin'd a while,
Wanton it exerts the lass,
No, no, let the joys of my life,
Like the years in circles roll.
But since you are so ungrateful,
Since my service is so hateful,
Willing I my place forsake.

Mol. He's gone! he's lost for ever! irrevocably lost: Oh! virtue! where's thy force? where are those thousand charms that we are told to lie in thee, when lovers cannot see them? Should Owen e'er return, should he renew his entreaties, I fear his success; for I find every day love attains more and more ground of virtue.

AIR XLII. Midsummer wish.

When love is lodg'd within the heart,
 Poor virtue to the outworks flies,
 The tongue in thunder takes its part,
 And darts in lightning from the eyes.
 From lips and eyes with gested grace,
 In vain she keeps out charming him,
 For love will find some weaker place,
 To let the dear invader in.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir OWEN AP SHINKEN's House.*

Sir OWEN, smoking.

WHAT a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco!—the industrious retires from business—the voluptuous from pleasure—the lover from a cruel mistress—the husband from a curs'd wife—and I from all the world to my pipe.

AIR XLIII. Free mason's tune.

Let the learn'd talk of books,
 The glutton of cooks,
 The lover of Celia's soft smack-o;
 No mortal can boast
 So noble a toast,
 As a pipe of accepted tobacco.

Let the soldier for fame,
 And a general's name,
 In battle get many a thwack-o;
 Let who will have most,
 Who will rule the roast,
 Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives wit
 To the dullest old cit,

And

The GRUB-STREET OPERA.

And make him of politicks crack-o;
 The lawyers i'th' hall
 Were not able to bawl,
 Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whose chief glory
 Is telling a story,
 Had never arriv'd at the knack-o,
 Between ev'ry heying,
 And as I was saying,
 Did he not take a whiff of tobacco.

The doctor who places
 Much skill in grimaces,
 And feels your pulse running tick-tack-o;
 Would you know his chief skill?
 It is only to fill,
 And smoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
 To this weed are not prone;
 Would you know what 'tis makes them so
 slack-o!
 'Twas because it inclin'd
 To be honest the mind,
 And therefore they banish'd tobacco.

S C E N E II.

Sir OWEN and Lady APSHINKEN.

Lady Ap. It is very hard, my dear, that I must be an eternal slave to my family; that the moment my back is turned, every thing goes to rack and manger; that you will take no care upon yourself, like a sleepy good-for-nothing drone as you are.

Sir Owen. My wife is a very good wife, only a little inclin'd to talking. If she had no tongue, or I had no ears, we should be the happiest couple in Wales.

Lady Ap. Sir Owen! Sir Owen! it is very well known what offers I refus'd, when I married you.

Sir Owen. Yes, my dear, it is very well known, indeed — I have heard of it often enough in conscience.

—But this I am confident——if you had ever had a better offer, you knew your own interest too well to have refus'd it.

Lady Ap. Ungrateful man ! if I have shewn that I know the value of money, it has been for your interest as well as mine ; and let me tell you, Sir, whenever my conscience has struggled with my interest, she hath always got the better.

Sir Owen. Why possibly it may be so---for I am sure which ever side your tongue is of, will get the better.——And harkye, my dear, I fancy your conscience and your tongue lie very near together.—As for your interest, it lies too near your heart to have any intercourse with your tongue.

Lady Ap. Methinks, Sir Owen, you should be the last who reflected on me for scolding your servants.

Sir Owen. So I would, if you would not scold at me.—Vent your ill-nature on all the parish, let me and my tobacco alone, and I care not: but a scolding wife to me is a walking bass-viol out of tune.

Lady Ap. Sir, Sir, a drunken husband is a bad fiddle-stick to that bass-viol, never able to put her into tune, nor to play any tune upon her.

Sir Owen. A scolding wife is rosin to that fiddle-stick, continually rubbing it up to play, till it wear out.

A I R XLIV. Tenant of my own.

Of all bad sorts of wives

The scolds are sure the worst,

With a hum, drum, scum, hurry scurry scum.

Would I'd a cuckold been,

Ere I had been accurst

With your hum, drum, &c.

Would he have curst mankind

(If Juno's drawn to life)

When Jupiter Pandora sent,

He should have sent his wife,

With her hum, drum, &c.

S C E N E III.

Lady APSHINKEN and SUSAN.

Lady Ap. Go thy ways, for an errant knight as thou art.—So, Susan, what bring you?

Suf. The bill of fare, Madam.

Lady Ap. The bill of fare? this looks more like a bill for a month than a day.

Suf. Master hath invited several of the tenants to-day, Madam.

Lady Ap. Yes, I am acquainted with your master's generosity—he would keep a tenant's table by his consent.—On my conscience, he would suffer some of the poorer tenants to eat more than their rent out.

Suf. Heaven blefs him for such goodness!

Lady Ap. This sirloin of beef may stand, only cut off half of it for to-morrow—it is too big for one dish.

Suf. O dear Madam! it is a thousand pities to cut it.

Lady Ap. Pshaw! I tell you no polite people suffer a large dish to come to their table.—I have seen an entertainment of three courses, where the substance of the whole would not have made half a sirloin of beef.

Suf. The devil take such politeness, I say.

Lady Ap. A goose roasted—very well; take particular care of the giblets, they bear a very good price in the market. Two brace of partridges—I'll leave out one of them. An apple-pye, with quinces—why quinces, when you know quinces are so dear?—There; and for the rest, do you keep it, and let me have two dishes a-day, till it is out.

Suf. Why, Madam, half the provision will sink at that rate.

Lady Ap. Then they will eat the less of it—I know some good housewives that never buy any other, for it is always cheap, and will go the farther.

Suf. So as the smell of the old English hospitality us'd to invite people in, that of the present is to keep them away.

Lady Ap. Old English hospitality! Oh, don't name it, I am sick at the sound.

Suf.

Suf. Would I had liv'd in those days!—I wish I had been born a cook in an age when there was some business for one! before we had learnt this French politeness, and been taught to dress our meat by nations that have no meat to dress.

AIR XLV. The king's old courtier.

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouts as well as to dance,
Oh what a fine figure we make in romance!
Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!

Lady Ap. Servants are continually jealous of the least thrift of a master or mistress; they are never easy but when they observe extravagance.

S C E N E IV.

Lady APSHINKEN and PUZZLETEXT.

AIR XLVI. Oh Jenny, Oh Jenny.

Lady Ap. Oh Doctor, Oh Doctor, where hast thou been?

Sure woman was never like me perplex!

I have been chiding:

Puz. I have been riding,

And meditating upon my text.

Lady Ap. I wish you would give us a sermon on charity, that my servants might know that it is no charity to indulge a voluptuous appetite.

Puz. There is, Madam, as your ladyship very well knows, a religious charity, and an irreligious charity. —Now the religious charity teaches us rather to starve the belly of our friend, than feed it. Verily, starving is voluptuous food for a sinful constitution.

Lady Ap. I wish, doctor, when you go next to

London, you would buy me up at the cheapest rates, all the books upon charity that have been publish'd.

Puz. I have a treatise, Madam, which I shall shortly publish, that will comprehend the whole. It will be writ in Latin, and dedicated to your ladyship.

Lady Ap. Any thing for the encouragement of religion.—I am a great admirer of the Latin language.—I believe, doctor, I now understand Latin as well as English.—But Oh, doctor! it gives me pain, very great pain, that notwithstanding all our endeavours, there should yet remain so many wicked people in our parish.—One of the tenants, the other day, abus'd his wife in the most terrible manner. Shall I never make them use their wives tolerably?

A I R XLVII.

Lady Ap. Ah, doctor! I long much as misers for pelf,
To see the whole parish as good as myself.

Puz. Ah, Madam! your ladyship need not to doubt,
But that by my sermons will be soon brought about.

Lady Ap. Ah, man! can your sermons put them in the right way,

When not one in ten e'er hears what you say?

Puz. Ah, Madam! your ladyship need not to fear;
If you make them pay, but I'll make them hear.

S C E N E V.

To them, ROBIN.

A I R XLVIII. In Porus.

Rob. Some confounded planet reigning,
Surely hath, beyond explaining,
Your sex beguiled,
Sense defiled,
Sense awry led
To mistake:
I should wonder,
Could you blunder
Thus awake.

But

The GRUB-STREET OPERA.

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But if your almighty wit
Me for William will quit,
E'en brew as you bake.

Lady Ap. What's the meaning of this?

Rob. Is your ladyship a stranger to it, then?—
Madam, don't you know that I am to be turn'd away,
and William made butler?

Lady Ap. How!

Rob. Nay, I assure your ladyship it is true. I just
now receiv'd a message from master, to give an account
of the plate—and perhaps I shall give a better ac-
count than William would, had he been butler as long
as I have.

Lady Ap. I am out of all patience; I'll to Sir Owen
this moment—I will see whether I am a cypher in
this house or no.

Puz. Hark ye, Mr. Robin, you are safe enough—
her ladyship is your friend.—So go you and send me
a bottle of good wine into my room, for I am a very
good friend of yours.

S C E N E VI.

ROBIN, *solus.*

It is not that I intend to live long in the family—
but I don't care to be turn'd away.—I would give
warning myself, and if this storm blows over, I will.
—Thanks to my industry, I have made a shift to get
together a little comfortable subsistence for the rest of
my days.—I'll purchase some little snug farm in
Wales, of about a hundred a-year, and retire with—
ha!—with whom shall I retire, since Sweetiffa's false?
—What avails it to me that I can purchase an estate,
when I cannot purchase happiness?

A I R XLIX. Cupid, God of pleasing anguish.

What avail large sums of treasure,
But to purchase sums of pleasure;
But your wishes to obtain?
Poor the wretch whole worlds possessing,
While his dearest darling blessing
He must sigh for still in vain.

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S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

ROBIN *and* SWEETISSA.

Rob. Where is my wealth, when the cabinet it was lock'd up in, is broke open and plunder'd?

Sweet. He's here! — love would blow me like a whirlwind to his arms, did not the string of honour pull me back—Honour, that forces more lies from the mouth of a woman, than gold does from the mouth of a lawyer.

Rob. See where she stands! the false, the perjur'd she.— Yet guilty as she is, she would be dearer to my soul than light—did not my honour interpose— My honour, which cannot suffer me to wed a whore. I must part with honour, or with her—and a servant without honour, is a wretch indeed!—How happy are men of quality, who cannot lose their honour do what they will? — Right honour is tried in roguery, as gold is in the fire, and comes out still the same.

A I R L. Dame of honour.

Nice honour by a private man
With zeal must be maintained;
For soon 'tis lost, and never can
By any be regained.
But once right honourable grown,
He's then its rightful owner;
For tho' the worst of rogues he's known,
He still is a man of honour.

Sweet. I wish I could impute this blindness of yours to love. But, alas! love would see me, not my faults. — You see my faults, not me.

Rob. I wish it were possible to see you faultless—but alas! you are so hemm'd in with faults, one must see through them to come at you.

Sweet. I know of none, but loving you too well.

Rob. That may be one, perhaps, if you were great with William.

Sweet. Oh Robin! if thou are resolv'd to be false, do not, I beseech thee, do not let thy malice conspire to ruin my reputation.

Rob.

Rob. There, Madam, read that letter once more, then bid me be tender of your reputation, if you can—though women have always the boldest claims to reputation when they have the least pretensions to it—for virtue, like gunpowder, never makes any noise till it goes off—when you hear the report, you may be sure its gone.

Sweet. This is some conspiracy against me—for may the devil fetch me this instant, if ever I saw this letter before.

Rob. What! and drop it from your pocket?

Sweet. Oh base man!—If ever I suffer'd William to kiss me in my life, unless when we have been at questions and commands, may I never—be kiss'd while I live again.—And if I am not a maid now—may I die as good a maid as I am now.—But you shall see that I am not the only one who can receive letters, and drop them from their pockets too.—There, if thou art guilty, that letter will shock thee—while innocence guards me.

A I R LI. Why will Florella.

When guilt within the bosom lies,
A thousand ways it speaks,
It stares affrighted thro' the eyes,
And blushes thro' the cheeks.

But innocence, disdaining fear,
Adorns the injur'd face,
And while the black accuser's near,
Shines forth with brighter grace.

Rob. Surprising!—sure some little writing devil lurks in the house. Ha! a thought hath just shot thro' my brain.—Sweetissa, if you have virtue—if you have honour—if you have humanity, answer me one question.—Did the parson ever make love to you?

Sweet. Why do you ask me that?

Rob. These two letters are writ by the same hand—and if they were not writ by William, they must have been by the parson—for no one else, I believe, can write or read in the house.

Sweet.

Sweet. I can't say he hath, nor I can't say he hath not. Once he told me, that if I was worth a hundred pounds, he'd marry me.

Rob. Did he? that's enough; by George I'll make an example of him—I'll beat him till he hath as great an aversion to marriage, as any priest in Rome hath.

Sweet. O fie! what, beat the parson?

Rob. Never tell me of the parson—if he will have my meat, I'll give him some sauce to it.

Sweet. Consider, good Robin; for tho' thou hast been a base man to me, I would not have thee damn'd.

Rob. The parson would send me to heaven, I thank him. I'd rather be damn'd than go to heaven as the parson's cuckold. 'Sbud! I'll fouse him till he shall have as little appetite for woman's flesh as horse flesh.

A I R LII. Hunt the squirrel.

Sweet. Oh for goodness sake forbear!

Think he's a parson, think he's a parson;
Look upon the cloth he wears,
Ere you pull his ears.

Rob. Cease your chattering, I will batter him;
Blood and thunder-bolt!
I'll rub him, drub him, scrub him down,
As jockies do a colt.

Sweet. He's gone; perhaps will knock the parson in the head. What can he then expect but to be hanged by the neck? Oh! that he were hang'd once safe about my neck.—Ye powers preserve him from the hangman's noose, and tie him fast in Hymen's.

S C E N E VIII.

SWEETISSA and JOHN.

Sweet. Oh John! fly! if thou wilt save thy friend—
fly up into the parson's closet.

John. What's the matter?

Sweet. One moment's delay, and Robin's lost.—
He is gone in a mighty passion to beat the parson;
run and prevent him, for if he should kill the parson,
he will be hang'd.

John.

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John. Kill him ! if he lifts up his hand against him he will be put into the spiritual court—and that's worse than hanging.

Sweet. Fly, fly ! dear John.—What torments attend a mind in love.

A I R LIII. The play of love.

What vast delights must virgins prove,
Who taste the dear excess of love !
Since while so many ways undone,
And all our joys must fly from one,
Eager to love's embrace we run.
So when in some small island lies
The eager merchant's brilliant prize,
That dear, that darling spot to gain,
He views black tempests with disdain,
And all the dangers of the main.

S C E N E IX.

OWEN and SWEETISSA.

Owen. Sweetissa in tears ! —so looks the lily after a shower, while drops of rain run gently down its silken leaves, and gather sweetness as they pass.

A I R LIV. Si cari.

Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile ;
Repining banish,
Let sorrow vanish,
Grief does the complexion spoil,
Smile, smile, Sweetissa, smile,
Lift up your charming, cha --a--arming,
Charming, charming eyes,
As the sun's brightest rays in summer skies.

What is the matter, my dear Sweetissa ?

Sweet. Whatever be the matter—it is no matter of yours, master Owen.

Owen. I would hug thee in my arms and comfort thee—if thou would'st let me.—Give me a buss—do.

A I R

The GRUB-STREET OPERA.

A I R LV. Sleepy body.

Sweet. Little master,
 Pretty master,
 Your pursuit give over;
 Surely nature
 Such a creature
 Never meant for a lover:
 A beau, and baboon,
 In a dull afternoon,
 May ladies divert by their capers;
 But weak is her head
 Who takes to her bed
 Such a remedy for the vapours.
 Little master, &c.

S C E N E X.

OWEN, *solus.*

A I R LVI.

Go, and like a stub'ring Bess howl,
 Whilst at your griefs I'm quaffing,
 For the more you cry, the less you'll——
 Tol, lol, de rol.
 Be inclin'd to laughing.

S C E N E XI.

OWEN *and* SUSAN.

Owen. So, Mrs. Susan, which way are you going?

Susan. Going!—why. I am going to find madam out—if she will have no victuals, she shall have no cook for Susan.—If I cut the sirloin of beef, may the devil cut me.

A I R LVII. South-Sea tune.

An Irishman loves potatoes;
 A Frenchman chews
 Sallads and ragouts;
 A Dutchman waterzuche;
 The Italian maccaroons;

The

The Scotchman loves sheeps heads, Sir;
The Welch with cheefe are fed, Sir;
An Englishman's chief
Delight is roast beef;
And if I divide the ox' sirloin,
May the devil cut off mine.

Owen. Oh! do not spoil thy pretty face with passion. — Give me a kifs, my dear pretty little cook.

Suf. Give you a kifs! — give you a flap in the face, or a rod for your backside. — When I am kifs'd, it shall be by another guise sort of spark than you. — 'Sbud! your head looks like the scrag end of a neck of mutton, just flour'd for basting. — A kifs! — — a fart!

S C E N E XII.

OWEN and MARGERY.

Owen. Go thy ways, greasy face. — Oh here's my little Margery, now.

Marg. Not so little neither, Master Owen. — I am big enough for you still.

Owen. And so thou art, my dear, and my dove. — Come, let us — let us — let us —

Marg. Let us what?

Owen. Let us, I'gad, I don't know what. — Let us kifs like any thing.

Marg. Not so fast, 'squire — your mamma must give you a large allowance before it comes to that between you and me. Lookye, Sir, when you can produce that fine apron you promis'd me, I don't know what my gratitude may bring me to — But I am resolv'd, if ever I do play the fool, I'll have something to shew for it, besides a great belly.

Owen. Pox on 'em all! — I shall not compass one out of the whole family. — I'gad, I'll e'en go back to Molly, and make sure of her, if possible — or I may be in danger of dying half a maid yet — for the devil take me, if I han't a shrewd suspicion that, in all my amours, I never yet thoroughly knew what a fine woman was. — I fancy it often happens so among us fine gentlemen.

A I R

A I R LVIII.

The idle beau of pleasure
 Oft boasts a false amour,
 As breaking cit his treasure,
 Most gaudy, when most poor;
 But the rich miser hides the stores he does amass,
 And the true lover still conceals his happy lass.

S C E N E XIII.

PUZZLETEXT, RORIN, *and* JOHN.

Puz. I will have satisfaction.—Speak not to me, Master John, of any thing but satisfaction.—I will box him.—I will shew him that I was not bred at Oxford for nothing.—Splutter! I will shew him my head is good for something else besides preaching.

[*Butts at him.*]

Rob. You would have arm'd my head better for butting, I thank you.

Puz. You are a lying rascal, and a liar in your teeth.

Rob. You are a liar in your tongue, doctor, and that's worse.

Puz. The lie to me, firrah! I will cut your brains out, if you have any brains. Let me go, John—let me go.—

Rob. Let him come: I warrant he goes back again faster than he came.

Puz. 'Sbud! 'sbud! 'sbud!

John. Fie, doctor! be not in such a passion; consider who you are—you must forgive.

Puz. I will not forgive.—Forgiveness is sometimes a sin, ay, and a damn'd sin.—No, I will not forgive him.—Sirrah, I will make such an example of you, as shall deter all such vagabonds for the future how they affront the church.

A I R LIX. Buff coat.

In spiritual court
 I'll shew you such sport,
 Shall make you your own folly curse, Sir.

Rob. But you shall be bit,
For I'll stand in the sheet,
And keep you from handling my purse, Sir.
Puz. In this you'll be sham'd,
In the other world damn'd,
Here a priest, there a devil you'll find, Sir.
Rob. I shall know then if priest
Or devil be best
At the art of tormenting mankind, Sir.

Puz. Let me go, John—I will—splutter!—

S C E N E XIV.

*Sir OWEN APSHINKEN, Lady APSHINKEN,
PUZZLETEXT, ROBIN, WILLIAM, JOHN,
SUSAN, SWEETISSA, MARGERY.*

Lady Ap. Heyday! what's the meaning of this?—
Mr. Puzzletext, you are not mad, I hope?

Puz. Splutter! my lady, but I am. I have been
abus'd—I have been beaten—

Lady Ap. It cannot be by Robin, I am sure; he's
peaceably enough inclin'd.

Will. He'll not strike a blow, unless he's forc'd to
it, I warrant him.

Puz. Yes, it is by Robin; he hath abus'd me for
writing to his mistress, when I have not had a pen in
my hand, save for half a sermon, these six months.

Will. Sure letters run strangely in his head!—
he hath quarrell'd with me once to-day, and now he
hath quarrell'd with Mr. Puzzletext for writing to his
mistress—He knows his own demerits, and there-
fore is jealous of every man he sees for a rival.

Rob. I have not so bad an opinion of myself as to
be jealous of you, however sensible you may be of
your own merits.

Lady Ap. Let us have no quarrelling here, pray.—
I thought you had more sense than to quarrel with
the church.

[*Aside to Robin.*

Will. Master may keep you, if he pleases—when
he knows you are a rogue; but I'll swear to your
stealing the two silver spoons.

Sweet. You have reason to talk, good Mr. William — I'll swear to your having robb'd one of the coaches of the curtains to make yourself a waistcoat; and your having stole a pair of buckles out of the harness, and sold them to Mr. Owen, to wear them in his shoes.

Suf. If you come to that, Madam, who stole a short silk apron from my lady, and a new flannel petticoat, which you have on at this moment?

John. Not so fast, good Susan Saucebox — Who basted away dozens of butter more than she need, that she may sell the grease? — Who brings in false bills of fare, and puts the forg'd articles in her own pocket? — Who wants wine and brandy for sauces and sweetmeats, and drinks it herself?

Will. And who wants strong beer for his horses, which he drinks himself?

Marg. I think you should forget that, lest you should be put in mind of the same practice with the coach-horses.

Suf. I suppose when you remember that, you don't forget taking a dram from her ladyship's bottle every time you make the bed.

Lady Ap. I can excuse you there, Margery, for I keep all my bottles under lock and key.

Suf. But I suppose your Ladyship will not excuse her from a false key, the which I will take my oath she hath now in her pocket.

Lady Ap. Very fine, indeed!

Puz. Verily, I am concern'd to find my sermons have had no better effect on you. I think it is a difficult matter to determine which deserves to be hang'd most; and if Robin the butler hath cheated more than other people, I see no other reason for it, but because he hath had more opportunity to cheat.

Rob. Well said, parson! — once in thy life thou hast spoken truth.

Will. We are none of us so bad as Robin, tho' — there's cheating in his very name. — Robin, is as much as to say, robbing.

Puz. That is none of the best puns, Master Will.

Rob. Well said, parson, again!

A I R LX. Ye madcaps of England.

In this little family plainly we find
A little epitome of human kind,
Where down from the beggar up to the great man,
Each gentleman cheats you no more than he can.
Sing tantarara, rogues all.

For if you will be such a husband of pelf,
To be serv'd by no cheats, you must e'en serve
yourself;
The world is so cramm'd brim-full of deceit,
That if Robin be a name for a cheat,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all, Bobs all,
Sing tantarara, Bobs all.

Lady Ap. And have I been raking, and rending,
and scraping, and scratching, and sweating, to be
plunder'd by my servants?

Sir Owen. Why, truly, my dear, if you had any
family to provide for, you would have had some ex-
cuse for your saving, to save fortunes for your younger
children.—But as we have but one son to provide for,
and he not much worth providing for, e'en let the
servants keep what they have stole, and much good
may it do them.

Lady Ap. This is such notorious extravagance!
Omnes. Heavens bless your good honour!

A I R LXI. My name is Old Hewson.

Rob. I once as your butler did cheat you,
For myself I will set up now;
If you come to my house I will treat you
With a pig of your own sow.

Sweet. I once did your ladyship chouse,
And rob you of trinkets good store;
But when I am gone from your house,
I promise to cheat you no more.

Will. Your lining I own, like a blockhead,
I stole, to my utter reproach;
But you will be money in pocket,
If you sell off your horses and coach.

Suf. My rogueries all are confest,
 And for a new maid you may look;
 For where there's no meat to be drest,
 There is little need of a cook.

Chorus. And so we all give you warning,
 And give you a month's wages too;
 We all go off to-morrow morning,
 And may better servants ensue.

S C E N E XV.

To them, OWEN and MOLLY.

<i>Owen.</i>	}	Your blessing, Sir.
<i>Molly.</i>		
<i>Sir Owen.</i>	}	How!
<i>Lady Ap.</i>		
<i>Owen.</i>	}	We are your son and daughter.
<i>Molly.</i>		
<i>Sir Owen.</i> My son married to a daughter of a tenant!		
<i>Owen.</i> Oh, Sir! she is your tenant's daughter, but worthy of a crown.		

A I R LXII. Fond Echo.

Molly. O, think not the maid whom you scorn,
 With riches delighted can be!
 Had I a great princess been born,
 My Owen had dear been to me.
 On others your treasures bestow,
 Give Owen alone to these arms;
 In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
 But in love there is nothing but charms.

Owen. In title and wealth what is lost,
 In tenderness oft is repaid;
 Too much a great fortune may cost,
 Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
 While fancy's faint dreams cheat the great,
 We pleasure will equally prove;
 While they in their palaces hate,
 We in our poor cottage may love.

Sir

The GRUB-STREET OPERA. 245

Sir Owen. She sings delightfully, that's the truth on't.

Owen. T'other song—t'other song—ply him with songs till he forgives us.

A I R. LXIII. Lads of Patie's mill.

Molly. If I too high aspire,
'Tis love that plumes my wings,
Love makes a clown a squire,
Would make a squire a king.
What maid that Owen spies,
From love can e'er be free?
Love in his lac'd coat lies,
And peeps from his toupee.

Sir Owen. I can hold out no longer.

Lady Ap. Nor I: let me see you embrace one another, and then I'll embrace you both.

A I R. LXIV. Caro vien.

Molly. With joy my heart's o'erflowing;

Owen. With joy my heart's jolly.

Molly. Oh, my dearest sweet Owen!

Owen. Oh, my charming Molly!

Since I am happy myself, I will make others so.—
These letters, Robin, which caus'd all the jealousy between you and Sweetiffa, I wrote out of a frolick.

Rob. Ha! and did I suspect Sweetiffa falsely?

Sweet. And did I suspect my Robin?

Rob. Oh, my Sweetiffa! my sweet.

Sweet. Oh, my Robin! my Bob.

Rob. This hour shall make us one.—Doctor, lead to church.

Will. What say'st thou, Susan? Shall we follow our leaders?

Suf. Why, faith, I am generally frank, you know, and speak my mind —I say, yes.

John. And thou, Margery?

Marg. I do not say, no

Puz. I am ready to do your business whenever you please.

Owen. Lookye, as I have married first, I desire my wedding may be celebrated first, at least with one dance; for which I have prepar'd the fiddles.

Puz. And for which I have prepar'd my fiddle too; for I am always in *utrumque paratus*.

Owen. This shall be a day of hospitality, I am resolv'd.

Lady Ap. And I am resolv'd not to see it, and would advise you not to be extravagant in it.

A dance here.

A I R LXV. Little Jack Horner.

<i>Puz.</i>	Couples united, Ever delighted, May they ne'er disagree!
<i>Women.</i>	First we will wed,
<i>Men.</i>	Then we'll to bed;
<i>Omnes.</i>	What happy rogues are we!
<i>Chorus.</i>	Couples united, Ever delighted, May we ne'er disagree! First we will wed, Then we'll to bed; What happy rogues are we!

T H E

T H E
MODERN HUSBAND.
A
C O M E D Y.

As it was Acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1731.

Hæc ego non credam Venusfinâ digna Lucernâ?

Hæc ego non agitem? ———

Cùm leno accipiat mœchi bona, si capiendi

Jus nullum uxori, doctus spectare lacunar,

Doctus & ad calicem vigilantî stertere naso.

Juv. Sat. 12.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

KNIGHT of the Most Noble ORDER of
the GARTER.

S I R,

WHILE the peace of Europe, and the lives and fortunes of so great a part of mankind depend on your counsels, it may be thought an offence against the public good to divert, by trifles of this nature, any of those moments which are so sacred to the welfare of our country.

BUT however ridicul'd or exploded the muses may be, in an age when their greatest favourites are liable to the censure and correction of every boy or idiot, who shall have it in his power to satisfy the wantonness of an evil heart, at the expence of the reputation and interest of the best poet, yet has this science been esteemed, honoured, protected, and often professed by the greatest persons of antiquity. Nations and the Muses have generally enjoy'd the same protectors.

THE reason of this is obvious: as the best poets have owed their reward to the greatest heroes and statesmen of their times, so those heroes have owed to the poet that posthumous reputation, which is generally the only reward that attends the greatest actions. By them the great and good blaze out to posterity, and triumph over the little malice and envy which once pursued them.

Pre-

D E D I C A T I O N.

PROTECT therefore, Sir, an art from which you may promise yourself such notable advantages : when the little artifices of your enemies, which you have surmounted, shall be forgotten ; when envy shall cease to misrepresent your actions, and ignorance to misapprehend them, the Muses shall remember their protector, the wise statesman, and the generous patron, the steadfast friend, and the true patriot ; but above all that humanity and sweetness of temper, which shine through all your actions, shall render the name of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE dear to his no longer ungrateful country.

THAT success may attend all your counsels, that you may continue to preserve us from our enemies abroad, and to triumph over your enemies at home, is the sincere wish of,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

Most obedient humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

*I*N early youth our author first begun
To combat with the follies of the town ;
Her want of art his unskill'd muse bewail'd,
And where his fancy pleas'd, his judgment fail'd.
Hence your nice tastes he strove to entertain
With unshap'd monsters of a wanton brain !
He taught Tom Thumb strange victories to boast,
Slew heaps of giants, and then — kill'd a ghost !
To rules, or reason, scorn'd the dull pretence,
And fought, your champion, 'gainst the cause of sense !
At length, repenting frolick flights of youth,
Once more he flies to Nature, and to Truth :
In virtue's just defence, aspires to fame,
And courts applause without th' applauder's shame !
Impartial let your praise or censure flow,
For, as he brings no friend, he hopes to find no foe.
His muse in schools too unpolite was bred,
To apprehend each critick—that can read :
For, sure no man's capacity less ample
Because he's been at Oxford or the Temple !
He shews but little judgment, or discerning,
Who thinks taste banish'd from the seats of learning.
Nor is less false, or scandalous th' aspersions,
That such will ever damn their own diversion.
But, poets damn'd, like thieves convicted, all,
Rail at their jury, and deny the fact !
To night (yet strangers to the scene) you'll view,
A pair of monsters most entirely new !
Two characters scarce ever found in life,
A willing cuckold—sells his willing wife !
But, from whatever clime the creatures come,
Condemn 'em not—because not found at home.
If then true nature in his scenes you trace,
Not scenes that Comedy to Farce debas'd ;

P R O L O G U E.

*If modern vice detestable be shewn,
And vicious, as it is, he draws the town;
Tho' no loud laugh applaud the serious page,
Restore the sinking honour of the stage!
The stage which was not for low farce design'd,
But to divert, instruct, and mend mankind.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

LORD RICHLY, MR. BELLAMANT, CAPTAIN BELLAMANT, MR. GAYWIT, MR. MODERN, LORD LAZY, COL. COURTLY, MR. WOODALL, CAPTAIN MERIT, CAP. BRAVEMORE, JOHN, servant to Modern, PORTER to Lord Richly,	}	Persons who attend Lord Richly's levee.	}	MR. CIBBER. MR. WILKS. MR. CIBBER, jun. MR. MILLS, jun. MR. BRIDGEWATER. MR. BOWMAN, MR. HALLAM, jun. MR. HARPER. MR. PAGET. MR. WATSON. MR. BERRY. MR. MULLARTY.
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W O M E N.

LADY CHARLOTTE GAYWIT, MRS. BELLAMANT, MRS. MODERN, EMILIA, LATELY,	MRS. CIBBER. MRS. HORTON. MRS. HERON. MRS. BUTLER. MRS. CHARKE.
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S C E N E, L O N D O N.

T H E
MODERN HUSBAND.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *Mrs. MODERN'S House.*

Mrs. MODERN at her toilet: LATELY attending.

Mrs. MODERN.

LUD! this creature is longer in sticking a pin, than some people are in dressing a head. Will you never have done fumbling?

Lately. There, Maam, your ladyship is drest.

Mrs. Modern. Drest! ay, most frightfully drest, I am sure—If it were not too late, I won'd begin it all again. This gown is wretchedly made, and does not become me—When was Trickfy here?

Lately. Yesterday, Maam, with her bill.

Mrs. Modern. How! her bill already?

Lately. She says, Madam, your ladyship bid her bring it.

Mrs. Modern. Ay, to be sure, she'll not fail to remember that.

Lately. She says too, Maam, that she's in great distress for her money.

Mrs. Modern. Oh, no doubt of that; I do not know any one who is not.

Lately. What shall I do, Maam, when she comes again?

Mrs. Modern. You must——you must send her way again, I think.

Lately. Yes, Maam, but——

Mrs. Modern. But——but what? Don't trouble
Vol. II. Y me

me with your impertinence : I have other things to think on—Bills! bills! bills! I wonder, in a civilized nation, there are no laws against duns. [*Knocking at the door*] Come in.

S C E N E II.

To them, FOOTMAN.

Foot. My Lady Ever-play, Madam, gives her humble service to you, and desires your ladyship's company to-morrow se'ennight to make a party at Quadrille with my Lady Loseall and Mrs. Banespouse.

Mrs. Modern. Lately, bring the Quadrille-book hither; see whether I am engag'd.

Lately. Here it is, Maam.

Mrs. Modern. Run over the engagements.

Lately. Monday, February 5, at Mrs. Squabble's; Tuesday, at Mrs. Witlefs's; Wednesday, at Lady Matadore's; Thursday, at Mrs. Fiddle-faddle's; Friday, at Mrs. Ruin's; Saturday, at Lady Trifle's; Sunday, at Lady Barbara Pawnjewel's.

Mrs. Modern. What is the wench doing?—See for how long I am engag'd.—At this rate you will not have done this hour.

Lately. Maam, your ladyship is engag'd ev'ry night till Thursday three weeks.

Mrs. Modern. My service to Lady Ever-play; I have parties ev'ry night till Thursday three weeks, and then I shall be very glad if she will get two more at my house—And—Tom—take the roll of visits, and go with my chair to pay them; but remember not to call at Mrs. Worthy's.

S C E N E III.

Mrs. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. Modern. I intend to leave off her acquaintance, for I never see any people of fashion at her house, which, indeed, I do not wonder at; for the wretch is hardly ever to be met with without her husband. And truly, I think, she is not fit company for any other. Did you ever see any one dress like her, Lately?

Lately.

Lately. Oh, frightful ! I have wonder'd how your ladyship cou'd endure her so long.

Mrs. Modern. Why, she plays at Quadrille worse than she dresses, and one wou'd endure a great deal in a person who loses her money.

Lately. Nay, now I wonder that your ladyship has left her off at all.

Mrs. Modern. Truly, because she has left off play; and now she rails at cards for the same reason as some women do at gallantry—from ill success.—Poor creatures ! how ignorant they are, that all their railing is only a loud proclamation that they have lost their money, or a lover.

Lately. They may rail as long as they please, Maam ; they will never be able to expel those two pleasures out of the world.

Mrs. Modern. Ah, *Lately* ! I hope I shall be expelled out of the world first. Those Quadrille rings of mine are worth more money than four of the best brilliants—There is more conjuration in these dear circles—[*Shews a ring.*] These Spades, Hearts, Clubs, and Diamonds. Hark, I hear my husband coming ; go you down stairs. [Exit *Lately*.

Husband, did I say ? Sure, the wretch who sells his wife deserves another name. But I must be civil to him while I despise him.

SCENE IV.

Mr. MODERN, Mrs. MODERN.

Mrs. Modern. My dear, good-morrow.

Mr. Modern. I hope you slept well last night, madam ; that is, I hope you had good success at cards.

Mrs. Modern. Very indifferent. I had won a considerable sum, if it had not been for a cursed Sans-pren-dre-vole, that swept the whole table. That Lady Weldon has such luck, if I were superstitious, I shou'd forswear playing with her—for I never play'd with her but I cheated, nor ever play'd with her, but I lost.

Mr. Modern. Then without being very superstitious, I think you may suspect that she cheats too.

Mrs. Modern. Did I not know the other compa-

ny—For the very worst of Quadrille is, one cannot cheat without a partner. The division of a booty gives one more pain, than the winning it can pleasure — I am to make up accounts to-morrow with Mrs. Sharpring—but where to get the money, I know not, unless you have it, child.

Mr. Modern. I have it ! I wanted to borrow some of you: unless you can raise me five hundred pounds by to-morrow night, I shall be in a fair way to go to jail the next morning

Mrs. Modern. If the whole happiness of my life depended on it, I could not get the tenth part.

Mr. Modern. You do not manage Lord Richly right. Men will give any thing to a woman they are fond of.

Mrs. Modern. But not to a woman whom they were fond of—The decay of Lord Richly's passion is too apparent for you not to have observ'd it. He visits me seldom; and I am afraid, should I ask a favour of him, it might break off our acquaintance.

Mr. Modern. Then I see no reason for your acquaintance: he dances no longer at my house, if he will not pay the musick—But hold, I have a thought come into my head may oblige him to it, and make better musick for us than you imagine.

Mrs. Modern. What is it ?

Mr. Modern. Suppose I procur'd witnesses of his familiarity with you — I shou'd recover swinging damages.

Mrs. Modern. But then my reputation —

Mr. Modern. Pooh, you will have enough to gild it; never fear your reputation while you are rich—for gold in this world covers as many sins, as charity in the next. So that get a great deal, and give away a little, and you secure your happiness in both. Besides, in this case all the scandal falls on the husband.

Mrs. Modern. Oh no ! I shall be no more visited — Farewel, dear Quadrille, dear, dear Sans-prendre-vole, and matadores.

Mr. Modern. You will be forc'd to quit these pleasures otherwise ; for your companions in 'em will quit you the very moment they apprehend our sinking fortune.

fortune. You will find that wealth has a surer interest to introduce roguery into company, than virtue to introduce poverty.

Mrs. Modern. You will never persuade me: my reputation is dearer to me than my life.

Mr. Modern. Very strange! that a woman who made so little scruple of sacrificing the substance of her virtue, should make so much of parting with the shadow of it.

Mrs. Modern. 'Tis the shadow only that is valuable — Reputation is the soul of virtue.

Mr. Modern. So far, indeed, that it survives long after the body is dead. Tho' to me virtue has appeared nothing more than a sound, and reputation is its echo. Is there not more charm in the chink of a thousand guineas, than in ten thousand praises? But what need more arguments: as I have been contented to wear horns for your pleasure, it is but reasonable you shou'd let me show 'em for my profit.

Mrs. Modern. If my pleasures, Mr. Modern, had been your only inducement, you wou'd have acted another part. How have you maintain'd your figure in the world since your losses in the South-Sea, and others! and do you upbraid me with the crimes which you yourself have licens'd — have liv'd by?

Mr. Modern. Had I follow'd my own inclinations, I had retir'd: and instead of supporting these extravagances by such methods, had reduc'd my pleasures to my fortune. 'Twas you, Madam, who by your unbridled pride and vanity run me into debt; and then—I gave up your person to secure my own.

Mrs. Modern. Ha! have I secur'd thy worthless person at the expence of mine? No, wretch, 'tis at the price of thy shame, I have purchas'd pleasures. Why, why do I say thy shame? The mean, the groveling animal, whom any fear cou'd force to render up the honour of his wife, must be above the fear of shame. Did I not come unblemish'd to thee? Was not my life unspotted as my fame, 'till at thy base intreaties I gave up my innocence?—Oh! that I had sooner seen thee starve in prison, which yet I will,

ere thou shalt reap the fruits of my misfortunes. No, I will publish thy dishonour to the world.

Mr. Modern. Nay, but, my dear.

Mrs. Modern. Despicable monster!

Mr. Modern. But, child, hearken to reason.

Mrs. Modern. Never, never.

Mr. Modern. I own myself in the wrong I ask ten thousand pardons. I will submit to any punishment.

Mrs. Modern. To upbraid me with——

Mr. Modern. My dear, I am in the wrong, I say. I never will be guilty of the like again.

Mrs. Modern. Leave me a while; perhaps I may come to myself.

Mr. Modern. My dear, I am obedient——Sure, the grand seignior has no slave equal to a contented cuckold.

SCENE V.

Mrs. MODERN alone.

Mrs. Modern. What shall I do? Money must be rais'd——but how! Is there on earth a person that wou'd lend me twenty guineas? I have lost Gaywit's heart too long to expect any thing there; nor wou'd my love ever suffer me to ask him. Ha! Bellamant perhaps may do it: he is generous, and I believe he loves me. I will try him, however.——What wretched shifts are they oblig'd to make use of, who wou'd support the appearance of a fortune which they have not.

SCENE VI. *The street before Lord Richly's door.*

Captain MERIT.

Cap. Merit. That is the door I must attack; and I have attack'd a city with less reluctance. There is more hardship in one hour's base solicitation at a levée, than in a whole campaign.

S C E N E VII.

Captain MERIT, PORTER.

Cap. Merit. Does my Lord Richly see company this morning?

Porter. Sir, I cannot tell whether he does or no.

Cap. Merit. Nay, I have seen several gentlemen go in.

Porter. I know not whom you may see go in. I suppose they have business with his lordship. I hope you will give my Lord leave to be at home to whom he pleases.

Cap. Merit. If business be a passport to his lordship, I have business with him of consequence.

Porter. Sir, I shall tell him of it.

Cap. Merit. Sir, I shall be oblig'd to you to tell him now.

Porter. I cannot carry any message now, unless I knew you.

Cap. Merit. Why don't you know me? that my name is Merit.

Porter. Sir, here are so many gentlemen come ev'ry day, that unless I have often new tokens to remember 'em by, it is impossible.—Stand by there; room for my Lord Lazy. [*Lord Lazy crosses in a chair.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Captain MERIT, Captain BRAVEMORE, from the house.

Cap. Brave. Merit, good-morrow; what important affair can have sent you hither, whom I know to shun the houses of the great, as much as virtue does.

Cap. Merit. Or as much as they do poverty; for I have not been able to advance farther than you see me. 'Sdeath, I have mounted a breach against an armed file of the enemy, and yet a single porter has deny'd me entrance at that door. You, I see, have speeded better.

Cap. Brave. Ha, ha, ha! thou errant man of war. —Hark'ye, friend, there is but one key to all the great men's houses in town.

Cap.

Cap. Merit. Is it not enough to cringe to power, but we must do the same to the servants of power?

Cap. Brave. Sir, the servants of a great man are all great men. Wou'd you get within their doors, you must bow to the porter, and see him too. Then to go farther, you must pay your devoirs to his gentleman; and after you have bowed for about half an hour to the whole family, at last you may get a bow from himself.

Cap. Merit. Damnation! I'd sooner be a gally-flave. Shall I, who have spent my youth and health in my country's service, be forc'd by such mean vassalage to defend my old age from cold and hunger, while ev'ry painted butterfly wantons in the sunshine? [*Colonel Courtly crosses.*] 'Sdeath, there's a fellow now — That fellow's father was a pimp; his mother, the turn'd bawd, and his sister turn'd whore; you see the consequence. How happy is that country, where pimping and whoring are esteemed publick services, and where grandeur and the gallows lie on the same road!

Cap. Brave. But leaving off railing, what is your business with his lordship?

Cap. Merit. There is a company vacant in colonel Favourite's regiment, which, by his lordship's interest, I hope to gain.

Cap. Brave. But pray, by what do you hope to gain his lordship's interest?

Cap. Merit. You know, Bravemore, I am little inclin'd to boasting; but, I think, my services may speak something for me.

Cap. Brave. Faith, I'm afraid you will find 'em dumb; or if they do speak, it will be a language not understood by the great. Suppose you apply to his nephew Mr. Gaywit; his interest with my lord may be of service to you.

Cap. Merit. I have often seen him at Mr. Bellamant's, and believe he wou'd do any thing to serve me.

Cap. Brave. But the levée is begun by this. If you please, I'll introduce you to it.

Cap.

Eap. Merit. What an abundance of poor wretches go to the feeding the vanity of that leviathan one great rogue.

S C E N E IX.

Lord RICHLY at his house.

L. Richly. Ha, ha, ha!—agreeable! Courtly, thou art the greatest droll upon earth—You'll dine with me—Lord Lazy, will you make me happy too?

L. Lazy. I'll make myself so, my lord.

L. Richly. Mr. Woodall, your servant; how long have you been in town?

Woodall. I cannot be particular; I carry no almanack about me, my lord; a week or a fortnight, perhaps: too much time to lose at this season, when a man should be driving the foxes out of his country.

Col. Courtly. I hope you have brought your family to town: a parliament-man shou'd always bring his wife with him, that if he does not serve the publick, she may.

L. Richly. Now, I think familiarity with the wife of a senator shou'd be made a breach of privilege.

Col. Courtly. Your lordship is in the right—the person of his wife shou'd be made as sacred as his own.

Woodall. Ay, the women wou'd thank us damnablely for such a vote—and the Colonel here is a very likely man to move it.

Col. Courtly. Not I; for the women then wou'd be as backward to be our wives as the tradesmen are now to be our creditors.

Woodall. To the fine gentlemen of us, who lay out their small fortunes in extravagance, and their slender stock of love on their wenches. I remember the time, when I was a young fellow, that men us'd to dress like men: but now I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet coxcombs, who plaister up their brains upon their periwigs.

L. Richly. I protest thou art an errant wit, Woodall.

Col.

Col. Courtly. Oh, he's one of the greatest wits of his county.

Woodall. I have one of the greatest estates of my county; and by what I can see, that intitles a man to wit here as well as there.

Cap. Merit. Methinks this rough spark is very free with his lordship. [To Bravemore.

Cap. Brave. You must know this is a sort of polite bear-baiting. There is hardly a great man in town but what is fond of these sort of fellows, whom they take a delight in baiting with one or more buffoons. But now for your business.

L. Richly. I shall see him this morning; you may depend on my speaking about it.— [To a gentleman. Captain Bravemore, I am glad to see you.

Cap. Brave. My lord, here is a gentleman of distinguish'd services; if your lordship would recommend him to Colonel Favourite.

L. Richly. Sir, I shall certainly do it.

Cap. Merit. There being a company vacant, my lord—My name is Merit.

L. Richly. Mr. Merit, I shall be extremely glad to serve you.— Sir John, your most obedient humble servant.— Lazy, what were you saying about Mr. Bellamant?

L. Lazy. We were talking, my lord, of his affair, which was heard in our house yesterday.

L. Richly. I am sorry I was not there. It went against him, I think.

L. Lazy. Yes, my Lord, and I am afraid it affects him deeply.

Col. Courtly. Undone, Sir; quite undone.

L. Richly. Upon my soul, Mrs. Bellamant's a fine woman.

Woodall. Then, I suppose, if her husband's undone, you'll have her among you.

L. Richly. Woodall, thou'rt a liquorish dog. Thou woud'st have the first snap.

Woodall. Not I; none of your town ladies for me: I always take leave of women from the time I come out of the country till I go back again.

L. Lazy.

L. Lazy. Women ! Pox on him ! he means foxes again.

Col. Courtly. He knows no difference.

Woodall. Nor you either. But, hark'ee, I fancy it is safer riding after the one than the other.

Col. Courtly. Thy ideas are as gross as thy person.

L. Richly. Hang him, fly rogue—you never knew a fox-hunter that did not love a wench.

Woodall. No, nor a wench of any sense that did not love a fox-hunter.

L. Richly. Modern, your servant.

Mr. Modern. I would presume only to remind your lordship —

L. Richly. Depend upon it, I will remember you. — I hope your lady is well.

Mr. Modern. Intirely at your service, my lord.

L. Richly. I have a particular affair to communicate to her ; a secret that I cannot send by you ; you know all secrets are not proper to trust a husband with.

Mr. Modern. You do her too much honour, my lord : I believe you will find her at home any time to-day.

L. Richly. Faith, Modern, I know not whether thou art happier in thy temper, or in thy wife.

Mr. Modern. Um —, my lord, as for my wife, I believe she is as good as most wives ; I believe she is a virtuous woman : that, I think, I may affirm of her.

L. Richly. That thou may'st, I dare swear ; and that I as firmly believe as thou dost thyself : and let me tell you, a virtuous woman is no common jewel in this age.—But prithee, hast thou heard any thing of Mr. Bellamant's affairs ?

Mr. Modern. No more than that he has lost his cause, which he seem'd to expect the other night, when he was at my house.

L. Richly. Then you are intimate ?

Mr. Modern. He visits my wife pretty often, my lord.

L. Richly. Modern, you know I am your friend—and now we are alone, let me advise you. Take care of Bellamant, take a particular care of Bellamant—

He

He is prudent enough in his amours to pass upon the world for a constant husband; but I know him — I know him — He is a dangerous man.

Mr. Modern. My lord, you surprise me so, that —

L. Richly. I know you will excuse this freedom my friendship takes: but beware of Bellamant, as you love your honour.

Serv. My lord, the coach is at the door.

L. Richly. My dear Modern, I see the great surprise you are in: but you'll excuse my freedom.

Mr. Modern. I am eternally obliged to your lordship. —

L. Richly. Your humble servant.

Mr. Modern. I hope your lordship will pardon my freedom, if after all these obligations I beg leave once more to remind you.

L. Richly. Depend upon it, I'll take care of you — What a world of poor chimerical devils does a levée draw together? All gaping for favours, without the least capacity of making a return for them.

But great men justly act, by wiser rules;
A levée is the paradise of fools.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs. BELLAMANT's House.*

Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mrs. BELLAMANT.

BID John put up the coach. [*To a servant.*]
What think you now, Emilia? Has not this morning's ramble given you a surfeit of the town? After all the nonsense and ill-nature we have heard to-day, wou'd it grieve one to part with the place one is sure to hear 'em over again in?

Emilia. I am far from thinking any of its pleasures worth too eager a wish — and the woman who has with her, in the country, the man she loves, must be a very ridiculous creature to pine after the town.

Mrs. Bella. And yet, my dear, I believe you know there are such ridiculous creatures

Emilia. I rather imagine, they retire with the man they should love, than him they do: for a heart that is passionately fond of the pleasures here, has rarely room for any other fondness. The town itself is the passion of the greater part of our sex; but such I can never allow a just notion of love-to. — A woman, that sincerely loves, can know no happiness without, nor misery with, her beloved object.

Mrs. Bella. You talk feelingly, I protest; I wish you don't leave your heart behind you. — Come, confess; I hope I have deserv'd rather to be esteem'd your confident than your mother-in-law.

Emilia. Wou'd it be a crime if it were so? But if love be a crime I am sure you cannot upbraid me with it.

Mrs. Bella. Tho' if it be a crime, I am sure you are guilty. — Well, I approve your choice, child.

Emilia. My choice! excellent! I carry his picture in my eyes, I suppose.

Mrs. Bella. As sure as in your heart, my dear.

Emilia. Nay, but dear Madam, tell me whom you guess.

Mrs. Bella. Hush, here's Mr. Bellamant.

Enter BELLAMANT.

Mr. Bella. So soon return'd, my dear? Sure, you found no body at home.

Mrs. Bella. Oh, my dear! I have been in such an assembly of company, and so pulled to pieces with impertinence and ill-nature. — Welcome, welcome! the country! for sure the world is so very bad, those places are best, where one has the least of it.

Mr. Bella. What's the matter?

Mrs. Bella. In short, I have been downright affronted.

Mr. Bella. Who durst affront you!

Mrs. Bella. A set of women that dare do ev'ry thing but what they should do. — In the first place, I was complimented with prude, for not being at the last masquerade — with dullness, for not entering into

the taste of the town in some of its diversions — Then had my whole dress run over, and dislik'd; and to finish all, Mrs. Termagant told me I look'd frightful.

Mr. Bella. Not all the paint in Italy can give her half your beauty.

Mrs. Bella. You are certainly the most complaisant man in the world, and I the only wife who can retire home, to be put in a good humour. Most husbands are like a plain-dealing looking-glass, which sullies all the compliments we have receiv'd abroad, by assuring us we do not deserve 'em.

[*During this speech, a servant delivers a letter to Bellamant, which he reads.*]

Emilia. I believe though, Madam, that generally happens when they are not deserv'd: for a woman of true beauty, can never feel any dissatisfaction from the justice of her glass; nor she, who has your worth, from the sincerity of her husband.

Mrs. Bella. Your father seems discompos'd. — I wish there be no ill news in his letter.

Mr. Bella. My dear, I have a favour to ask of you.

Mrs. Bella. Say to command me.

Mr. Bella. I gave you a bank note of a hundred yesterday, you must let me have it again.

Mrs. Bella. I am the luckiest creature in the world, that I did not pay away some of it this morning. Emilia, child, come with me. [*Exit with Emilia.*]

Mr. Bella. Excellent! unhappy woman! How little doth she guess, she fetches this money for a rival? That is all the little merit I can boast towards her, to have contended by the utmost civility and compliance with all her desires, and the utmost caution in the management of my amour, to disguise from her a secret, that must have made her miserable. Let me read once more.

“ S I R,

“ If you have, or ever had, any value for me, send
 “ me a hundred pounds this morning, or to make
 “ 'em more welcome than the last of necessities can,
 “ bring

“ bring them yourself to——Yours——more than
“ her own, HILLARIA MODERN.”

Why, what a farce is human life? How ridiculous is the pursuit of our desires, when the enjoyment of them is sure to beget new ones?

S C E N E II.

Mr. BELLAMANT, Cap. BELLAMANT.

Cap. Bella. Good-morrow, Sir.

Mr. Bella. I suppose, Sir, by the gaiety of your dress, and your countenance, I may wish you joy of something besides your father's misfortunes.

Cap. Bella. Wou'd you have me go into mourning for your losses, Sir?

Mr. Bella. You may mourn, Sir——I am now unable to support your extravagance any longer. My advice, nay, my commands have had no effect upon you, but necessity must; and your extravagance must fall of course, when it has nothing to support it.

Cap. Bella. I am surpriz'd you shou'd call the expences of a gentleman extravagance.

Mr. Bella. I am sorry you think the expences of a fool, or fop, the expences of a gentleman; and that race-horses, cards, dice, whores, and embroidery, are necessary ingredients in that amiable composition.

Cap. Bella. Faith, and they are so with most gentlemen of my acquaintance; and give me leave to tell you, Sir, these are the qualifications which recommend a man to the best sort of people. Suppose I had staid at the university, and follow'd Greek and Latin, as you advis'd me; what acquaintance had I found at court? what bows had I receiv'd at an assembly, or the opera?

Mr. Bella. And will you please to tell me, Sir, what advantage you have receiv'd from these? Are you the wiser, or the richer? What are you? Why, in your opinion, better dress'd——Where else had been that smart toupet, that elegant sword-knot, that coat cover'd with lace, and then with powder? That ever Heav'n shou'd make me father to such a dress'd up daw!

A creature, who draws all his vanity from the gifts of tailors and periwig makers!

Cap. Bella. Wou'd you not have your son drest, Sir?

Mr. Bella. Yes, and if he can afford it, let him be sometimes fine; but let him dress like a man, not affect the woman, in his habit or his gesture.

Cap. Bella. If a man will keep good company, he must comply with the fashion.

Mr. Bella. I would no more comply with a ridiculous fashion, than with a vicious one; nor with that which makes a man look like a monkey, than that which makes him act like any other beast.

Cap. Bella. Lord, Sir! you are grown strangely unpolite.

Mr. Bella. I shall not give myself any farther trouble with you: but since all my endeavours have prov'd ineffectual—leave you to the bent of your own inclinations. But I must desire you to send me no more bills; I assure you, I shall not answer them—you must live on your commission—this last misfortune has made it impossible that I shou'd add one farthing to your income.

Cap. Bella. I have an affair in my view, which may add to it.—Sir, I wish you good-morrow.—When a father and son must not talk of money-matters, I cannot see what they have to do together.

SCENE III.

*Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. BELLAMANT,
EMILIA.*

Mrs. Bella. Here is the bill, my dear.

Mr. Bella. You shall be repaid in a day or two.

Mrs. Bella. I saw your son part hastily from you, as I came in; I hope you have not been angry with him.

Mr. Bella. Why will you ever intermeddle between us?

Mrs. Bella. I hope you will pardon an intercession, my dear, for a son-in-law; which I should not be guilty of for a son of my own.

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*Mr. GAYWIT, Mr. BELLAMANT,
Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.*

Mr. Gaywit. Bellamant, good-morrow — Ladies, your humble servant.

Mr. Bella. Servant, Mr. Gaywit. I thought your time had been so employ'd, that you had forgot your friends.

Mr. Gaywit. I ought to excuse so long an absence, but as Bellamant knows that it must give myself the greatest pain, he will impute it to business.

Mr. Bella. Did I not also know, that two days of thy life were never given to business yet —

Mr. Gaywit. Not what the grave world call so, I confess; but of what the gay world allow that name to, no hands were ever fuller.

Mr. Bella. You have been making love to some new mistress, I suppose.

Mr. Gaywit. Fy, it is only husbands make a business of love, to us 'tis but an amusement.

Mrs. Bella. Very fine! and to my face too!

Mr. Gaywit. Mr. Bellamant, Madam, is so known an exception to the general mode of husbands, that what is thrown on them, cannot affect one of so celebrated a constancy.

Mrs. Bella. That's a virtue he may be celebrated for, without much envy.

Mr. Gaywit. He will be envy'd by all men for the cause of that constancy. Were such wives as Mrs. Bellamant less scarce, such husbands as my friend would be more common.

Emilia. You are always throwing the fault on us.

Mrs. Bella. It is commonly in us, either in our choice of our husband, or our behaviour to them. No woman, who married a man of perfect sense, was ever unhappy, but from her own folly. [Knock here.]

Mr. Gaywit. [Looking out of the window.] Ha! a very worthy uncle of mine, my Lord Richly.

Mr. Bella. You'll excuse me, if I am not at home.

Mr. Gaywit. Fy! to deny yourself to him, wou'd be unprecedented.

Mr. Bella. I assure you, no——for I have often done it.

Mr. Gaywit. Then, I believe, you are the only man in town that has. But it is too late, I hear him on the stairs.

Mrs. Bella. Come, Emilia, we'll leave the gentlemen to their entertainment; I have been surfeited with it already.

S C E N E V.

*Lord RICHLY, Mr. GAYWIT,
Mr. BELLAMANT.*

L. Richly. Dear Bellamant, I am your most obedient servant. I am come to ask you ten thousand pardons, that my affairs prevented my attendance the day your cause came on. It might have been in my power to have serv'd you beyond my single vote.

Mr. Bella. I am oblig'd to your lordship; but as I have great reason to be satisfied with the justice of your honourable house——I am contented.

L. Richly. I hope the loss was not considerable.

Mr. Bella. I thought your lordship had heard.

L. Richly. I think, I was told twenty thousand pound——but that's a trifle, a small retrenchment in one's expences——two or three dozen suits the less, and two or three dozen fewer women in the year, will soon reimburse you.

Mr. Bella. My loss is not equal to what your lordship intimates; nor can I complain of a fortune still large enough to retire into the country with.

L. Richly. Nay, dear Bellamant, we must not lose you so. Have you no friend that cou'd favour you with some comfortable snug employment, of a thousand or fifteen hundred per annum?

Mr. Gaywit. Your lordship is the properest person in the world.

L. Richly. Who I? I am sure, no mortal wou'd do half so much to serve dear Jack Bellamant as myself——but I have no interest in the least.

Mr.

Mr. Bella. I am oblig'd to the good offices of my friend, but I assure your lordship I have no intention that way. Besides, I have liv'd long enough in the world to see that necessity is a bad recommendation to favours of that kind, which as seldom fall to those who really want them, as to those who really deserve them.

L. Richly. I can't help saying, those things are not easily obtain'd. I heartily wish I could serve you in any thing. — It gives me a great deal of uneasiness that my power is not equal to my desire. — Damn it, I must turn this discourie, or he'll never have done with it. — Oh, Bellamant! have you heard of the new opera of Mr. Crambo?

Mr. Gaywit. What's the name of it?

L. Richly. It will be call'd the Humours of Bedlam. I have read it, and it is a most surprising fine performance. It has not one syllable of sense in it, from the first page to the last.

Mr. Gaywit. It must certainly take.

L. Richly. Sir, it shall take, if I have interest enough to support it. I hate your dull writers of the late reigns. The design of a play is to make you laugh; and who can laugh at sense?

Mr. Gaywit. I think, my lord, we have improv'd on the Italians. They wanted only sense—we have neither sense nor musick.

L. Richly. I hate all musick but a jig.

Mr. Gaywit. I don't think it wou'd be an ill project, my lord, to turn the best of our tragedies and comedies into operas.

L. Richly. And, instead of a company of players, I wou'd have a company of tumblers and ballad-fingers.

Mr. Bella. Why, faith, I believe it will come to that soon, unless some sturdy critick should oppose it.

L. Richly. No critick shall oppose it. It wou'd be very fine, truly, if men of quality were confin'd in their taste; we should be rarely diverted, if a set of pedants were to licence all our diversions; the stage then wou'd be as dull as a country pulpit.

Mr.

Mr. Gaywit. And the boxes in Drury-Lane, as empty as the galleries in St. James's.

Mr. Bella. Like enough: for religion and common sense are in a fair way to be banish'd out of the world together.

L. Rich. Let them go, egad,

Mr. Bella. This is, I believe, the only age that has scorn'd a pretence to religion.

L. Richly. Then it is the only age that hath scorned hypocrisy.

Mr. Bella. Rather, that hypocrisy is the only hypocrisy it wants. You shall have a known rascal set up for honour—a fool for wit—and your professed dear bosom fawning friend, who, tho' he wallow in wealth, wou'd refuse you ten guineas to preserve you from ruin, shall lose a hundred times that sum at cards, to ruin your wife.

L. Richly. There dear Jack Bellamant is the happiest man in the world, by possessing a wife whom a thousand times that sum wou'd have no effect on.

Mr. Bella. I look upon myself equally happy, my Lord, in having no such friend as wou'd tempt her.

L. Richly. That thou hast not, I dare swear. But I thank you for putting me in mind of it. I must engage her in my author's cause, for I know her judgment has a great sway.

Mr. Bella. As our stay will be so short in town, she can do you no service; besides, I have heard her detest partiality in those affairs; you wou'd never persuade her to give a vote contrary to her opinion.

L. Richly. Detest partiality! ha, ha, ha—I have heard a lady declare for doing justice to a play, and condemn it the very next minute—tho' I knew she had neither seen nor read it. Those things are entirely guided by favour.

Mr. Gaywit. Nay, I see no reason to fix the scandal on the ladies; party and prejudice have the same dominion over us. Ask a man's character of one of his party, and you shall hear he is one of the worthiest, honestest fellows in Christendom; ask it of one of the opposite party, and you shall find him

as

as worthless, good-for-nothing a dog as ever was hang'd.

Mr. Bella. So that a man must labour very hard to get a general good reputation, or a general bad one.

L. Richly. Well, since you allow so much, you will give me leave to tempt Mrs Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. With all my heart, my lord.

Mr. Gaywit. Thou art a well-bred husband, indeed, to give another leave to tempt your wife.

Mr. Bella. I thou'd have been a very ill-bred one to have deny'd it. Who's there.

Enter SERVANT.

L. Richly. If I had said more, he had granted it rather than have lost my favour. Poverty makes as many cuckolds as it does thieves. *[Aside.]*

Mr. Bella. Wait on my lord Richly to your mistress's apartment—I am your most obedient servant.

S C E N E VI.

Mr. GAYWIT, Mr. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Gaywit. I find you art resolv'd to make your wife share your misfortunes. It wou'd have been civil to have given her the choice of not being at home.

Mr. Bella. I wanted to be alone with you—— besides, women have a liberty of sending away an impertinent visitant, which we have not.

Mr. Gaywit. Ay, and a way of entertaining visitants too which we have not; and he is a visitant not easily sent away, I assure you. I have known him receive very vigorous rebuffs without retreating.

Mr. Bella. You talk as if you suspected his making love to my wife.

Mr. Gaywit. He does so to every woman he sees; neither the strictest friendship profess'd to her husband, nor the best reputation on her own side, can preserve any woman he likes from his attacks: for he is arriv'd at a happy way of regarding all
the

the rest of mankind as his tenants, and thinks because he possesses more than they, he is entitled to whatever they possess.

Mr. Bella. Insolent vanity ! I wonder the spirit of mankind has not long since crush'd the tyranny of such lordly wolves ; yet believe me, Gaywit, there generally goes a great deal of affectation to compose this voluptuous man. He oftner injures women in their fame, than in their persons. This affectation of variety, discovers a sickly appetite ; and many mistresses, like many dishes, are often sent away untasted.

Mr. Gaywit. A very innocent affectation truly, to destroy a lady's fame.

Mr. Bella. Why ay, for we are come to an age, wherein a woman may live very comfortably without it as long as the husband is content with his infamy, the wife escapes hers.

Mr. Gaywit. And I am mistaken, if many husbands in this town do not live very comfortably by being content with their infamy, nay, by being promoters of it. It is a modern trade, unknown to our ancestors, a modern bubble, which seems to be in a rising condition at present.

Mr. Bella. It is a stock-jobbing age, ev'ry thing has its price ; marriage is traffick throughout ; as most of us bargain to be husbands, so some of us bargain to be cuckolds ; and he wou'd be as much laught at, who preferr'd his love to his interest, at this end of the town, as he who preferr'd his honesty to his interest at the other.

Mr. Gaywit. You, Bellamant, have had boldness enough, in contradiction to this general opinion, to chuse a woman from her sense and virtues. I wish it were in my power to follow your example ——— but ———

Mr. Bella. But the opinion of the world, dear boy.

Mr. Gaywit. No, my good forefathers have chosen a wife for me. I am oblig'd by the settlement of lord Richly's estate to marry lady Charlotte.

Mr. Bella. How !

Mr.

Mr. Gaywit. The estate will descend to me so encumber'd, I assure you.

Mr. Bella. I thought it had not been in lord Richly's power to have cut off the entail.

Mr. Gaywit. Not if I marry lady Charlotte.

Mr. Bella. I think you are happy in being engag'd to no more disagreeable a woman.

Mr. Gaywit. Lady Charlotte is, indeed, pretty; but were she every thing a lover cou'd wish, or even imagine—there is a woman, my friend—

Mr. Bella. Nay, if you are in love with another, I pity you.

Mr. Gaywit. Did'st thou know how I love, you wou'd pity me: but did'st thou know whom, could'st thou look upon her with eyes like mine, could'st thou behold beauty, wit, sense, good-nature, contending which should adorn her most?

Mr. Bella. Poor Gaywit! thou art gone indeed.

Mr. Gaywit. But, I suppose, the ladies have by this discharg'd their visitant. Now if you please, we will attend them.

Mr. Bella. You will excuse me, if I leave you with them; which I will not do, unless you promise I shall find you at my return.

Mr. Gaywit. I intend to dedicate the day to your family; so dispose of me as you please.

SCENE VII. *Mrs. MODERN's House.*

Lord RICHLY, Mrs. MODERN.

Mrs. Modern. I think I ought to blame your unkindness—I have not seen you so long.

L. Richly. Do you think a week so long?

Mrs. Modern. Once you wou'd have thought so.

L. Richly. Why, truly, hours in the spring of love are something shorter than they are in the winter.

Mrs. Modern. Barbarous man! do you insult me, after what I have done for you?

L. Richly. I fancy these favours have been reciprocal.

Mrs. Modern. Have I not given you up my virtue?

L. Richly.

L. Richly. And have I not paid for your virtue, Madam? I am sure I am 1500 l. out of pocket, which, in my way of counting, is fourteen more than any woman's virtue is worth; in short, our amour is at an end, for I am in pursuit of another mistress.

Mrs. Modern. Why do you come to torment me with her?

L. Richly. Why, I wou'd have you act like other prudent women in a lower station; when you can please no longer with your own person, e'en do it with other people's.

Mrs. Modern. Monster! insupportable!

L. Richly. You may rave, Madam, but if you will not do me a favour, there are wiser people enow will—I fix'd on you out of a particular regard to you; for I think when a man is to lay out his money, he is always to do it with his friends.

Mrs. Modern. I'll bear it no longer. [Going.

L. Richly. Nor I. [Going.

Mrs. Modern. Stay, my lord, can you be so cruel?

L. Richly. Pshaw! [Going.

Mrs. Modern. Oh! stay! stay!—you know my necessities.

L. Richly. And, I think, I propose a very good cure for them.

Mrs. Modern. Lend me a hundred guineas.

L. Richly. I will do more.

Mrs. Modern. Generous creature!

L. Richly. I'll give you—twenty.

Mrs. Modern. Do you jest with my necessity?

L. Richly. Lookee, Madam, if you will do a good natur'd thing for me, I'll oblige you in return, as I promis'd you before, and I think that very good payment.

Mrs. Modern. Pray, my lord, use me with decency at least.

L. Richly. Why should we use more decency to an old acquaintance, than you ladies do to a new lover, and have more reason for so doing? You often belye your hearts, when you use us ill—In using you so, we follow the dictates of our natures.

Enter a servant, who delivers a letter to Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. Modern. Ha! it is Bellamant's hand——and the note that I desir'd——This is lucky, indeed.

S C E N E VIII.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. GAYWIT, EMILIA, Lady CHARLOTTE, Captain BELLAMANT, Mrs. MODERN.

L. Richly. So! here's an end of my business for the present, I find.

La. Charl. Oh, dear Modern! I am heartily glad to see you are alive; for you must know, I thought it impossible for any one to be alive, and not be at the rehearsal of the new opera.

Cap. Bella. How can you be surpris'd at one of no taste, lady Charlotte?

Mrs. Modern. I suppose it was very full.

La. Charl. Oh! ev'ry body was there; all the world.

Mr. Gaywit. How can that be, lady Charlotte, when so considerable a part, as Mrs. Modern, was wanting?

Mr. Modern. Civil creature! when will you say such a thing?

Cap. Bella. When I am as dull, Madam.

L. Richly. Very true! no one makes a compliment but those that want wit for satyr.

Mr. Gaywit. Right, my lord. It is as great a sign of want of wit to say a good-natur'd thing, as want of sense to do one.

La. Charl. Oh! I wou'd not say a good-natur'd thing for the world. Captain Bellamant, did you ever hear me say a good-natur'd thing in your life?

Mr. Gaywit. But I am afraid, lady Charlotte, tho' wit be a sign of ill-nature, ill-nature is not always a sign of wit.

La. Charl. I'll give you leave to say any thing, after what I have said this morning——Oh! dear Modern, I wish you had seen Emilia's dressing-box! such japping——he! he! he!——she hath varnished over a windmill ten several times, before she discover'd she had plac'd the wrong side upwards.

Mrs. Modern. I have had just such another misfortune. I have laid out thirty pounds on a chest, and now I dislike it of all things.

La. Charl. Oh! my dear, I do not like one thing in twenty that I do myself.

Emilia. You are the only person that dislikes, I dare say, lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. Oh, you flatt'ring creature! I wish you could bring my papa to your opinion. He says, I throw away more money in work than in play.

Mrs. Modern. But you have not heard half my misfortune; for when I sent my chest to be sold, what do you think I was offer'd for my thirty pounds worth of work?

La. Charl. I don't know; fifty guineas, perhaps.

Mrs. Modern. Twenty shillings, as I live.

La. Charl. Oh! intolerable! Oh! insufferable!

Cap. Bella. But are we to have no Hazard this morning?

Mrs. Modern. With all my heart——lord Richly, what say you?

L. Richly. My vote always goes with the majority, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. Come then, the shrine is within, and you that will offer at it, follow me.

SCENE IX.

Mr. GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Emilia. Mr. Gaywit, are you no gamester?

Mr. Gaywit. No, Madam; when I play, 'tis the utmost stretch of my complaisance.

Emilia. I am glad I can find one who is as great an enemy to play as myself; for I assure you, we are both of the same opinion.

Mr. Gaywit. I wish we were so in ev'ry thing.

Emilia. Sir!

Mr. Gaywit. I say, Madam, I wish all of my opinions were as well seconded; and yet, methinks, I wou'd not have your thoughts the same with mine.

Emilia. Why so, pray?

Mr. Gaywit. Because you must have then many an unhappy

unhappy hour, which that you may ever avoid, will be still my heartiest prayer.

Emilia. I am oblig'd to you, Sir.

Mr. Grywit. Indeed, you are not. It is a self-interested wish: for, believe me, to see the least affliction attend you, wou'd give this breast the greatest agony it is capable of feeling.

Emilia. Nay, this is so extravagant a flight, I know not what to call it.

Mr. Gaywit. Nor I — Call it a just admiration of the highest worth, call it the tenderest friendship, if you please; tho' much I fear it merits the sweetest, softest name that can be giv'n to any of our passions. If there be a passion pure without allay, as tender and soft, as violent and strong, you cannot sure miscall it by that name.

Emilia. You grow now too philosophical for me to understand you: besides, you wou'd, I am sure, be best understood ironically; for who can believe any thing of Mr. Gaywit, when he hath asserted that he is unhappy.

Mr. Gaywit. Nay, I will leave my case to your own determination when you know it. Suppose me oblig'd to marry the woman I don't like, debarr'd for ever from her I love, I dote on, the delight of my eyes, the joy of my heart. Suppose me oblig'd to forsake her, and marry — another.

Emilia. But I cannot suppose you oblig'd to that.

Mr. Gaywit. Were it not an impertinent trouble, I cou'd convince you.

Emilia. I know not why I may not be excus'd a little concern for one who hath expressed so much for me.

Mr. Gaywit. Then, Madam, the settlement of my whole fortune obliges me to marry lady Charlotte Gaywit.

Emilia. How! — but suppose the refusal were on lady Charlotte's side.

Mr. Gaywit. That is my only hope.

Emilia. And I can assure you, your hope is not ill grounded.

Mr. Gaywit. I know she hath express'd some dislike

to me ; but she is a woman of that sort, that it is as difficult to be certain of her dislike, as her affection ; and whom the prospect of grandeur wou'd easily make obedient to her father's commands.

Emilia. Well, if you are sincere, I pity you heartily.

Mr. Gaywit. And if you are sincere, I never knew happiness till this dear moment.

S C E N E X.

Mr. GAYWIT, EMILIA, Lord RICHLY, Mrs. MODERN, Lady CHARLOTTE, Captain BEL-LAMANT.

Mrs. Modern. Victoria ! Victoria !

Cap. Bella. Stript, by Jupiter !

La. Charl. Eleven mains together, Modern ; you are a devil.

Emilia. What's the matter, lady Charlotte ?

La. Charl. Oh, my dear, you never saw the like—Modern has held in nine thousand mains in one hand, and won all the world.

Mr. Gaywit. She has always great luck at Hazard.

L. Richly. Surprising to-day, upon my word.

Mrs. Modern. Surprising to me ; for it is the first success I have had this month ; and I am sure, my Quadrille makes ev'ry one a sufficient amends for my Hazard.

L. Richly. You are one of those, whose winning nobody ever heard of, or whose losing no one ever saw.

Cap. Bella. But you forgot the auction, lady Charlotte.

La. Char. What have I to do at an auction, that am ruin'd and undone ?

Mr. Gaywit. As much as many that are undone ; bid out of whim, in order to raise the price, and ruin others. Or if the hammer should fall upon you, before you expect it, take a sudden dislike to the goods, or dispute your own words, and leave them upon the hands of the seller.

Mrs.

Mrs. Modern. How polite is that now? Gaywit will grow shortly as well-bred as Madcap.

Cap. Bella. We shall have him there too, and he is the life of an auction.

La. Charl. Oh! the most agreeable creature in the world—he has more wit than any body, he has made me laugh five hundred hours together. Emilia, we will just call there, and then I'll set you down at home.

Emilia. Let us but just call then.

La. Charl. That caution is admirable from you, when you know I never stay above six minutes any where. Well, you never will reform.

L. Richly. I desire, Charlotte, you wou'd be at home by four.

La. Charl. I shall very easily, my lord; for I have not above fourteen or fifteen places to call at.—Come, dear creature, let us go, for I have more business than half the world upon my hands, and I must positively call at the auction.

Mr. Gaywit. Where you have no business, it seems.

La. Charl. Impertinent! Modern, your servant.

SCENE XI.

Lord RICHLY, Mrs. MODERN.

L. Richly. I only waited till you were alone, Madam—to renew my business.

Mrs. Modern. If you intend to renew your impertinence, I wish you wou'd omit both.

L. Richly. So, I find I have my work to do over again.

Mrs. Modern. But if you please, my lord, to truce with your proposals, and let Piquet be the word.

L. Richly. So you have taken money out of my daughter's hands, to put it into mine.

Mrs. Modern. Be not confident—I have been too hard for you before now.

L. Richly. Well, and without a compliment, I know none whom I wou'd sooner lose to than yourself; for to any one who loves play as well as you, and

plays as ill, the money we lose, by a surprising ill fortune, is only lent

Mrs. Modern. Methinks, my lord, you shou'd be fearful of deterring me by this plain-dealing.

L. Richly. I am better acquainted with your sex. It is as impossible to persuade a woman that she plays ill, as that she looks ill. The one may make her tear her cards, and the other break her looking-glass.

Her want of skill, for want of luck must pass;
As want of beauty's owing to her glass.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *Continues.*

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs. MODERN.*

Mrs. MODERN.

CAN you be so cruel?

L. Richly. Ridiculous! you might as well ask me for my whole estate; I am sure, I wou'd as soon give it you.

Mrs. Modern. An everlasting curse attend the cards! — to be repiqu'd from forty, when I play'd but for five! My lord, I believe you a cheat.

L. Richly. At your service, Madam——when you have more money, if you will honour me with notice, I will be ready to receive it.

Mrs. Modern. Stay, my lord—give me the twenty guineas.

L. Richly. On my conditions.

Mrs. Modern. Any conditions.

L. Richly. Then you must contrive some way or other, a meeting between me and Mrs. Bellamant, at your house.

Mrs. Modern. Mrs Bellamant!

L. Richly. Why do you start at that name?

Mrs. Modern. She has the reputation of the strictest virtue of any woman in town.

L. Richly.

L. Richly. Virtue! ha, ha, ha! so have you, and so have several of my acquaintance; there are as few women who have not the reputation of virtue, as that have the thing itself

Mrs. Modern. And what do you propose by meeting her here?

L. Richly. I am too civil to tell you plainly what I propose; tho' by your question one wou'd imagine you expected it.

Mrs. Modern. I expect any thing from you, rather than civility, my lord

L. Richly. Madam, it will be your own fault, if I am not civil to you. Do this for me, and I'll deny you nothing.

Mrs. Modern. There is one thing which tempts me more than your gold, which is the expectation of seeing you desert her, as you have done me.

L. Richly. Which is a pleasure you'll certainly have; and the sooner you compass my wishes, the sooner you may triumph in your own: nay, there is a third motive will charm thee, my dear Hillaria, more than the other two. When I have laid this passion, which hath abated that for you, I may return to your arms with all my former fondness

Mrs. Modern. Excuse my incredulity, my lord; for tho' love can change its object, it can never return to the same again.

L. Richly. I may convince you of the contrary—but to our business; fortune has declar'd on our side already, by sending Bellamant hither: cultivate an acquaintance with him, and you cannot avoid being acquainted with his wife. She is the perfect shadow of her husband; they are as inseparable as lady Coquette and her lapdog.

Mrs. Modern. Yes, or as her ladyship and her impertinence; or her lapdog and his smell. Well, it is to me surprising, how women of fashion can carry husbands, children, and lapdogs about with them; three things I never could be fond of.

L. Richly. If the ladies were not fonder of their lapdogs than of their husbands, we shou'd have no
more

more dogs in St. James's parish, than there are lions at the Tower.

Mrs. Modern. It is an uncommon bravery in you, to single out the woman who is reputed to be the fondest of her husband.

L. Richly. She that is fond of one man, may be fond of another. Fondness, in a woman's temper, like the love of play, may prefer one man, and one game; but will incine her to try more, especially when she expects greater profit, and there, I am sure, I am superior to my rival: if flattery will allure her, or riches tempt her, she shall be mine; and those are the two great gates by which the devil enters the heart of womankind——Pshaw! He here!——

SCENE II.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. MODERN, Mrs. MODERN.

Mr. Modern. I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant.

L. Richly. Have you seen this new opera, Madam?

Mrs. Modern. I have heard vast commendations of it; but I cannot bear an opera, now poor La Dovi's gone.

L. Richly. Nor I, after poor A la Fama.

Mrs. Modern. Oh! Cara la Dovi! I protest, I have often resolv'd to follow her into Italy.

L. Richly. You will allow A la Fama's voice, I hope.

Mrs. Modern. But the mien of La Dovi, then her judgment in singing; the moment she enter'd the stage, I have wish'd myself all eyes.

L. Richly. And the moment A la Fama sung, I have wish'd myself all ears.

Mr. Modern. I find, I am no desir'd part of this company. I hope your lordship will pardon me; business of the greatest consequence requiring my attendance, prevents my waiting on your lordship according to my desires.

SCENE.

S C E N E III.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs.* MODERN.

L. Richly. This unseasonable interruption has quite cut the thread of my design. Pox on him, a husband, like a fool in a play, is of no use but to cause confusion.

Mrs. Modern. You wou'd have an opportunity at my house, and to procure it, I must be acquainted with *Mrs. Bellamant*; now, there is a lucky accident which you are not appriz'd of—*Mr. Bellamant* is an humble servant of mine.

L. Richly. That is lucky indeed; cou'd we give her a cause of suspicion that way, it were a lively prospect of my success; as persuading a thief that his companion is false, is the surest way to make him so.

Mrs. Modern. A very pretty comparison of your lordship between the two states.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Madam, *Mr. Bellamant* desires to know if your ladyship is at home.

Mrs. Modern. I am. Bring him into the dining-room.

L. Richly. Thou dear creature, let me but succeed in this affair, I'll give thee millions.

Mrs. Modern. More gold, and fewer promises, my lord.

L. Richly. An hundred guineas shall be the price of our first interview.

Mrs. Modern. Be punctual, and be confident. Go out the back-way, that he may not see you.

L. Richly. Adieu, my *Machiavil*.

S C E N E IV. *Mrs. BELLAMANT's House.*

Mrs. BELLAMANT, Mr. GAYWIT, EMILIA.

Mrs. Bella. And so, lady Willitt, after all her protestations against matrimony, has at last generously bestowed herself on a young fellow with no fortune, the famous beau Smirk.

Emilia.

Emilia. She was proof against ev'ry thing but charity.

Mr. Gaywit. To which all other virtues shou'd be sacrific'd, as it is the greatest; the ladies are apt to value themselves on their virtue, as a rich citizen does on his purse; and I do not know which is of the greatest use to the publick.

Mrs. Bella. Nor I, which are the ofteneft bankrupts.

Mr. Gaywit. And as, in the city, they suspect a man who is ostentatious of his riches; so shou'd I the woman, who makes the most noise of her virtue.

Mrs. Bella. We are all the least solicitous about perfections, which we are well assur'd of our possessing. Flattery is never so agreeable as to our blind side. Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosoms.

Emilia. Nay, I have known a pretty lady who was vain of nothing but her false locks; and have seen a pair of squinting eyes, that never smil'd at a compliment made to any other feature.

Mr. Gaywit. Yes, Madam, and I know a pretty gentleman, who obliges me very often with his ill-impelt songs; and a very ugly poet, who hath made me a present of his picture.

Emilia. Well, since you see it is so agreeable to flatter one's blind side, I think you have no excuse to compliment on the other.

Mr. Gaywit. Then I shall have a very good excuse to make you no compliment at all. But this I assure you, Emilia, the first imperfection I discover, I will tell you of it with the utmost sincerity.

Emilia. And I assure you, with the utmost sincerity, I shall not thank you for it.

Mrs. Bella. Then, without any flattery, you are two of the most open plain-dealers I have met with.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, Lady CHARLOTTE, Mr. GAYWIT.

La. Charl. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, make some excuse for me ; I see Emilia is going to chide me for staying so long. When, did she know the fatigue I had this afternoon—I was just going into my coach, when lady Twitter came in, and force'd me away to a fan-shop. Well, I have seen a set of the prettiest fans to-day. My dear creature, where did you get that lace ? I never saw any thing so ravishing.

Emilia. I cannot see any thing so extraordinary in it.

La. Charl. It could not cost less than ten pound a yard—Oh ! Mr. Gaywit, are you here ?

Emilia. He goes with us to the play.

La. Charl. Oh hateful ! how can you bear him ? I wou'd as soon to the chappel with Lady Prude : I saw the ridiculous creature cry at a tragedy.

Mrs. Bella. Do you think he need be atham'd of that, lady Charlotte ?

La. Charl. I wou'd as soon laugh at a comedy, or fall asleep at an opera.

Mrs. Bella. What is the play to-night ?

La. Charl. I never know that. Miss Rattle and I saw four acts the other night, and came away without knowing the name. I think, one only goes to see the company, and there will be a great deal to-night ; for the Dutchess of Simpleton sent to me this morning. Emilia, you must go with me after the play : I must make just fourteen visits between nine and ten : yesterday was the first payment I have made since I came to town, and I was able to compass no more than three and forty ; tho' I only found my lady Sober at home, and she was at Quadrille—Lud, Mrs. Bellamant, I think you have left off play, which is to me surprising, when you play'd so very well.

Mrs. Bella. And yet I believe you hardly ever saw me win.

La. Charl. I never mind whether I win or no, if I make no mistakes.

Mr.

Mr. Gaywit. Which you never fail of doing as often as you play.

La. Charl. Do you hear him?

Emilia. Oh! he sets up for a plain-dealer, that is, one who shews his wit at the expence of his breeding.

La. Charl. Yes, and at the expence of his truth.

Emilia. Never mind him, lady Charlotte, you will have the town on your side.

Mr. Gaywit. Yes, they will all speak for you that play against you.

La. Charl. This is downright insupportable.

S C E N E VI.

Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA, Mr. GAYWIT, Lady CHARLOTTE, Captain BELLAMANT.

La. Charl. Oh! here's captain Bellamant shall be my voucher.

Capt. Bella. That you may be assur'd of, Lady Charlotte, for I have so implicit a faith in your ladyship, that I know you are in the right before you speak.

La. Charl. Mr. Gaywit does not allow me to play at Quadrille.

Cap. Bella. He may as well deny that your ladyship sees; besides, I do not lay a great deal of weight on his judgment, whom I never saw play at all.

La. Charl. Oh, abominable! then he does not live at all. I wish my whole life was one party at Quadrille.

Cap. Bella. As a Spaniard's is a game at Chefs, egad.

Mrs. Bella. I never intend to sacrifice my time entirely to play, till I can get no one to keep me company for nothing.

Mr. Gaywit. Right, Madam, I think the votaries to gaming, shou'd be such as want helps for conversation: and none shou'd have always cards in their hands, but those who have nothing but the weather in their mouths.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bella. Thus gaming would be of service to the public of wit, by taking away the encouragers of nonsense; as a war is of service to a nation, by taking the idle people out of it.

La. Charl. Intolerable! Mrs Bellamant an advocate against play. —

S C E N E VII.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. GAYWIT, Captain BELLAMANT, Lady CHARLOTTE, EMILIA, Mrs. BELLAMANT.

L. Richly. Who is an advocate against play.

La. Charl. Mrs Bellamant, my Lord.

L. Richly. She is grown a perfect deserter from the Beau Monde: she has declar'd herself against Mr. Crambo too.

La. Char. Against dear Mr. Crambo!

Mrs. Bella. I am only for indulging reason in our entertainments, my lord. I must own, when I see a polite audience pleas'd at seeing Bedlam on the stage, I cannot forbear thinking them fit for no other place.

L. Richly. Now, I am never entertain'd better.

La. Charl. Nor I. Oh dear Bedlam! I have gone there once a week for a long time: I am charm'd with those delightful creatures the kings and the queens.

Cap. Bella. And your ladyship has contributed abundance of lovers, all kings, no doubt: for he that cou'd have the boldness to attempt you, might with much less madness dream of a throne.

La. Charl. Well, I shou'd like to be a queen. I fancy, 'tis very pretty to be a queen.

Cap. Bella. Were I a king, lady Charlotte, you shou'd have your wish.

La. Charl. Ay, but then I must have you too — I wou'd not have an odious, filthy he-creature for the world.

Mr. Gaywit. Faith you cannot easily find any who is less of the he-creature. [Aside.]

Emilia. But, lady Charlotte, we shall be too late for the play.

La. Charl. I believe the first act is over, so we'll go. I don't believe I ever saw the first act of a play in my life—but do you think I'll suffer you in my coach?

Mr. Gaywit. At least, you'll suffer me to put this lady into it.

Cap. Bella. And me to put your ladyship in.

La. Charl. Dear Mrs. Bellamant, your humble servant.

L. Richly. Shall I have the honour, in the meantime, of entertaining you at Fiquet?

Mrs. Bella. Your Lordship has such a vast advantage over me.—

L. Richly. None in the least: but if you think so, Madam, I'll give you what points you please.

Mrs. Bella. For one party then, my lord,—Get cards there—Your lordship will excuse me a moment.

L. Richly. Charming woman! and thou art mine, as surely as I with thee.—Let me see—she goes into the country in a fortnight—Now, if I compass my affair in a day or two, I shall be weary of her by that time, and her journey will be the most agreeable thing that can happen.

SCENE VIII. *Mrs. MODERN's House.*

Mrs. MODERN, Mr. BELLAMANT.

Mrs. Modern. Is it not barbarous, nay, mean, to upbraid me with what nothing but the last necessity could have made me ask of you.

Mr. Bella. You wrong me; I lament my own necessities, not upbraid yours. My misfortune is too publick for you not to be acquainted with it; and what restrains me from supporting the pleasures of the best wife in the world, may, I think, justly excuse me from supporting those of a mistress.

Mrs. Modern. Do you insult me with your wife's virtue? You! who have robb'd me of mine?—yet Heaven will, I hope, forgive me this first slip; and if henceforth I ever listen to the Siren persuasions of your false ungrateful sex, may I——

Mr.

Mr. Bella. But hear me, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. Would I had never heard, nor seen, nor known you.

Mr. Bella. If I alone have robb'd you of your honour, it is you alone have robb'd me of mine.

Mrs. Modern. Your honour! ridiculous! the virtue of a man!

Mr. Bella. Madam, I say, my honour; if to rob a woman who brought me beauty, fortune, love and virtue; if to hazard the making her miserable be no breach of honour, robbers and murderers may be honourable men: yet, this I have done, and this I do still for you.

Mrs. Modern. We will not enter into a detail, Mr. Bellamant, of what we have done for one another: perhaps the balance may be on your side: if so, it must be still greater; for I have one request which I must not be denied.

Mr. Bella. You know, if it be in my power to grant, it is not in my power to deny you.

Mrs. Modern. Then for the sake of my reputation, and to prevent any jealousy in my husband, bring me acquainted with Mrs. Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. Ha!

Mrs. Modern. By which means we shall have more frequent opportunities together.

Mr. Bella. Of what use your acquaintance can be, I know not.

Mrs. Modern. Do you scruple it? This is too plain an evidence of your contempt of me; you will not introduce a woman of stain'd virtue to your wife: can you, who caused my crime, be the first to condemn me for it.

Mr. Bella. Since you impute my caution to so wrong a cause, I am willing to prove your error.

Mrs. Modern. Let our acquaintance begin this night then: try if you can bring her hither now.

Mr. Bella. I will try, nay, and I will succeed: for Oh! I have sacrificed the best of wives to your love.

Mrs. Modern. I envy, not admire her for an affection which any woman might preserve to you.

Mr. Bella. I fly to execute your commands.

Mrs. Modern. Stay——— I———

Mr. Bella. Speak.

Mrs. Modern. I must ask one last favour of you—— and yet I know not how—tho' it be a trifle, and I will repay it—— only lend me another hundred guineas.

Mr. Bella. Your request, Madam, is always a command. I think time flies with wings of lead till I return.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. MODERN, sola.

Mrs. Modern. And I shall think you fly on golden wings, my dear gallant. Thou art, to think that the heart of a woman is to be won by gold as well as her person; but thou wilt find, though a woman often tells her person, she always gives her heart.

SCENE X. *Mrs. BELLAMANT'S House.*

*Lord RICHLY, Mrs. BELLAMANT,
at Piquet.*

L. Richly. Six parties successively: sure Fortune will change soon, or I shall believe she is not blind.

Mrs. Bella. No, my lord, you either play with too great negligence, or with such ill luck that I shall press my victory no farther at present. Besides I can't help thinking five points place the odds on my side.

L. Richly. Can you change this note, Madam?

Mrs. Bella. Let it alone, my lord.

L. Richly. Excuse me, Madam, if I am superstitiously observant to pay my losses, before I rise from the table.—Besides, Madam, it will give me an infinite pleasure to have the finest woman in the world in my debt. Do but keep it till I have the honour of seeing you again. Nay, Madam, I must insist on it, tho' I am forced to leave it in your hands thus——

SCENE XI.

Mrs. BELLAMANT, sola.

Mrs. Bella. What can this mean! ——— I am confident too that he lost the last party designedly. I observed him fix his eyes stedfastly on mine, and sigh, and seem careless of his game. — It must be so — he certainly hath a design on me. I will return him this note immediately, and am resolved never to see him more.

SCENE XII.

Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. BELLAMANT.

Mrs. Bella. My dear! where have you been all day? I have not had one moment of your company since dinner.

Mr. Bella. I have been upon business of very great consequence, my dear.

Mrs. Bella. Is it fit for me to hear?

Mr. Bella. No, my dear, it would only make you uneasy

Mrs. Bella. Nay, then I must hear it, that I may share your concern.

Mr. Bella. Indeed, it would rather aggravate it: it is not in your power to assist me; for since you will know it, an affair hath happen'd, which makes it necessary for me to pay an hundred guineas this very evening.

Mrs. Bella. Is that all?

Mr. Bella. That, indeed, was once a trifle ——— but now it makes me uneasy.

Mrs. Bella. So it doth not me, because it is in my power to supply you. — Here is a note for that sum; but I must be positively repaid within a day or two: it is only a friend's money trusted in my hands.

Mr. Bella. My dear, sure when Heaven gave me thee, it gave me a cure for every malady of the mind, and it hath made thee still the instrument of all its good to me.

Mrs. Bella. Be assured, I desire no greater blessing than the continual reflection of having pleased you.

Mr. Bella. Are you engaged, my love, this evening?

Mrs. Bella. Whatever engagement I have, it is in your power to break.

Mr. Bella. If you have none, I will introduce you to a new acquaintance: one whom I believe you never visited, but must know by sight———*Mrs. Modern.*

Mrs. Bella. It is equal to me in what company I am, when with you. My eyes are so delighted with that principal figure, that I have no leisure to contemplate the rest of the piece. I'll wait on you immediately.

S C E N E XIII.

Mr. BELLAMANT, solus.

Mr. Bella. What a wretch am I! Have I either honour or gratitude, and can I injure such a woman? How do I injure her! while she perceives no abatement in my passion, she is not injured by its inward decay: nor can I give her a secret pain, while she hath no suspicion of my secret pleasures. Have I not found too an equal return of passion in my mistress? Does she not sacrifice more for me than a wife can? The gallant is, indeed indebted for the favours he receives: but the husband pays dearly for what he enjoys. I hope, however, this will be the last hundred pounds I shall be asked to lend. My wife's having this dear note, was as lucky as it was unexpected——Ha!———the same I gave this morning to *Mrs. Modern.* Amazement! what can this mean?

S C E N E XIV.

Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Bella. My dear, be not angry at my curiosity, but pray tell me——how came you by this?

Mrs. Bella. Pardon me, my dear, I have a particular reason for not telling you.

Mr. Bell. And I have a particular reason for asking it.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bella. I beg you not to press me: perhaps you will oblige me to sacrifice a friend's reputation.

Mr. Bella. The secret shall rest in my bosom, I assure you.

Mrs. Bella. But, suppose, I should have promised not to suffer it from my own.

Mr. Bella. A husband's command breaks any promise.

Mrs. Bella. I am surprized to see you so solicitous about a trifle.

Mr. Bella. I am rather surprized to find you so tenacious of one; besides, be assured, you cannot have half the reason to suppress the discovery, as I to insist upon it.

Mrs. Bella. What is your reason?

Mr. Bella. The very difficulty you make in telling it.

Mrs. Bella. Your curiosity shall be satisfied then; but I beg you would defer it now. I may get absolved from my promise of secrecy. I beg you would not urge me to break my trust.

Mr. Bella. [*Aside.*] She certainly hath not discovered my falsehood, that were impossible: besides, I may satisfy myself immediately by Mrs. Modern.

Mrs. Bella. What makes you uneasy? I assure you, there is nothing in this worth your knowing.

Mr. Bella. I believe it, at least I shall give up my curiosity to your desire.

Mrs. Bella. I am ready to wait on you.

Mr. Bella. I must make a short visit first on what I told you, and will call on you immediately.

S C E N E XV.

Mrs. BELLAMANT, sola.

Mrs. Bella. What can have given him this curiosity I know not; but should I have discovered the truth, who can tell into what suspicions it might have betray'd him? His jealous honour might have resolved on some fatal return to Lord Richly, had he taken it in the same way as I do: whereas by keeping the secret, I preserve him every way from danger;
for

for I myself will secure his honour without exposing his person. I will myself give Lord Richly his discharge. How nearly have I been unawares to the brink of ruin ! For, surely, the lightest suspicion of a husband, is ruin, indeed !

When innocence can scarce our lives defend ;
What dangers must the guilty wife attend ?

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mrs. MODERN'S House.*

Mr. MODERN, Mrs. MODERN.

Mr. MODERN.

IN short, Madam, you shall not drive a separate trade at my expence. Your person is mine : I bought it lawfully in the church ; and unless I am to profit by the disposal, I shall keep it all for my own use.

Mrs. Modern. This insolence is not to be borne.

Mr. Modern. Have I not winked at all your intrigues ? Have I not pretended business, to leave you and your gallants together ? Have I not been the most obsequious, observant ———

Mrs. Modern. Out with it ; you know what you are.

Mr. Modern. Do you upbraid me with your vices, Madam ?

Mrs. Modern. My vices !—— Call it obedience to a husband's will. Can you deny that you have yourself persuaded me to the undertaking ? Can you forget the arguments you used to convince me that virtue was the lightest of bubbles ?

Mr. Modern. I own it all ; and had I felt the sweets of your pleasures, as at first, I had never once upbraided you with them ; but as I must more than share the dishonour, it is surely reasonable I should share the profit.

Mrs. Modern. And have you not ?

Mr.

Mr. Modern. What if I have———

Mrs. Modern. Why do you complain then ?

Mr. Modern. Because I find those effects no more. Your cards run away with the lucre of your other pleasures—and you lose to the knaves of your own sex what you get from the fools of ours.

Mrs. Modern. 'Tis false ; you know I seldom lose ——— Nor indeed can I considerably ; for I have not lately had it in my power to stake high : Lord Richly, who was the fountain of our wealth, hath long been dry to me.

Mr. Modern. I hope, Madam, this new gallant will turn to a better account.

Mrs. Modern. Our amour is yet too young to expect any fruit from thence.

Mr. Modern. As young as it is, I have reason to believe it is grown to perfection. Whatever fruits I may expect from him, it is not impossible, from what hath already happened, but I may expect some from you, and that is not golden fruit. I am sure if women sprung from the earth, as some philosophers think, it was from the clay of Egypt, not the sands of Peru. Serpents and crocodiles are the only fruit they produce.

Mrs. Modern. Very true ; and a wife contains the whole ten plagues of her country. [Laughing.

Mr. Modern. Why had I not been a Turk, that I might have enslaved my wife ; or a Chinese, that I might have sold her !

Mrs. Modern. That would have been only the custom of the country : you have done more, you have sold her in England ; in a country, where women are as backward to be sold to a lover as to refuse him ; and where cuckold is almost the only title of honour that can't be bought.

Mr. Modern. This ludicrous behaviour, Madam, as ill becomes the present subject, as the entertaining new gallants doth the tenderness you this morning expressed for your reputation. In short, it is impossible that your amours should be secret long ; and however careless you have been of me whilst I have had my
horns

horns in my pocket, I hope you'll take care to gild them when I am to wear them in publick.

Mrs. Modern. What would you have me do?

Mr. Modern. Suffer me to discover you together; by which means we may make our fortunes easy all at once. One good discovery in Westminster-hall will be of greater service than his utmost generosity—The law will give you more in one moment, than his love for many years.

Mrs. Modern. Don't think of it.

Mr. Modern. Yes, and resolve it; unless you agree to this, Madam, you must agree immediately to break up our house, and retire into the country.

Mrs. Modern. Racks and tortures are in that name.

Mr. Modern. But many more are in that of a prison: so you must resolve either to quit the town, or submit to my reasons.

Mrs. Modern. When reputation is gone, all places are alike: when I am despised in it, I shall hate the town as much as now I like it.

Mr. Modern. There are other places, and other towns; the whole world is the house of the rich, and they may live in what apartment of it they please.

Mrs. Modern. I cannot resolve.

Mr. Modern. But I can: if you will keep your reputation, you shall carry it into the country, where it will be of service—In town it is of none—or if it be, 'tis, like clogs, only to those that walk on foot; and the one will no more recommend you in an assembly than the other.

Mrs. Modern. You never had any love for me.

Mr. Modern. Do you tax me with want of love for you? Have I not, for your sake, stood the public mark of infamy? Would you have had me poorly kept you, and starv'd you?—No—I could not bear to see you want; therefore have acted the part I've done: and yet, while I have wink'd at the giving up your virtue, have I not been the most industrious to extol it every where?

Mrs. Modern. So has Lord Richly, and so have all his creatures; a common trick among you, to blazon

blazon out the reputation of women whose virtue you have destroyed, and as industriously blacken them who have withstood you: a deceit so stale, that your commendation wou'd fully a woman of honour.

Mr. Modern. I have no longer time to reason with you: so I shall leave you to consider on what I have said. [Exit.

Mrs. Modern. What shall I do! Can I bear to be the publick scorn of all the malicious and ugly of my own sex, or retire with a man whom I hate and despise. Hold; there is a small glimpse of hope that I may avoid them both. I have reason to think Bellamant's love as violent as he avers it. Now could I persuade him to fly away with me—Impossible he hath still too much tenderness for his wife.

S C E N E II.

Lord RICHLY, *Mrs. MODERN.*

L. Richly. What success, my angel!

Mrs. Modern. Hope all, my lord, that lovers wish, or husbands fear: she will be here.

L. Richly. When?

Mrs. Modern. Now, to-night, instantly.

L. Richly. Thou glory of intrigue! what words shall thank thee?

Mrs. Modern. No words at all, my lord; a hundred pounds must witness the first interview.

L. Richly. They shall; and if she yields, a thousand.

Mrs. Modern. That you must not expect yet.

L. Richly. By Heaven, I do; I have more reason to expect it than you imagine: I have not been wanting to my desires since I left you. Fortune too seems to have watched for me. I got her to Piquet, threw away six parties, and left her a bank-note of a hundred for the payment of six pounds.

Mrs. Modern. And did she receive it?

L. Richly. With the same reluctance that a lawyer or physician would a double fee, or a court priest a plurality.

Mrs. Modern. Then there is hope of success, indeed.

L. Richly.

L. Richly. Hope ; there is certainty : the next attempt must carry her.

Mr. Modern. You have a hundred friends in the garrison, my lord.

L. Richly. And if some of them do not open the gates for me, the devil's in it I have succeeded often by leaving money in a lady's hands : she spends it, is unable to pay, and then I, by virtue of my mortgage, immediately enter upon the premises.

Mrs. Modern. You are very generous, my lord.

L. Richly. My money shall always be the humble servant of my pleasures ; and it is the interest of men of fortune to keep up the price of beauty, that they may have it more among themselves.

Mrs. Modern. I am as much pleased as surprized at this your prospect of success ; and from this day forward I will think with you all virtue to be only pride, caprice, and the fear of shame.

L. Richly. Virtue, like the Ghost in Hamlet, is here, there, every where, and no where at all : its appearance is as imaginary as that of a ghost ; and they are much the same sort of people who are in love with one, and afraid of the other. It is a ghost which hath seldom haunted me, but I had the power of laying it.

Mrs. Modern. Yes, my lord, I am a fatal instance of that power.

L. Richly. And the dearest, I assure you, which is some sacrifice to your vanity ; and shortly I will make an offering to your revenge the two darling passions of your sex.

Mrs. Modern. But how is it possible for me to leave you together without the most abrupt rudeness ?

L. Richly. Never regard that ; as my success is sure, she will hereafter thank you for a rudeness so seasonable

Mrs. Modern. Mr. Bellamant too will be with her.

L. Richly. He will be as agreeably entertained with you in the next room ; and as he does not suspect the least design in me, he will be satisfied with my being in her company.

Mrs.

Mrs. Modern. Sure you will not attempt his wife while he is in the house,

L. Richly. Pish! he is in that dependence on my interest, that, rather than forfeit my favour, he would be himself her pander. I have made twenty such men subscribe themselves cuckolds, by the prospect of one place, which none of them ever had.

Mrs. Modern. So that your fools are not caught like the fish in the water by a bait, but like the dog in the water by a shadow.

L. Richly. Besides, I may possibly find a pretence of sending him away.

Mrs. Modern. Go then to the chocolate-house, and leave a servant to bring you word of their arrival. It would be better you should come in to them than they find you here.

L. Richly. I will be guided by you in all things; and be assured the consummation of my wishes shall be the success of your own. [Exit Lord Richly.]

Mrs. Modern. That they shall, indeed, tho' in a way you little imagine. This forwardness of Mrs. Bellamant's meets my swiftest wishes. Could I once give Bellamant reason to suspect his wife, I despair not of the happiest effect of his passion for me.— Ha! he's here, and alone.

S C E N E III.

Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. MODERN.

Mrs. Modern. Where's Mrs. Bellamant?

Mr. Bella. She will be here immediately. But I chose a few moments privacy with you; first to deliver you this, and next to ask you one question, which do not be startled at. Pray, how did you employ that note you received this morning?

Mrs. Modern. Nay, if you expect an account of me, perhaps you will still do so: so let me return you this.

Mr. Bella. Do not so injuriously mistake me. Nothing but the most extraordinary reason could force me to ask you; know then, that the very note you

had of me this morning, I received within this hour from my wife.

Mrs. Modern. Ha, ha, ha?

Mr. Bella. Why do you laugh, Madam?

Mrs. Modern. Out of triumph, to see what empty politicians men are found, when they oppose their weak heads to ours! On my conscience a parliament of women would be of very great service to the nation.

Mr. Bella. Were all ladies capable as Mrs. Modern, I should be very ready to vote on their side.

Mrs. Modern. Nay, nay, Sir, you must not leave out your wife, especially you that have the best wife in the world, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Bella. Forgive me, Madam, if I have been too partial to a woman whose whole business hath been to please me.

Mrs. Modern. Oh! you have no reason to be ashamed of your good opinion; you are not singular in it, I assure you; Mrs. Bellamant will have more votes than one.

Mr. Bella. I am indifferent how many she has, since I am sure she will make interest but for one.

Mrs. Modern. "It is the curse of fools to be secure,

"And that be thine and Altamont's."

Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Bella. I cannot guess your meaning.

Mrs. Modern. Then to introduce my explanation, the note you lent me I lost at Piquet to Lord Richly.

Mr. Bella. To Lord Richly!

Mrs. Modern. Who perhaps might dispose of it to some who might lend it to others, who might give it to those who might lose it to your wife.

Mr. Bella. I know not what to suppose.

Mrs. Modern. Nor I; for sure one cannot suppose, especially since you have the best wife in the world; one cannot suppose that it could be a present from Lord Richly to herself; that she received it; that in return she hath sent him an assignation to meet her here.

Mr.

Mr. Bella. Suppose, Hell and damnation ! No.

Mrs. Modern. But certainly one could not affirm that this is truth.

Mr. Bella. Affirm !

Mrs. Modern. And yet all this is true ; as true as she is false. Nay, you shall have an instance ; an immediate, undeniable instance. You shall see it with your own eyes, and hear it with your own ears.

Mr. Bella. Am I alive ?

Mrs. Modern. If all the husbands of these best wives in the world are dead, we are a strange nation of ghosts. If you will be prudent, and be like the rest of your brethren, keep the affair secret ; I assure you I'll never discover it.

Mr. Bella. Secret ! Yes, as inward fire, till sure destruction shall attend its blaze. But why do I rage ? It is impossible ; she must be innocent.

Mrs. Modern. Then Lord Richly is still a greater villain, to belie that innocence to me. But give yourself no pain or anxiety, since you are so shortly to be certain. Go fetch her hither ; Lord Richly will be here almost as soon as you : then feign some excuse to leave the room ; I will soon follow you, and convey you where you shall have an opportunity of being a witness either to her innocence or guilt.

Mr. Bella. This goodness, my sweetest creature, shall bind me yours for ever.

Mrs. Modern. To convince you that is all I desire, I am willing to leave the town and reputation at once, and retire with you wherever you please.

Mr. Bella. That must be the subject of our future thoughts. I can think of nothing now but satisfaction in this affair. [Exit.

Mrs. Modern. Do you demur to my offer, Sir ? Oh, the villain ! I find I am to be only a momentary object of his looser pleasures, and his wife yet sits nearest his heart. But I shall change the angel form she wears into a devil's — Nor shall my revenge stop there — But at present I must resolve my temper into a calm — Lately.

S C E N E IV.

Mrs. MODERN, LATELY.

Mrs. Modern. Come hither, Lately; get me some citron-water. I am horribly out of order.

Lately. Yes, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. To be slighted in this manner! insupportable! — What is the fool doing?

Lately. There is no citron-water left. Your ladyship drank the last half-pint this morning.

Mrs. Modern. Then bring the cinnamon-water, or the fursfeit-water, or the anniseed water, or the plague-water, or any water.

Lately. Here, Madam.

[Brings the bottle and glass, and fills.

Mrs. Modern. [Drinks. Looks in the glass.]— Lord, how I look! — Oh! frightful—I am quite shocking.

Lately. In my opinion your ladyship never looked better.

Mrs. Modern. Go, you flatterer, I look like my Lady Grim.

Lately. Where are your ladyship's little eyes, your short nose, your wan complexion, and your low forehead.

Mrs. Modern. Which nature, in order to hide, hath carefully placed between her shoulders; so that if you view her behind, she seems to walk without her head, and lessen the miracle of St. Dennis.

Lately. Then her left hip is tucked up under her arm, like the hilt of a beau's sword; and her disdainful right is never seen, like its blade.

Mrs. Modern. Then she has two legs, one of which seems to be the dwarf of the other, and are alike in nothing but their crookedness.

Lately. And yet she thinks herself a beauty.

Mrs. Modern. She is, indeed, the perfection of ugliness.

Lately. And a wit, I warrant you.

Mrs. Modern. No doubt she must be very quick-fighted, for her eyes are almost crept into her brain.

Lately

Lately. } He, he, he !
Mrs. Modern. }

Mrs. Modern. And yet the detestable creature hath not had sense enough, with all her deformity, to preserve her reputation.

Lately. I never heard, I own, any thing against that.

Mrs. Modern. You hear, you fool, you dunce, what should you hear ? Have not all the town heard of a certain colonel ?

Lately. Oh, lud ! what a memory I have ! Oh, yes, Madam, she has been quite notorious. It is surprising a little discretion should not preserve her from such publick ———.

Mrs. Modern. If she had my discretion, or yours, *Lately.*

Lately. Your ladyship will make me proud, indeed, Madam.

Mrs. Modern. I never could see any want of sense in you, *Lately.* I could not bear to have an insensible creature about me. I know several women of fashion I could not support for a tiring woman. What think you of Mrs. Charmer.

Lately. Think of her ! that were I a man, she should be the last woman I attacked. I think her an ugly, ungenteel, squinting, flirting, impudent, odious, dirty puss.

Mrs. Modern. Upon my word, *Lately,* you have a vast deal of wit too.

Lately. I am beholden for all my wit, as well as my clothes, to your ladyship. I wish your ladyship wore out as much clothes as you do wit, I should soon grow rich.

Mrs. Modern. You shall not complain of either. Oh ! [*Knocking.*] They are come, and I will receive them in another room. [*Exit.*]

Lately. I know not whether my talent of praise or of slander is of more service to me ; whether I get more by flattering my lady, or abusing all her acquaintance.

S C E N E V.

JOHN, LATELY.

John. So, Mrs. Lately, you forget your old acquaintance ; but times are coming when I may be as good as another, and you may repent your inconstancy.

Lately. Odious fellow !

John. I would have you to know I look on myself to be as good as your new sweetheart, tho' he has more lace on his livery, and may be a year or two younger, and as good a man I am too ; and so you may tell him. Why does not he stay at home ? What does he come into our family for.

Lately. Who gave you authority to enquire, firrah ?

John. Marry, that did you, when you gave me a promise to marry me : well, I shall say no more ; but times are coming, when you may wish you had not forsaken me. I have a secret.

Lately. A secret ! Oh, let me hear it.

John. No, no, mistress, I shall keep my secrets as well as you can yours.

Lately. Nay, now you are unkind ; you know, tho' I suffer Tom Brisk to visit me, you have my heart still.

John. Ah ! you do but say so ! You know too well how much I love you. Then I'll tell you, my dear ; I am going to the devil for you.

Lately. The devil you are ! Going to the devil for me ! What does the fool mean ?

John. Ay, I am to get a hundred pounds, that you may marry me.

Lately. A hundred pounds ! And how are you to get a hundred pounds, my dear John ?

John. Only by a little swearing.

Lately. What are you to swear ?

John. Nay, if I tell you, it would be double perjury ; for I have sworn already I would not trust it with any body.

Lately. Oh, but you may trust me.

John. And if you should trust somebody else.

Lately.

Lately. The devil fetch me if I do.

John. Then my master is to give me an hundred pounds to swear that he is a cuckold.

Lately. What's this?

John. Why, my master has offered me an hundred pounds, if I discover my lady and Mr. Bellamant in a proper manner; and let me but see them together, I'll swear to the manner, I warrant you.

Lately. But can you do this with a safe conscience?

John. Conscience, pshaw; which would you chuse, a husband with a hundred pound, or a safe conscience? Come, give me a dram out of your mistress's closet; and there I'll tell you more.

Lately. Come along with me.

SCENE VI.

SCENE *changes to another apartment.*

Lord RICHLY, Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. BELLAMANT, Mrs. MODERN.

L. Richly. Well, madam, you have drawn a most delightful sketch of life.

Mrs. Modern. Then it is still life; for I dare swear there never were such people breathing.

Mrs. Bella. Don't you believe then, madam, it is possible for a married couple to be happy in one another, without desiring any other company.

Mrs. Modern. Indeed, I do not know what it may have been in the plains of Arcadia; but truly, in those of Great Britain, I believe not.

L. Richly. I must subscribe to that too.

Mrs. Bella. Mr. Bellamant, what say you?

Mr. Bella. Oh! my dear, I am entirely of your mind.

L. Richly. This is a miracle almost equal to the other, to see a husband and wife of the same opinion. I must be a convert too; for it would be the greatest miracle of all to find Mrs. Bellamant in the wrong.

Mrs. Bella. It would be a much greater to find want of complaisance in Lord Richly.

Mr.

Mr. Bella. [*Aside.*] Confusion!

Mrs. Modern. Nay, madam, this is hardly so; for I have heard his lordship say the same in your absence.

L. Richly. Dear Bellamant, I believe I have had an opportunity to serve you this afternoon. I have spoke to lord Powerful; he says, he is very willing to do for you. Sir Peter, they tell me, is given over, and I fancy you may find my lord at home now.

Mr. Bella. I shall take another opportunity, my lord, a particular affair now preventing me.

L. Richly. The loss of an hour hath been often the loss of a place; and unless you have something of greater consequence, I must advise you as a friend.

Mr. Bella. I shall find a method of thanking you.
[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Modern. Make this a handle to slip out, I'll come into the next room to you.

[*Aside to Mr. Bellamant.*]

Mr. Bella. My lord, I am very much obliged to your friendship. My dear, I'll call on you in my return: *Mrs. Modern*, I am your humble servant.

SCENE VII.

Lord RICHLY, Mrs. BELLAMANT, Mrs. MODERN.

L. Richly. I wish you success, you may command any thing in my power to forward it.

Mrs. Bella. Mr. Bellamant is more indebted to your lordship, than he will be ever able to pay.

L. Richly. Mr. Bellamant, madam, has a friend, who is able to pay more obligations than I can lay on him.

Mrs. Modern. I am forc'd to be guilty of a great piece of rudeness, by leaving you one moment.

L. Richly. And I shall not be guilty of losing it.
[*Aside.*]

Mrs. Bella. What can this mean?
[*Aside.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Lord RICHLY, Mrs. BELLAMANT.

L. Richly. And can you, madam, think of retiring from the general admiration of mankind?

Mrs. Bella. With pleasure, my lord, to the particular admiration of him who is to me all mankind.

L. Richly. Is it possible any man can be so happy?

Mrs. Bella. I hope, my lord, you think Mr. Bellamant so.

L. Richly. If he be, I pity him much less for his losses, than I envy him the love of her in whose power it may be to redress them.

Mrs. Bella. You surprize me, my lord: in my power!

L. Richly. Yes, madam; for whatever is in the power of man, is in yours: I am sure, what little assistance mine can give, is readily at your devotion. My interest and fortune are all in these dear hands; in short, madam, I have languish'd a long time for an opportunity to tell you, that I have the most violent passion for you.

Mrs. Bella. My lord, I have been unwilling to understand you; but now your expressions leave me no other doubt, but whether I hate or despise you most.

L. Richly. Are these the ungrateful returns you give my love?

Mrs. Bella. Is this the friendship you have profess'd to Mr. Bellamant?

L. Richly. I'll make his fortune. Let this be an instance of my future favours

[*Puts a bank note into her hand; she throws it away.*]

Mrs. Bella. And this of my reception of them. Be assured, my lord, if you ever renew this unmannerly attack on my honour, I will be reveng'd; my husband shall know his obligations to you.

L. Richly. I have gone too far to retreat, madam; if I cannot be the object of your love, let me be oblig'd to your prudence. How many families are supported by this method which you start at? Does not
many

many a woman in this town drive her husband's coach?

Mrs. Bella. My lord, this insolence is intolerable, and from this hour I will never see your face again.

[*A noise without.*]

L. Richly. Hey! what is the meaning of this?

S C E N E IX.

Mr. MODERN with servants, Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. MODERN, Lord RICHLY, Mrs. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Modern. Come out, strumpet, show thy face and thy adulterer's before the world; thou shalt be a severe example of the vengeance of an injur'd husband.

L. Richly. I have no farther business here at present; for I fear, more husbands have discover'd injuries than one. [Exit.]

Mrs. Bella. Protect me, Heavens! what do I see!

Mr. Bella. This was a master-piece of my evil genius.

Mrs. Modern. Sir, this insult upon my reputation shall not go unreveng'd; I have relations, brothers, who will defend their sister's fame from the base attacks of a perfidious husband, from any shame he would bring on her innocence.

Mr. Modern. Thou hast a forehead that would defend itself from any shame whatsoever; that you have grafted on my forehead, I thank you, and this worthy gentleman.

Mrs. Modern. Sir, you shall smart for the falsehood of this accusation. [Exit.]

Mr. Modern. Madam, you shall smart for the truth of it; this honest man, [*Pointing to the servant.*] is evidence of the fact, of your dishonour and mine. And for you, Sir, [*To Bellamant.*] you may depend upon it, I shall take the strictest satisfaction which the law will give me: so I shall leave you at present, to give satisfaction to your wife. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E

S C E N E X.

Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. BELLAMANT.

Mr. Bella. [After some pause.] When the criminal turns his own accuser, the merciful judge becomes his advocate: guilt is too plainly written in my face to admit of a denial, and I stand prepar'd to receive what sentence you please.

Mrs. Bella. As you are your own accuser, be your own judge; you can inflict no punishment on yourself equal to what I feel.

Mr. Bella. Death hath no terrors equal to that thought. Ha! I have involv'd thee too in my ruin, and thou must be the wretched partaker of my misfortunes.

Mrs. Bella. While I was assur'd of your truth, I could have thought that happiness enough: yet, I have still this to comfort me, the same moment that has betray'd your guilt, has discover'd my innocence.

Mr. Bella. Oh! thou ungrateful fool, what stores of bliss hast thou in one vicious moment destroy'd! [To himself.] Oh! my angel, how have I requited all your love and goodness? For what have I forsaken thy tender virtuous passion?

Mrs. Bella. For a new one. How could I be so easily deceiv'd? How could I imagine there was such truth in man, in that inconstant fickle sex, who are so prone to change; that to indulge their fondness for variety, they would grow weary of a paradise to wander in a desert.

Mr. Bella. How weak is that comparison to shew the difference between thee, and every other woman!

Mrs. Bella. I once had that esteem of you; but hereafter, I shall think all men the same; and when I have wean'd myself of my love for you, will hate them all alike.

Mr. Bella. Thy sentence is too just. I own, I have deserv'd it; I never merited so good a wife. Heaven saw it had given too much, and thus has taken the blessing from me.

Mrs. Bella. You will soon think otherwise. If absence from me can bring you to those thoughts, I am resolv'd to favour them.

Mr.

Mr. Bella. Thou shalt enjoy thy wish; we will part, part this night, this hour. Yet, let me ask one favour; the ring which was a witness of our meeting, let it be so of our separation. Let me bear this as a memorial of our love. This shall remind me of all the tender moments we have had together, and serve to aggravate my sorrows: henceforth I'll study only to be miserable; let Heaven make you happy, and curse me as it pleases.

Mrs. Bella. It cannot make me more wretched than you have made me

Mr. Bella. Yet, do believe me when I swear, I never injur'd you with any other woman. Nay, believe me when I swear how much soever I may have deserv'd the shame I suffer, I did not now deserve it.

Mrs. Bella. And must we part?

Mr. Bella. Since it obliges you.

Mrs. Bella. That I may have nothing to remember you by, take back this, and this, and this, and all the thousand embraces thou hast given me—till I die in thy lov'd arms—and thus we part for ever.

Mr. Bella. Ha!

Mrs. Bella. Oh! I forgive thee all: forget it as a frightful dream—it was no more, and I awake to real joy.

Mr. Bella. Oh! let me press thee to my heart; for every moment that I hold thee thus, give bliss beyond expression, a bliss no vice can give. Now life appears desirable again. Yet shall I not see thee miserable? Shall I not see my children suffer for their father's crime?

Mrs. Bella. Indulge no more uneasy thoughts; fortune may have blessings yet in store for us and them.

Mr. Bella. Excellent goodness! My future days shall have no wish, no labour, but for thy happiness; and from this hour, I'll never give thee cause of a complaint.

And whatsoever rocks our fates may lay
In life's hard passage to obstruct our way;
Patient, the toilsome journey I'll abide;
And bless my fortune with so dear a guide.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr. BELLAMANT'S House.*EMILIA *speaking to a servant, afterwards Lady CHARLOTTE.*

EMILIA.

IT is very strange you will not give me the liberty of denying myself; that you will force me to be at home, whether I will or no.

Serv. I had no such orders from your ladyship.

Emilia. Well, well, go wait upon her up. I am but in an ill humour to receive such a visit; I must try to make it as short as I can.

La. Charl. Emilia, good-morrow: am not I an early creature? I have been so frightned with some news I have heard—I am heartily concern'd for you, my dear, I hope the fright has not done you any mischief.

Emilia. I am infinitely oblig'd to you, lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. Oh! I could not stay one moment; you see I hurried into my chair to you half undrest; never was creature in such a pickle, so frightful; Lud! I was oblig'd to draw all the curtains round me.

Emilia. I don't perceive you had any reason for that, lady Charlotte.

La. Char. Why, did you ever see any thing so hideous, so odious as this gown? Well, Emilia, you certainly have the prettiest fancy in the world. I like what you have on now, better than lady Pinup's, tho' hers cost so much more. Some people have the strangest way of laying out their money. You remember our engagement to-night.

Emilia. You must excuse me; it will look very odd to see me abroad on this occasion.

La. Charl. Not odd in the least. No body minds these things. There's no rule upon such occasions. Sure, you don't intend to stay at home, and receive formal visits.

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Emilia.

Emilia. No; but I intend to stay at home, and receive no visits.

La. Charl. Why, child, you will be laugh'd at by all the town. There never was such a thing done in the world; staying at home is quite left off upon all occasions; a woman scarce stays at home a week for the death of a husband. Dear Emilia, don't be so awkward: I can make no excuse for you; lady Polite will never forgive you.

Emilia. That I shall be sorry for: but I had rather not be forgiven by her, than by myself.

SCENE II.

Captain BELLAMANT, Lady CHARLOTTE, EMILIA.

Cap. Bella. Sister, good-morrow; lady Charlotte abroad so early!

La. Charl. You may well be surpriz'd; I have not been out at this hour these fifty years.

Cap. Bella. You will never be able to hold it out till night.

Emilia. [*Aside.*] I am sure if she should take it in her head to stay with me, I shall not: and unless some dear creature, like herself, should come and take her away, I seem to be in danger.

La. Charl. [*To Bellamant after a whisper.*] Don't tell me of what I said last night. Last night was last year; an age ago: and I have the worst memory in the world.

Cap. Bella. You seem to want one, egad!

La. Charl. Indeed, I do not. A memory would be of no use to me; for I was never of the same mind twice in my life: and tho' I should remember what I said at one time, I should as certainly remember not to do it another.

Cap. Bella. You dear agreeable creature! sure, never two people were so like one another as you and I are. We think alike, we act alike, and some people think, we are very much alike in the face.

La. Charl. Do you hear him, Emilia? He has made one of the most shocking compliments to me; I believe,

I believe, I shall never be able to bear a looking-glass again.

Cap. Bella. Faith, and if it was not for the help of a looking-glass, you would be the most unhappy creature in the world.

La. Charl. Impertinent!

Cap. Bella. For then you would be the only person debarr'd from seeing the finest face in the world.

Emilia. Very fine, indeed.

La. Charl. Civil enough. I think, I begin to endure the wretch again now.

Cap. Bella. Keep but in that mind half an hour—

La. Charl. Emilia, good-morrow; you will excuse the shortness of my visit.

Emilia. No apologies on that account, lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. You are a good creature, and know the continual hurry of business I am in.—Don't you follow me, you thing you. [To *Cap. Bellamant*.

Cap. Bella. Indeed, lady Charlotte, but I shall, and I hope to some purpose. [Aside.

SCENE III.

EMILIA *alone.*

Emilia. So, I am once more left to my own thoughts. Heaven knows, they are like to afford me little entertainment. Oh! Gaywit, too much I sympathize with thy uneasiness. Didst thou know the pangs I feel on thy account, thy generous heart would suffer more on mine. Ha! my words have rais'd a spirit.

SCENE V.

EMILIA, *Mr. GAYWIT.*

Mr. Gaywit. I hope, madam, you will excuse a visit at so unseasonable an hour.

Emilia. Had you come a little earlier, you had met a mistress here.

Mr. Gaywit. I met the lady you mean, madam, at the door, and captain Bellamant with her.

Emilia. You are the most cavalier lover I know; you are no more jealous of a rival with your mistress, than the most polite husband is of one with his wife.

Mr. Gaywit. A man should not be jealous of his friend, madam; and I believe, captain Bellamant will be such to me in the highest manner. I wish I were so blest in another heart, as he appears to be in lady Charlotte's. I wish I were as certain of gaining the woman I do love, as of losing her I do not.

Emilia. I suppose, if your amour be of any date, you can easily guess at the impressions you have made.

Mr. Gaywit. No, nor can she guess at the impression she has made on me; for unless my eyes have done it, I never acquainted her with my passion.

Emilia. And that your eyes have done it, you may be assur'd, if you have seen her often. The love that can be conceal'd, must be very cold indeed; but, methinks, it is something particular in you to desire to conceal it.

Mr. Gaywit. I have been always fearful to disclose a passion, which I know not whether it be in my power to pursue. I would not even have given her the uneasiness to pity me, much less have tried to raise her love.

Emilia. If you are so tender of her, take care you never let her suspect so much generosity. That may give her a secret pang.

Mr. Gaywit. Heaven forbid it should, one equal to those I feel; lest, while I am endeavouring to make my addresses practicable, she should unadvisedly receive those of another.

Emilia. If she can discover your love as plain as I can, I think you may be easy on that account.

Mr. Gaywit. He must dote like me who can conceive the ecstasy these words have given.

Emilia. [*Knocking.*] Come in.

Serv. Your honour's servant, Sir, is below.

Mr. Gaywit. I come to him.—Madam, your most obedient servant; I go on business which will by noon

give

give me the satisfaction of thinking I have preserv'd the best of fathers to the best of women [Exit.

Emilia. I know he means mine; but why do I mention that, when every action of his life leaves me no other doubt than whether it convinces me more of his love, or of his deserving mine.

SCENE V. *Lord RICHLY's House.*

Lord RICHLY, SERVANT.

L. Richly. Desire Mr. Bellamant to walk in. What can the meaning of this visit be? Perhaps, he comes to make me proposals concerning his wife; but my love shall not get so far the better of my reason, as to lead me to an extravagant price; I'll not go above two thousand, that's positive.

SCENE VI.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. BELLAMANT.

L. Richly. My dear Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. My lord, I have receiv'd an obligation from you, which I thus return.

[Gives him a bank-bill.

L. Richly. Pshaw! trifles of this nature can hardly be call'd obligations; I would do twenty times as much for dear Jack Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. The obligation, indeed, was to my wife, nor hath she made you a small return; since it is to her intreaty you owe your present safety, your life.

L. Richly. I am not appriz'd of the danger; but would owe my safety to no one, sooner than to Mrs. Bellamant.

Mr. Bella. Come, come, my lord; this prevarication is low and mean: you know you have us'd me basely, villainously; and under the cover of acquaintance and friendship, have attempted to corrupt my wife; for which, but that I would not suffer the least breath of scandal to sully her reputation, I would exact such vengeance on thee——

L. Richly. Sir, I must acquaint you, that this is a language I have not been us'd to.

Mr. Bella. No, the language of flatterers and hireling sycophants has been what you have dealt in—wretches, whose honour and love are as venal as their praise. Such your title might awe, or your fortune bribe to silence; such you should have dealt with, and not have dared to injure a man of honour.

L. Richly. This is such presumption—

Mr. Bella. No, my lord, yours was the presumption, mine is only justice, nay, and mild too; unequal to your crime, which requires a punishment from my hand, not from my tongue.

L. Richly. Do you consider who I am?

Mr. Bella. Were you as high as heraldry could lift you, you should not injure me unpunish'd. Where grandeur can give licence to oppression, the people must be slaves, let them boast what liberty they please.

L. Richly. Sir, you shall hear of this.

Mr. Bella. I shall be ready to justify my words by any action you dare provoke me to: and be assur'd of this, if ever I discover any future attempts of yours to my dishonour, your life shall be its sacrifice. Henceforward, my lord, let us behave as if we had never known one another. [Exit.

L. Richly. Here's your man of sense now.—He was half ruin'd in the house of lords a few days ago, and is in a fair way of going the other step in Westminster-hall in a few days more; yet has the impudence to threaten a man of my fortune and quality, for attempting to debauch his wife; which many a fool who rides in his coach and six, would have had sense enough to have wink'd at.

S C E N E VII.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. GAYWIT.

Mr. Gaywit. Your lordship is contemplative.

L. Richly. So, nephew, by this early visit, I suppose you had ill luck last night; for where fortune frowns on you, she always smiles on me, by blessing me with your company.

Mr. Gaywit. I have long since put it out of the power of fortune to do me either favour or injury.

jury. My happiness is now in the power of another mistress.

L. Richly. And thou art too pretty a fellow not to have that mistress in your power.

Mr. Gaywit. The possession of her, and in her of all my desires, depends on your consent.

L. Richly. You know, Harry, you have my consent to possess all the women in town, except those few that I am particular with; provided you fall not foul of mine, you may board and plunder what vessels you please.

Mr. Gaywit. This is a vessel, my lord, neither to be taken by force, nor hired by gold. I must buy her for life, or not board her at all.

L. Richly. Then the principal thing to be consider'd is her cargo. To marry a woman merely for her person, is buying an empty vessel: and a woman is a vessel, which a man will grow cursed weary of in a long voyage.

Mr. Gaywit. My lord, I have had some experience in women, and I believe, that I never could be weary of the woman I now love.

L. Richly. Let me tell you, I have had some experience too, and I have been weary of forty women that I have lov'd.

Mr. Gaywit. And, perhaps, in all that variety, you may not have found one of equal excellence with her I mean.

L. Richly. And pray, who is this paragon you mean?

Mr. Gaywit. Must I, my lord, when I have painted the finest woman in the world, be oblig'd to write Miss Bellamant's name to the picture.

L. Richly. Miss Bellamant!

Mr. Gaywit. Yes, Miss Bellamant.

L. Richly. You know Mr. Bellamant's losses; you know what happen'd yesterday, which may entirely finish his ruin; and the consequence of his ruin must be the ruin of his daughter: which will certainly throw her virtue into your power; for poverty as surely brings a woman to capitulation, as scarcity of provisions does a garrison.

Mr.

Mr. Gaywit. I cannot take this advice, my lord : I would not take advantage from the misfortunes of any ; but surely, not of the woman I love.

L. Richly. Well, Sir, you shall ask me no more ; for if my consent to your ruin will oblige you, you have it.

Mr. Gaywit. My lord, I shall ever remember this goodness, and will be ready to sign any instrument to secure a very large fortune to lady Charlotte when you please.

SCENE VIII.

Lord RICHLY, solus.

Now, if he takes my consent from my own word, I may deny it afterwards, so I gain the whole estate for my daughter, and bring an entire destruction upon Bellamant and his whole family. Charming thought ! that would be a revenge, indeed ; nay, it may accomplish all my wishes too ; Mrs. Bellamant may be mine at last.

SCENE IX.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. MODERN.

Mr. Modern. My lord, I was honour'd with your commands.

L. Richly. I believe I shall procure the place for you, Sir.

Mr. Modern. My obligations to your lordship are so infinite, that I must always be your slave.

L. Richly. I am concern'd for your misfortune, Mr. Modern.

Mr. Modern. It is a common misfortune, my lord, to have a bad wife. I am something happier than my brethren in the discovery.

L. Richly. That, indeed, may make you amends more ways than one. I cannot dissuade you from the most rigorous prosecution ; for, tho' dear Jack Bellamant be my particular friend, yet in cases of this nature, even friendship itself must be thrown up. Injuries of this kind are not to be forgiven.

Mr.

The MODERN HUSBAND.

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Mr. Modern. Very true, my lord; he has robb'd me of the affections of a wife, whom I lov'd as tenderly as myself: forgive my tears, my lord—I have lost all I held dear in this world.

L. Richly. I pity you, indeed; but comfort yourself with the hopes of revenge.

Mr. Modern. Alas! my lord, what revenge can equal the dishonour he has brought upon my family? Think on that, my Lord; on the dishonour I must endure. I cannot name the title they will give me.

L. Richly. It is shocking, indeed!

Mr. Modern. My ease for ever lost, my quiet gone, my honour stain'd; my honour, my lord. Oh! 'tis a tender wound.

L. Richly. Laws cannot be too rigorous against offences of this nature: juries cannot give too great damages. To attempt the wife of a friend.—To what wickedness will men arrive?—*Mr. Modern,* I own, I cannot blame you in pushing your revenge to the utmost extremity.

Mr. Modern. That I am resolv'd on. I have just receiv'd an appointment from your lordship's nephew, *Mr. Gaywit*; I suppose to give me some advice in the affair.

L. Richly. [*Aside.*] Ha! that must be to dissuade him from the prosecution.—*Mr. Modern,* if you please, I'll set you down; I have some particular business with him: besides, if he knows any thing that can be of service to you, my commands shall enforce the discovery. Bid the coachman pull up.

Mr. Modern. I am the most oblig'd of all your lordship's slaves.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

*Lady CHARLOTTE, Captain BELLAMANT, and
SERVANT.*

La. Charl. My lord gone out! then, d'ye hear, I am at home to nobody,

Cap. Bella. That's kind, indeed, lady Charlotte, to let me have you all to myself.

La.

La. Charl. You ! you confident thing ! how came you here ? Don't you remember, I bad you not to follow me ?

Cap. Bella. Yes, but it's so long ago, that I'm surpriz'd you should remember it.

La. Charl. Indeed, Sir, I always remember to avoid what I don't like. I suppose you don't know that I hate you of all things.

Cap. Bella. Not I, upon my soul ! The duce take me, if I did not think you had lik'd me, as well as I lik'd you, ha, ha.

La. Charl. I like you, impossible ! why, don't you know, that you are very ugly ?

Cap. Bella. Pshaw ! that's nothing ; that will all go off ; a month's marriage takes off the homeliness of a husband's face, as much as it does the beauty of a wife's.

La. Charl. And so you would insinuate that I might be your wife ? O horrible ! shocking thought !

Cap. Bella. Nay, madam, I am as much frighten'd at the thoughts of marriage as you can be.

La. Charl. Indeed, Sir, you need not be under any apprehensions of that kind, upon my account.

Cap. Bella. Indeed, but I am, madam ; for what an unconsolable creature wou'd you be, if I shou'd take it in my head to marry any other woman.

La. Charl. Well, he has such an excessive assurance, that I am not really sure whether he is not agreeable. Let me die, if I am not under some sort of suspense about it—and yet I am not neither—for to be sure I don't like the thing—and yet methinks, I do too—and yet I do not know what I should do with him neither—Hi ! hi ! hi ! this is the foolishlest circumstance that ever I knew in my life.

Cap. Bella. Very well ! sure marriage begins to run in your head at last, madam.

La. Charl. A propos ! do you know that t'other day, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I laid down the prettiest scheme for matrimony, that ever enter'd into the taste of people of condition.

Cap. Bella. Oh ! pray let's hear it.

La. Charl. In the first place then, whenever she
or

or I marry, I am resolv'd positively to be mistress of myself; I must have my house to myself, my coach to myself, my servants to myself, my table, time, and company to myself; nay, and sometimes, when I have a mind to be out of humour, my bed to myself.

Cap. Bella. Right, Madam; for a wife and a husband always together, are, to be sure, the flattest company in the world.

La Charl. O detestable! Then I will be sure to have my own humour in every thing; to go, come, dine, dance, play, sup, at all hours, and in whatever company I have a mind to: and if ever he pretends to put on a grave face, upon my enjoying any one of those articles, I am to burst out in his face a laughing. Won't that be prodigious pleasant? Ha! ha! ha!

Cap. Bella. O charmingly charming! Ha! ha! what a contemptible creature is a woman, that never does any thing without consulting her husband?

La. Charl. Nay, there you're mistaken again, Sir: for I would never do any thing without consulting my husband.

Cap. Bella. How so, dear madam?

La. Charl. Because sometimes one may happen to be so low in spirits, as not to know one's own mind; and then, you know, if a foolish husband should happen to say a word on either side, why one determines on the contrary, without any farther trouble.

Cap. Bella. Right, madam; and a thousand to one, but the happy rogue, your husband, might warm his indolent inclinations too from the same spirit of contradiction, ha, ha.

La. Charl. Well, I am so passionately fond of my own humour, that let me die, if a husband were to insist upon my never missing any one diversion this town affords, I believe in my conscience, I should go twice a day to church to avoid them.

Cap. Bella. O fy! you would not be so unfashionable a creature!

La. Charl. Ay, but I would tho'. I do not care what I do, when I'm vext.

Cap. Bella. Well! let me perish, this is a most delectable

delectable scheme. Don't you think, madam, we shall be vastly happy.

La. Charl. We! what we? Pray, who do you mean, Sir?

Cap. Bella. Why, lady Betty Shuttlecock and I: why, you must know this is the very scheme she laid down to me last night; which so vastly charm'd me, that we resolv'd to be married upon it to-morrow morning.

La. Charl. What do you mean?

Cap. Bella. Only to take your advice, Madam, by allowing my wife all the modish privileges that you seem so passionately fond of.

La. Charl. Your wife? why, who's to be your wife, pray? You don't think of me, I hope.

Cap. Bella. One wou'd think, you thought I did: for you refuse me as oddly, as if I had ask'd you the question: not, but I suppose, you would have me think now, you have refus'd me in earnest.

La. Charl. Ha! ha! ha! that's well enough; why, sweet Sir, do you really think I am not in earnest?

Cap. Bella. No, faith, I can't think you are so silly, as to refuse me in earnest, when I only ask'd you in jest. [*Both.*] Ha! ha! ha!

La. Charl. Ridiculous!

Cap. Bella. Delightful! Well, after all, I am a strange creature to be so merry, when I am just going to be married.

La. Charl. And had you ever the assurance to think I would have you?

Cap. Bella. Why, faith! I don't know but I might, if I had ever made love to you—Well, lady Charlotte, your servant. I suppose you'll come and visit my wife, as soon as ever she sees company.

La. Charl. What do you mean?

Cap. Bella. Seriously what I say, Madam; I am just now going to my lawyer to sign my marriage articles with Lady Betty Shuttlecock.

La. Charl. And are you going in earnest?

Cap. Bella. Positively, seriously.

La. Charl. Then I must take the liberty to tell
you,

you, Sir, you are the greatest villain that ever liv'd upon the face of the earth. [*She bursts into tears.*]

Cap. Bella. Ha! what do I see? Is it possible! O my dear, dear Lady Charlotte, can I believe myself the cause of these transporting tears! O! till this instant never did I taste of happiness.

La. Charl. Ha, ha! nor I, upon my faith, Sir! Ha, ha!

Cap. Bella. Hey day! what do you mean?

L. Charl. That you are one of the filliest animals that ever open'd his lips to a woman. — Ha, ha! O I shall die! Ha, ha!

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, here's a letter for you.

Cap. Bella. So, it's come in good time. If this does not give her a turn, egad, I shall have all my plague to go over again — Lady Charlotte, you'll give me leave.

La. Charl. O Sir! billet-doux are exempt from ceremony.

Cap. Bella. [*After reading to himself.*] Ha, ha! Well, my dear lady Charlotte, I am vastly glad to see you so easy. Upon my soul, I was afraid you was really in love with me: but since I need have no farther apprehensions of it, I know you won't take it ill if I obey the summons of my wife that is to be — Lady Betty has sent for me. — You'll excuse me if I am confin'd a week or two with my wife for the present: when that's over, you and I will laugh and sing, and coquette as much as ever we did: and so, dear Lady Charlotte, your humble servant. [*Exit.*]

L. Charl. What can the creature mean? I know not what to think of him! Sure it can't be true! But if it should be true — I can't believe it true — And yet it may be true too — I am resolv'd to be satisfied — Here, who's there? Will no body hear? Who's there, I say?

Enter SERVANT.

Desire Captain Bellamant to step back again.

Serv. He's just gone out, Madam.

La. Churl. Then it's certainly true.—Get me a chair this moment—this instant—Go, run, fly! I am in such a hurry, I don't know what I do. O hideous! I look horridly frightful—But I'll follow him just as I am—I'll go to Lady Betty's.—If I find him there, I shall certainly faint.—I must take a little hartshorn with me. [Exit.]

S C E N E XI.

Mr. GAYWIT, Mrs. MODERN, meeting in his lodgings.

Mr. Gaywit. This is exactly the time I appointed her to meet me here. Ha! she comes. You are punctual as a young lover to his first appointment.

Mrs. Modern. Women commonly begin to be most punctual when men leave it off: our passions seldom reach their meridian before yours set.

Mr. Gaywit. We can no more help the decrease of our passions than you the increase of yours; and tho' like the sun I was obliged to quit your hemisphere, I have left you a moon to shine in it.

Mrs. Modern. What do you mean?

Mr. Gaywit. I suppose you are by this no stranger to the fondness of the gentleman I introduc'd to you; nor will you shortly be to his generosity. He is one who has more money than brains, and more generosity than money.

Mrs. Modern. Oh, Gaywit! I am undone: you will too soon know how; will hear it perhaps with pleasure, since it is too plain, by betraying me to your friend, I have no longer any share in your love.

Mr. Gaywit. Blame not my inconstancy, but your own.

Mrs. Modern. By all our joys, I never loved another.

Mr. Gaywit. Nay, will you deny what conviction has long since constrain'd you to own? Will you deny your favours to Lord Richly?

Mrs. Modern. He had indeed my person, but you alone my heart.

Mr. Gaywit. I always take a woman's person to be

be the strongest assurance of her heart. I think the love of a mistress who gives up her person, is no more to be doubted than the love of a friend who gives you his purse.

Mrs. Modern. By Heavens, I hate and despise him equal with my husband : and as I was forced to marry the latter by the commands of my parents, so I was given up to the former by the intreaties of my husband.

Mr. Gaywit. By the intreaties of your husband ! —

Mrs. Modern. Hell and his blacker soul doth know the truth of what I say — That he betrayed me first, and has ever since been the pander of our amour: to you my own inclinations led me. Lord Richly has paid for his pleasures; to you they have still been free. He was my husband's choice; but you alone were mine.

Mr. Gaywit. And have you not complied with Bellamant too !

Mrs. Modern. Oh ! blame not my necessities : he is, indeed, that generous creature you have spoke him.

Mr. Gaywit. And have you not betrayed this generous creature to a wretch ?

Mrs. Modern. I see you know it all. — — By Heavens, I have not: it was his own jealousy, not my design: nay, he importuned me to have discovered Lord Richly in the same manner. Oh ! think not any hopes could have prevailed on me to blast my fame. No reward could make me amends for that loss. Thou shalt see by my retirement I have a soul too great to encounter shame.

Mr. Gaywit. I will try to make that retirement easy to you ; and call me not ungrateful for attempting to discomfit your husband's purpose, and preserve my friend.

Mrs. Modern. I myself will preserve him : if my husband pursue his intentions, my woman will swear that the servant own'd he was hir'd to be a false evidence against us.

Mr. Gaywit. Then, since the story is already publick, forgive this last blush I am obliged to put you to.

Mrs. Modern. What do you mean ?

Mr. Gaywit. These witnesses must inform you.

S C E N E XII.

Mr. GAYWIT, Mr. BELLAMANT, Mrs. BELLAMANT, Mrs. MODERN, EMILIA, Capt. MERIT.

Mrs. Modern. Distraction ! tortures !

Mr. Gaywit. I have with difficulty brought myself to give you this shock ; which nothing but the preservation of the best of friends could have extorted, and which you shall be made amends for.

Mr. Bella. Be not shock'd, Madam, it shall be your husband's fault if you are farther uneasy on this account.

Mr. Gaywit. Come, Madam, you may yourself reap a benefit from what I have done, since it may prevent your being exposed in another place.

Mrs. Modern. All places to me are equal, except this. [Exit.

Mr. Bella. Her misfortune moves my compassion.

Mr. Gaywit. It is generous in you, Madam, to pity the misfortunes of a woman, whose faults are more her husband's than her own.

S C E N E XIII.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. MODERN, Mr. GAYWIT, Mr. BELLAMANT, Captain MERIT, Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

L. Richly. Mr. Gaywit, upon my word, you have the most splendid levee I have seen.

Mr. Gaywit. I am sorry, my lord, you have increased it by one who should only grace the keeper of Newgate's levee ; a fellow whose company is scandalous to your lordship, as it is odious to us all.

Mr.

Mr. Bella. His Lordship is not the only man who goes abroad with his cuckold.

L. Richly. Methinks you have invited a gentleman to a very scurvy entertainment.

Mr. Gaywit. You'll know, my lord, very shortly, wherefore he was invited, and how much you yourself are obliged to his kind endeavours: for would his wife have consented to his intreaties, this pretended discovery had fallen on you, and you had supplied that gentleman's place.

L. Richly. A discovery fallen on me!

Cap. Merit. Yes, my lord, the whole company are witnesses to Mrs. Modern's confession of it; that he betray'd her to your embraces with a design to discover you in them.

Mr. Modern. My lord, this is a base design to ruin the humblest of your creatures in your lordship's favour.

L. Richly. How it should have that effect I know not; for I do not understand a word of what these gentlemen mean.

Mr. Gaywit. We shall convince your lordship. — In the mean time I must beg you to leave this apartment: you may prosecute what revenge you please; but at law we shall dare to defy you. The damages will not be very great which are given to a voluntary cuckold.

Emilia. Tho' I see not why! for it is surely as much a robbery to take away a picture unpaid for from the painter who would sell it, as from the gentleman who would keep it.

Mr. Modern. You may have your jest, Madam; but I will be paid severely for it. I shall have a time of laughing in my turn. My Lord, your most-obedient servant.

S C E N E XIV.

Lord RICHLY, Mr. GAYWIT, Mr. BELLAMANT, Captain BELLAMAT, Lady CHARLOTTE, Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr. Gaywit. He will find his mistake and our conquest soon enough. And now, my lord, I hope you will ratify that consent you gave me this morning, and complete my happiness with this lady.

L. Richly. Truly, nephew, you misunderstood me, if you imagined I promised any such thing. However, tho' you know I might insist on my brother's will, yet let Mr. Bellamant give his daughter a fortune equal to yours, and I shall not oppose it: and till then I shall not consent.

Mr. Gaywit. Ha!

Cap. Bella. I hope your lordship has not determined to deny every request; and therefore I may hope your blessing. [Kneels.]

L. Richly. What does this mean?

Cap. Bella. Lady Charlotte, my lord, has given me this night, Your daughter—

L. Richly. What of her?

Cap. Is my wife.

L. Rich. Your wife!

Cap. Bella. Nay, if you will not give me your blessing you may let it alone: I would not kneel any longer to you, tho' you were the Great Mogul.

L. Richly. Very well! This is your doing, Mr. Bellamant, or rather my own. Confusion! my estate my title, and my daughter, all contribute to aggrandize the man I must hate, because he knows I would have wrong'd him! Well, Sirs, whatever pleasures you may seem to take at my several disappointments, I shall take very little trouble to be revenged on any of you; being heartily convinced that in a few months you will be so many mutual plagues to one another.

S C E N E *the last.*

Mr. GAYWIT, Mr. BELLAMANT, Captain BELLAMANT, Lady CHARLOTTE, Mrs. BELLAMANT, EMILIA.

Mr. Bella. Methinks I might have been consulted on this affair.

La. Charl. We had no time for consultation; our amour has been of a very short date.

Cap. Bella. All our love is to come, Lady Charlotte.

La. Charl. I expect a deal of love after marriage, for what I have bated you before it.

Cap. Bella. I never asked you the question till I was sure of you.

La. Charl. Then you knew my mind better than myself; for I never resolved to have you till I had you.

Mr. Gaywit. Now, my dear Emilia, there is no bar in our way to happiness. Lady Charlotte has made my lord's consent unnecessary too. Your father has already blessed me with his; and it is now in your power to make me the happiest of mankind.

Emilia. I suppose you follow my brother's method, and never ask till you are sure of obtaining.

Mr. Bella. Gaywit, my obligations to you are beyond my power of repaying; and while I give you what you ask, I am still heaping greater favours on myself.

Mr. Gaywit. Think not so, when you bestow on me more than any man can merit.

Mr. Bella. Then take the little all I have! and may you be as happy with her as I am in these arms [*Embracing Mrs. Bellamant.*]—whence the whole world shall never estrange me more.

Mrs. Bella. I am too happy in that resolution.

Mr. Gaywit. Lady Charlotte, I made a promise this day to your father in your favour, which I am resolved to keep, tho' he hath broken his. I know your good nature and good sense will forgive a fault which love has made me commit—Love, which directs our inclinations, in spite of equal and superior charms.

La.

La. Charl. No excuses, dear Sir; my inclinations were as whimsical as yours.

Cap. Bella. You have fairly got the start, Lady Charlotte.

Mr. Gaywit. My Bellamant! my friend! my father! what a transport do I feel from the prospect of adding to your future happiness! Let us henceforth be one family, and have no other contest but to out-vie in love.

Mr. Bella. My son! Oh, what happiness do I owe to thy friendship! And may the example of my late misfortune warn thee to fly all such encounters: and since we are setting out together in the road to happiness, take this truth from an experienced traveller.

However slight the consequence may prove
Which waits unmarried libertines in love,
Be from all vice divorc'd before you wed,
And bury falsehood in the bridal bed.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. HERON.

AS malefactors, on their dying day,
Have always something, at the tree, to say;
So I, before to exile I go down,
With my hard hapless fate would warn the town.
Fatal Quadrille! Fly! fly the tempting evil!
For when our last stake's lost, 'tis sure the devil!
With curst Quadrille avoid my fatal shame,
Or if you can't—at least—play all the game.
Of spotless fame, be chary as your lives!
Keep wide of proof, and you're the best of wives!
Husbands most faults, not publick made, connive at;
The trip's a trifle—when the frailty's private.
What can a poet hope, then, that reveals 'em?
The fair might like the play, whose plot conceals 'em;
For who would favour plays to be thus us'd?
None ever were by operas abus'd!
Or could they warble scandal out at random,
Where were the harm, while none could understand 'em?
But I no more must hear those melting strains,
Condemn'd, alas! to woods and lonely plains!
Gay masquerades now turn'd to country-fairs,
And croaking rooks supply soft eunuch airs.
No Ring, no Mall—no rat, tat, tat, at doors;
And, O hard fate! for dear Quadrille—All-fours.

E P I L O G U E.

*No more new plays ; but that's a small offence,
 Your taste will shortly banish them from hence.
 Yet, e'er I part, methinks it were to wrong you,
 Not to bequeath some legacies among you.
 My reputation I for prudes intend,
 In hopes their strictness what's amiss will mend.
 My young gallants let ancient maidens kill,
 And take my husband—any soul that will !
 Our author to the spotless fair I give,
 For his chaste wife to grant him a reprieve :
 Whatever faults to me may be imputed,
 In her you view your virtues unpolluted.
 In her sweet mind even age and wandring youth
 Must own the transport of connubial truth :
 Thus each extreme is for instruction meant,
 And ever was the stage's true intent,
 To give reward to virtue, vice its punishment.*

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HERON.

IN dull retirement ere I go to grieve,
Ladies, I am return'd, to take my leave.
Prudes, I suppose, will, with their old good nature,
Shew their great virtue, and condemn the creature:
They sail not at th' unfortunate to flout,
Not because naughty—but because—found out.
Why, faith—if these discoveries succeed,
Marriage will soon become a trade, indeed!
This trade, I'm sure, will flourish in the nation,
'Twill be esteem'd below no man of fashion,
To be a member of the—Cuckold's corporation! }
What int'rest will be made! what mighty doing!
To be directors for the year ensuing!
And 'tis exceeding difficult to say,
Which end of this chaste town wou'd win the day.
Oh! shou'd no chance this corporation stop,
Where shou'd we find one house without a shop?
How wou'd a wife, bung out, draw beaux in throngs!
To hire your dears, like Dominos, at Long's!
There wou'd be dainty days! when ev'ry ninny
Might put them on and off—for half a guinea!
Oh! to behold th'embroider'd trader grin,
“ My wife's at home—Pray, gentlemen, walk in!”
Money alone men will no more importune,
When ev'ry beauty makes her husband's fortune!

While

EPILOGUE.

*While juries value virtue at this rate,
Each wife is (when discover'd) an estate!
A wife with gold is mixing gall with honey;
But here you lose your wife by what you get your money.
And now, i' obey a dull poetic sentence,
In lonely woods I must pursue repentance!
Ye virgins pure, ye modest matrons, lend
Attentive ears to your departing friend.
If fame unspotted be the thing you drive at,
Be virtuous, if you can, if not, be private—
But hold!—Why shou'd I leave my sister-sinners,
To dwell 'mongst innocents, or young beginners?
Frailty will better with the frail go down:
So, hang the stupid Bard!—I'll stay in town.*



END of the SECOND VOLUME.

